

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1921

THE IRON MAN

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

A YEAR ago I sat in a meeting of schoolmen and leading citizens who were wrestling with plans for a new high school and technical college. The leading citizens were manufacturers of motor-cars, because our town's reason for existence is the production of such cars, of which we can be relied upon to deliver upwards of one hundred thousand a year, when the public buys them fast enough to clear the loading-docks. Our leading citizens, consequently, are leaders in their industry as well. For downright public spirit, no more satisfactory group of employers can be found anywhere. They took it for granted that our new high school and technical college was to be keyed to utility. They wanted practical education, or, as one phrased it, 'education for life.' As their programme unfolded, it seemed that their goal was rather education for production. They may have seen new light since the wheels slowed down, but neither then, nor later, did the school-men offer any protest.

As an outsider, a member of neither group, I sat there, dazed, silent, a little dashed and fearful, as one amid new ruins. I knew there was something wrong with the programme of these

manufacturers; but what it was I could not say. Now I know, because I have been studying the reactions of automatic machinery upon social relationships.

There is no better place for such a study than this town of ours. It exists for, and accepts the dictation of, industry highly automatized. In brisk times more than twenty thousand men and women work for three corporations, whose plants are full of automatic machinery. When these marvelous tools are busy, the town is prosperous, gains population, spends lavishly, yet saves much withal; when the tools are stilled, the town loses population, develops poverty, and lives on its savings.

In 1900 this was a quiet little manufacturing city of 13,000. In 1904 it produced its first motor-car, and growth from this time was rapid and sustained, draining away the surplus labor of nearby farms and villages. The 1920 census showed 38,550. In the next ten years, the city achieved a population of nearly 100,000, acquiring, among other interesting phenomena, a Little Poland, a Little Hungary, a Little Serbia, other immigrant colonies, and a Cosmopolitan Club financed by the Chamber of

Commerce. We built a Polish church and school, two Russian churches, a Czech church, and presently we shall have a Jewish synagogue. During the war we imported camps of negroes direct from the Black Belt. All these non-natives, about 75,000 in the twenty years, came either to tend automatic machines, to supply the economic and domestic wants of the operatives, or to coöperate in a scheme of production in which the automatic tool was the decisive factor.

Of course, this growth induced the usual and to-be-expected rise in rents and land-values. We built houses as fast as we could find the money; but in spite of enormous profits to constructors and investors, we could not provide housing fast enough to satisfy the industrial leaders. In 1919-20 the corporation controlling our two largest plants built thousands of homes. As a strike ensued, the builders fell back upon the principle which had profited them in automobile manufacture, substituting for skilled labor machinery and unskilled labor.

In 1920, production on automatic machines here and elsewhere having outrun consumption, the wheels slowed down to a fraction of their former speed. Immediately our town began to lose population; thus proving that, with cities as with plants, quick growth means weak roots. Coincidentally rural districts began to gain. While we were losing 15,000 out of our 100,000, a village eighteen miles away added twenty per cent to its 1920 census of 400. Money brought these people into town, and, jobs failing, lack of money took them out again into the fields, woods, and villages. Michigan woods were full, last winter, of men who, a year ago, were tending automatic machines. What back-to-the-land propaganda failed to do in twenty years, economic necessity accomplished in six months.

Of all the states, Michigan shows the greatest percentage of urban growth from 1910 to 1920; also the greatest growth in the use of automatic tools. This is because ours is the automobile state. The automobile, as an economic want, burst into being rather than grew. It was a new means of transportation, not the development of an older means. Its makers faced the markets with open minds and almost empty hands. They had no well-established shop-practice to consider, little or no machinery to junk. Their margins were large enough to ensure that whatever increased production would return profits. Moreover, the nature of the business required large outputs of identical parts, accurately machined, standardized and interchangeable. Hence the automobile industry is to-day the most highly automatized. Hence the reactions of automatic machinery upon human nature and the social order may be observed here in all their vigor.

Those machines which tend to replace the worker or reduce his function to a minimum are described as automatic. They are so designed that the worker need not know the vital steps which the mechanism takes in producing the desired result. The dividing line between these tools and those that merely lengthen or strengthen the arm of man is nowhere definite and precise, but examples will help to point the distinction.

With the power wool-clipper, as with the sheep-shears, the mind of the operator must work with his muscle, to extract from use the increased efficiency of the tool. But with an automatic tool, the attendant is required only to feed the machine and relieve it of its produce from time to time. There are a good many semi-automatic machines; but the tendency is toward their complete automatization. Each year sees semi-automatic machines develop to-

ward automatic perfection; each month sees the scope for skill in industry lessened, particularly in those basic industries which concentrate large numbers of workers in given centres, and so exercise a determining influence upon social relations.

Skill, of course, is still vital; but the need for skill has passed upward. Machine-design, shop-organization, routing of materials, and distribution of produce — these require a concentration of skill and technical knowledge far beyond the similar requirements of non-automatic industry. The rank and file need use only a fraction of their native intelligence and manual dexterity, while the skill-requirement, which formerly spread more or less over the whole shop, is distilled into a relatively small group of engineers and executives.

This shift of vital function from the man to the machine is the key to many problems. It affects all departments of life. We have seen how it broke down the barrier of apprenticeship which had sealed factories more or less against rural labor and brought raw farm-boys into town, leveling farm and factory wages, lifting food prices. We have seen the power of the Iron Man to pull the negro north and the peasants of Europe west. And we have seen something, but not all as yet, of his influence in shifting women from the home to the mill. The clear, unmistakable tendency of automatic machinery is to level labor, as to both supply and wage.

Certain collateral effects are equally impressive. Many automatic machines can be operated as well by a child of twelve as by his parents. In fact, the tender of automatic machines reaches his or her highest economic power early in life, when nerves are steadiest. The strain involved in nursing automatic machinery is a repetition-strain, complicated by clatter. The operative does the same thing over and over, amid

rhythmic sounds, in an atmosphere frequently stale with oil or dust. Youth stands this better than age, because youth reacts more quickly. Whereas, in the old days, a man used to come more slowly into earning power, reach his highest pay at thirty-odd, and continue fully competent until age began to slow him down at sixty-odd, his son leaps into high pay as a hobbledehoy, reaches his economic apogee short of twenty-five, and from thirty-five to forty-five slides swiftly downhill. He is a better earner at twenty than his father was; but the chances are that he will be a poorer provider at fifty.

I prefer not to be too dogmatic on this point. Automatic machinery is so new, having been in common use about twenty years and still being in its infancy, that present deductions on economic life-expectancy are founded upon too few instances to be altogether conclusive. Moreover, the swift decline of earning power in middle life may be partly due to causes only indirectly related to industry — poor housing, youthful excesses, and the like. However, present indications point to the correctness of the cycle outlined above.

Now the difficulties of the problem presented to educators by automatic machinery begin to emerge. The majority of youths, male and female, no longer need to be taught how to earn their living. Three days after the law that sets limits on child-labor leaves them free to work at the machines, they will be earning big money — practically as much as they ever will earn. There is little to learn; the mills can teach that better and cheaper than the schools. The labor turn-over cost per man ranges from \$25 to \$100; this includes the pay of the novice and his instructor, investment, depreciation, and overhead. Since it includes the non-automatic and semi-automatic processes, the cost of training men to serve the automatics

must be considerably less than the average, and will decrease as automatization becomes more intense. The instruction period on automatics varies from half-a-day to a week; it is estimated that seventy per cent of the workers in an automatized plant can be brought to efficient production in three days or less. The schools can never match this record; in addition, the cost to the schools of the equipment for the effort is prohibited.

The pockets of these children are full of money at an age when their fathers earned less than a living wage as apprentices. They are economically independent of home and social control. They have the eternal belief of youth that the preceding generation is fossilized, and the buying power to act upon their belief. They are foot-loose to go wherever automatic machines are turning. They can buy their pleasures, and they do. They can afford to flout age and authority; they do. Their very active minds have no background, and feel the need of none. They have no conception of the cost of civilization; no standard of reference by which to judge social and political questions. They have not even lived long enough to learn the simple truth that common sense and wisdom spring from the same root. With far greater need for early thrift than their elders, because their effective economic life may be shorter, they spurn the homely virtue of economy. They buy pleasures, buy companions, buy glad raiment; they try — desperately — to buy happiness. And fail. Yet they are splendid raw material for citizens. Let a great cause kindle them, and they rise to it like knights and ladies — *noblesse oblige*. They met every war-need more than half-way; fought and fell; sacrificed and saved — during the emergency. Their faults are those of youth plus affluence.

Here is the explanation of our youth-

ful delinquency. Our 'bad men' of this winter are mostly minors. 'My court,' said a Detroit judge, 'is the scene of a procession of beardless boys.' They acquire appetites — expensive appetites; pleasure leads into bad company. A prank gone wrong, an unfortunate slip, a month without a job and nothing laid by — and we have the beginning of what we call the crime wave.

II

Much as this situation complicates the educational problem, the school-system somehow must be adapted to it. Somehow these children must be brought up to a mental and moral level approximating the economic level upon which they set foot immediately after leaving school. This is a grim task. In the public schools, certain things must be taught before the age of sixteen, which now are taught only in college, and to which many college students appear to be immune. The proposal itself would be revolutionary if it did not arise from a new set of industrial conditions, to which society is accommodating itself clumsily, but, in the main, peaceably. As such, the change, though startling, is clearly evolutionary — and inevitable.

What are the positive educational requirements of the machine age? To clear the ground, let us eliminate the non-essentials. The child who is going to tend an automatic machine does not need, in any economic sense, to read more than a shop-poster or direction-sheet. If he can sign his name to a pay check, that is enough. If he is willing to trust the shop to figure out his pay, he need not know his numbers. For the time he stands beside the machine, his earning capacity is not increased by anything he knows. Knowledge may be useful in getting him away from the machine; but that escape is going to be

more difficult as automatization proceeds toward its logical conclusion. Such knowledge as the operative comes by in school possesses for him only a cultural value. It does not help him in the least to earn his living; but it helps him immensely to spend his leisure.

For these children — these prosperous, precocious children — possess leisure, and the means to make the worst of it. They work, most of them at least, no more than eight hours a day. Presently it may be seven, even six. As production becomes more and more automatic, the wants of men can be supplied with less and less labor. Consumption, of course, may expand enormously; yet the demand for goods remains in stiff competition with the universal demand for leisure. 'I've got enough; let's go fishing,' was a state of mind so common in 1919 that it disturbed factory schedules, roused employers, and set tongues wagging about labor-profiteering.

Employers may fight the tendency toward the shorter working day, but theirs is a losing fight. Of late, in our town, we have gone along producing on a five-hour schedule all of our kind of automobiles which the restricted market would absorb. In so doing, we have discovered that with picked men, heightened morale, and with a closer synchronizing of all the elements involved, production per man can be greatly increased. If the present highly effective organizations are slowly enlarged, thus preserving their efficiency, it is difficult to see how the market, under normal conditions, can absorb more than eight hours' produce from day to day.

If this seems to contradict previous observations on the elimination of the personal element through machine use, please note that the improvement is due largely, if not altogether, to the work done by the engineers and executives in more efficiently routing materials to the machines. Under boom

conditions, the stream of supply was often interrupted, thus throwing the machines out of production. This has been largely corrected; also, in the meantime, the machines have been tuned up, and new ones added in some cases. The attendant of the automatic machine remains just where he was; but the machine has the chance to do more and better work. Of course, even in a highly automatized plant, there remain a good many jobs that require either no machinery or semi-automatic machines; and in such cases the recent weeding out of the ineffectives does produce beneficial results. If the market will not absorb the products of the longer working day, on the present more efficient per-man per-hour basis, then it seems apparent that, viewing the country as a whole, industry will have to adjust itself to eight hours or fewer, probably fewer. The nation's supply of automatic tools is not going to be decreased simply to lengthen the working day; on the contrary, competition continually forces more and more of such tools into operation.

A shorter working day manifestly means greater leisure for the masses. Now it is everlastingly true that the bulk of human mischief is done in spare time. There is precious little chance for original sin, or any other kind of sin, to work itself out under the strict regimen of a modern factory. While human beings are at work, they are, perforce, reasonably decent: the employer sees to it that the time he buys is not wasted; but no one exercises an equal degree of control and supervision over a man's unbought time, — his leisure, — unless it is the man himself.

In a town dominated by automatic machinery, therefore, the educational problem is to train youth for the right use of leisure. Why waste time teaching city children how to work, when their chief need is to know how to live?

Precisely here is the point of my argument. Education for leisure, under the conditions of automatic production, is education for life. The attendant of automatic tools does not live while he is on the job; he exists, against the time when he can begin to live, which is when he leaves the shop. His task does not call for a fraction of his full powers as a sentient being, or monopolize his interest. If he could buy the same amount of well-financed leisure as easily in any other way, he would shift jobs to-morrow. It is impossible for him to grow mentally through his work. So he comes to his post as a slave to the galley, and leaves it with the gladness of a convict escaping prison. Psychologists say that a large part of industrial arrest is due to the inhibition which automatic tools place upon the expression of personality through labor. Be that as it may, the fact is that the hours given to tending automatic machines are given to buy leisure; and in that leisure the operative lives. He lives in his sports, at the movies, at the prize-fights, at the blind pig, as well as at the theatre, the lecture, the library, the park, and on the front porch of his inamorata.

In general, it has ever been true that leisure is the cream of life. We have tried desperately to build up an immunity to leisure, with our dull gospel of work for work's sake. There is a glory in creative work; but even that becomes pain and weariness if we are kept too long at it. All labor produces, sooner or later, weariness and pain, nature's signal to quit and go a-playing. When does that most stolid of men, the peasant, live most fully — when he plods the endless furrow, or when, at evening, he sings his songs, dances, prays, and courts his maiden? When did the skilled mechanic of another day feel his manhood soar highest above clod and worm — when he was chasing a screw with a cold chisel, or when he

was taking the air in his garden, or, perchance, hobnobbing with his mates in the corner saloon? Is the tireless business man better company when he is chasing a golf-ball, or when he is chasing a profit? Is the banker best satisfied with himself when he is figuring interest, or when he is hip-deep in the stream, figuring trout? I think that the men of the best sort reach their farthest north in life, not in the hours they pay for life, but in the hours they spend in living. Certain am I that none but an imbecile could find delight in sharing the daily toil of the urban masses, so mechanized has it become. Consequently, education for leisure is precisely education for life. And education for life comes squarely down to education for culture.

To apply the early Victorian ideal of education to a machine age, to call upon Matthew Arnold to prescribe for a flurried and worried democracy, may seem absurd. But that is what the situation needs; and the necessary is never absurd. That cultural ideal was to fit for leisure those who had leisure — a small minority. With certain reservations in the interests of truth, it may be said to have produced a few first-rate minds and a very considerable number of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Now, because leisure has broadened out to include the majority, we must cultivate gentlemen and gentlewomen *en masse*. What was once a privilege for an arrogant aristocracy has become a necessity for an arrogant democracy. Unless our American gentlemen and gentlewomen appear in due time and in sufficient numbers, civilization will be wrecked by machine-made barbarians, unable — though their machines compass the globe — to replace what they have destroyed.

III

What is the first requirement for the right use of leisure? Self-restraint. Leis-

ure is liberty from an exacting, definite control — that of the boss. In leisure a man is subject only to the state. When the worker leaves the shop, he passes from a positive control to a negative control. Inside, he is required to do certain things; failure to do them results in sure discovery. Outside, he is required not to do certain things, although, if he does them, no penalty may follow. Thus we see that it is immensely more difficult to train human beings for life and leisure than for toil, and that, in America, only odd and unusual persons get very much out of leisure. About all that a retired business man feels equal to is golf and musical comedy. The workers offer more encouragement — Brashear and Henry George showed what laboring men could do in spare time.

Need for self-restraint increases in direct proportion to affluence. I am sure that eight dollars a day at eighteen — and some of our lads earn much more than that — would have corrupted me beyond repair. The wonder is, not that some of these highly paid striplings go wrong, but that all do not do so, considering the opportunity offered them by their cynical and predacious predecessors. More even than wild oats, I am sure that eight dollars a day at eighteen would have insulated me against right relationship with the world of ideas and ideals, past, present, and future, by blasting nascent inquiry and speculation. The establishing of this relationship in youth is, I take it, the end of all true and worth-while education, involving, as it does, the subjugating of the assertive, unbaked Ego to the social well-being, as manifested in the legal, moral, and ethical codes prevalent in one's environment and enforced, more or less, by the power with which common consent invests political institutions. Respect for authority, even that qualified assent involved in the prag-

matic view of established institutions, has extreme difficulty in getting a root-hold in a generation whose youth is economically self-sufficient.

It follows that knowledge, as the chief restraining influence in the youthful mind, is the substitute that education must establish in place of the set of controls which formerly resulted from the young man's poverty or fear of poverty. Remembering that the rising generation reaches its highest economic utility early in life, and that it soon, relatively speaking, reaches the economic status of old age, I think we must agree that, unless youth is taught thrift, pauperism will lengthen and strengthen from this point in time. A grievous outlook, to be forestalled at any cost.

There is need, therefore, to drill thrift into children; let the experts busy themselves on methods. The whole field of economics must be opened earlier and charted more simply. Is it not odd, in a nation that bows down to economic fact, to find the teaching of that economic theory almost wholly a college monopoly? It ought to be possible to begin the teaching of economics in the kindergarten, and to bring the pupil along so that, before he becomes a part of the economic machine which supplies human wants, he may understand at least its delicate nature. Suppose a child of five were set moving a given number of blocks from this space to that by hand — an hour's work. Then suppose the child were given a basket to ease the job — time, ten minutes. Then suppose, further, that an intelligent teacher explained that the basket was capital, the result of previous thrift, of labor in past time. That lesson would stick. Somehow to get this, and other fundamentals, into the mind when it is plastic, is the supreme educational task of the future.

So with the idea of law. My children know, among other surprising things,

the chief products of every state in the Union; but they have no conception of the legal system which enforces equity and fair play in the exchange of those products. It seems the simplest thing in the world to teach them that laws exist to protect the weak from the strong, the just from the unjust, the person of good intent from the swindler. Once they had mastered that idea, they might see the policeman as a friend rather than as an enemy, and our economic-juridical system as something to be protected instead of destroyed. A generation so reared might insist upon the law doing its primal duty; but it would be evolutionary, not revolutionary, in its demands.

But self-restraint is not, of course, all that a man needs in order to make something out of leisure. A man may be ever so self-restrained, and yet be desperately bored at the prospect of spending an hour in his own company. Self-restraint is merely the brake upon the ego-motor; it will keep the individual from running amok in society, but it will not start anything. Its virtue is negative. What the ego-motor needs in leisure is fuel, something upon which it can travel, progress, journey into new realms of thought. The best fuel for the purpose is compounded of interest in the present, understanding of the past, and sympathy with the future. History, literature, science, art, music — all these give to life meaning, and to leisure, inspiration; a reasonable concern in all that man has done, is doing, or is about to do upon this planet; with such equipment any fool could use leisure aright. To sow that seed is the first duty of educators, now as always, now more than ever.

So much for the background. But backgrounds are always hazy; let us concentrate. Since work is coming to be no longer a primary interest for the child of the masses in civilized lands, it

is incumbent upon us to provide, in so far as they can be provided, other primary interests through which the individual can justify his existence; interests which, rising out of and sustained by his background, shall flourish like the green bay tree all the days of his life. Every man, whether he works a turret-lathe or a comptometer, needs a hobby to busy himself with in this age of growing leisure. We hear less of vocational training than we did — for good reason, since its utility is passing. Presently we shall hear more of avocational training, which shall give every youth destined for the mill or office a hobby for the centre of his garden of leisure.

In a machine age the applied sciences are paramount. Let them remain so. There are important posts on the peaks of industry which must be filled. Let us see to it that every mind fit to join the directorate of industry gets its educational opportunity. Machinery is undeniably one of the prime intellectual interests of the American masses; in leisure an informed generation would continue inventing, perhaps invent faster than ever. Therefore let us give youth all it can stomach of the sciences, deepened and broadened to the uttermost. But by no means should we submit to the specialist's obsession, that, with the key to universal knowledge in his hand, he travels down a walled alley, shut off from the humanities, from philosophy, from religion, from life.

I am not competent to provide the synthesis for this analysis, to describe the educational reforms which are necessary, and which I am sure are on the way. That is a task for many and mature minds. But certain key-points emerge out of the haze. We must I think insist upon ten years' schooling for every child, as an irreducible minimum, before plunging into the whirl of automatic production. There should be four school-terms instead of two, with a

brief holiday between; the long summer vacation is an anachronism in a factory town. So also is the Saturday holiday — six days a week in school henceforth. There is so much to be taught, and there are so few years to teach it in, that youth must hurry. At the same time, school should be so much more interesting that the charge of drudgery could not hold. Then, too, there must be more teachers and smaller classes; better equipment; more money spent all round. Finally, there should be a complete system of continuation schools, wherein those who desire to use their labor-bought leisure by securing further instruction could be accommodated on their own time. All graduates presumably will have been so far inoculated with the intellectual virus that they will go on improving their minds at leisure, to some extent, thus demonstrating on a wide scale that education is not a matter of youth, but of life. With such a start, the many

will read, discuss, and enjoy the noblest works of man. And some among them, have no fear, will create as well as recreate.

But the programme, after all, may be left safely to the specialists, now that the problem is stated for their attention. They may have been a bit tardy in seeing how the Iron Man is frustrating their efforts, and why; but that is because they have been concentrating upon an even more wonderful mechanism — the human mind. Let them quarrel, as no doubt they will, over the details of the programme; but they can be trusted to accept the statement, — once they square the facts by the rule of reason, — that the welfare of our people and the preservation of our institutions depend upon our educating youth to use reasonably and gloriously the growing leisure which the common use of automatic machinery has in store for humanity.

(The author's next topic will be 'The Iron Man in International Politics.')

FIVE YEARS IN A FAROE ATTIC

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

EIDE, ÖSTERO, FAROE ISLES.
15 November, 1914.

DEAR HELEN, —

When I wrote last, I was digging in the garden of Hans Kristoffer. Now I am in a remote fishing village on the northern end of Österö. Eide, as a winter residence, has but one attraction, the large family of a Danish Captain Kruse, whom I knew in past years. The youngest daughter, Amalya, and

her husband, will give me shelter during the winter.

I left the capital, Thorshavn, at early dawn, on an open-decked motor-boat, which was heavily laden with passengers, luggage, freight, the mail, Iceland fishermen's sea-chests, three sheep, a cow, and a large cask of soft soap, which leaked badly and soon spread itself over everything and everybody on board. Later, rain fell, and, mixing with the

soft soap, made a fine lather. We were nine hours on the way, most of the time within the fjords, where heavy mists hid the fjelds and, falling, seemed to bar the way. The air was dank and chill, and when I at last saw Eide in the distance, I thought happily that for seven long months I need go nowhere in a boat.

There were Kruses to meet me on the sea-rocks and help me with the surf, and other Kruses, higher up, to hug me and escort me up the stony path, Kruses running down the little lanes and coming to doors to greet me, and meeting me at Amalya's threshold, and dropping in later to bid me welcome. Other Kruses were out fishing. And so I settled down to keep house in Kvisten, which means the Attic.

You remember, of course, the story of the Three Bears and the Little Girl? Kvisten now resembles the home of the Little Wee Bear. All my life I have been bothered by chairs and tables unsuited to my height, and here was my opportunity. Joen Magnus, who is a carpenter, postman, fisherman, and a trifle of a farmer, has adapted many boxes for me. His charge is six cents an hour. I pay seven, and thus the pleasantest relations are established. There are twenty-two boxes, large and small, in Kvisten's two rooms, though you would never suspect it, and all are suited to the needs of the Little Wee Bear and of me. They are *my* boxes, — mine to me, — and therein lies their charm. I own the kettle, the zinc pails, the frying-pan, and the broom. No one has the right to invade Kvisten, and put soda in my tea, and boil it 'to get the goodness out,' or to add sugar and nutmeg to my potatoes. No 'sweet soup' shall cross *my* threshold! I am weary of conforming, through many years, to the ways of other people. Now I propose to have some ways of my own.

This cottage is perched high on a slope above the sea, so close that, as I sit by my packing-case table, I see only sky and water and distant fjelds. In stormy weather, the great surges seem charging on to overwhelm Kvisten. They made me dizzy at first, and to get my bearings, I must rise and look down on the shore rocks and the grass-sod roofs of the Kruse trading-post, and boat-houses that shelter high-prowed fishing-boats, Ornen, Svanen, Hvalen, Famiglien — the Eagle, the Swan, the Whale, the Family.

The village of Eide (pronounced Ida) lies huddled along the fjord, looking south between two islands over nine miles of sea. On the north are gray, storm-bleached grass fields, rocky fjelds on either side, and a pond, which only a long dike of up-tossed boulders separates from the lonely Northern Sea. On the east, a great solemn promontory rears precipitous cliffs two thousand feet above the surf, and seems to be saying, 'Thus far.' I don't think it is my fancy that makes those northern waters seem sterner, more melancholy, than those of the east or west. On summer nights the glory of the sunset and the sunrise both are there; but now, in November, the sun is far away, making its shallow arc in the south.

I have been busy with preparations for winter — salting mutton and herrings, ordering supplies, filling little boxes with soil, and planting or sowing correctives of a too fishy, salty diet: chives and parsley, cress, and that best of all anti-scorbutics, the native 'scurvy-grass.'

Amalya's quarters, called Huset, and mine, Kvisten, are on the most neighborly of terms, and often, starting to go downstairs with a little offering like a turnip or a cup of canned tomato, I met Amalya coming up with a bit of fried fish or a pancake.

I am to have three lambs from an-

other island. The first one came in mid-October, escorted from the landing-place by a score of small boys. It was dismaying to be confronted by a whole lamb, — intact, — but Amalya kindly officiated as mistress of ceremonies. Ole Jakob, a neighbor, was asked to kill and dress it in the cellar, I peering down fearfully from time to time through a trap-door in the kitchen. Ole Jakob had half the tallow, the feet, fifty öre (about fourteen cents), and two cigars, and declared himself more than satisfied, — handsomely paid, in fact, — and sent his thanks. I replied, politely, through Amalya, that the thanks were to *him*.

Amalya's family has whale-meat, salted, to eke out winter supplies. I have eaten fresh whale-meat scores of times and found it very good — almost like beef. But it changes sadly when kept in brine, and has a curiously pervasive odor. The days when Huset has whale for dinner, Kvisten ventilates diligently, loses interest in cooking, and takes gloomy views of the war.

I find that many people think my name is Mistela. Not knowing the meaning of the word Miss, and adding it to my surname, they think it a Christian name, like Marguerite or Malene. I like it as I hear it from a group of children. 'Here comes Mistela,' I hear the older ones say; 'now, bid good-day prettily to Mistela.' And as I pass, they raise half-frightened eyes to me and say in soft chorus, 'Godan dagur, Mistela.'

This is the time of year when we are packed away in heavy, low-lying clouds that turn even midday to twilight. Storms and heavy rain day after day. Green slime growing on the little lanes, rocks, and cottage-walls. Housework is difficult in the uncertain light. There is a feeling like black cobwebs before the eyes. While I wait for the light to brighten, the shadows deepen and the brief day has passed. A lantern is an indispensable part of Kvisten's outfit.

When, in late afternoons, a bit of war news is telephoned to the doctor, he writes it on a piece of paper, and puts it in a little frame that hangs on the outer wall of a cottage. Buffeted by the storm, I make a zigzaggy progress up to that cottage, where a group of men are burning their fingers with matches and growling about the doctor's writing. Often I am kept there long, reading by the light of my lantern the message, as others join the group, and feeling very bashful about my queer pronunciation of Danish.

Am I or am I not a *Kalve Kone*? That means a halibut woman, one who possesses mysterious powers that can charm a big halibut to the hook of a fisherman. But the fisherman must have promised her verbally, or in his thoughts at sea, the *beitu* — a choice bit, cut from the fish between the fore-fins. And for this *beitu* no thanks should ever be given, though pleasure may be *indirectly* expressed. Last week, a man on the fishing-bank promised me the *beitu*, and a few minutes later he was having a sharp fight with a halibut that weighed almost two hundred pounds. When he came with the *beitu*, Amalya, who was speaking Faroe-ese for me, explained that, of course, Mistela understood that no *thanks* were to be given for it, but she was *awfully* glad to have it, and considered it handsomely done of him. Two days later, another man promised me the *beitu*, and caught nothing. So what is one to think?

December 22, 1914.

A British trawler came in this morning to get supplies for the homeward run. I saw the ship's boat nearing land, and knew I would be needed to help with the 'trawler English.' I found Neils already in difficulty about 'grub,' 'bac,' and 'tates,' which the man had demanded. During the next hour I made acquaintance with plug, shag,

and cavendish, helped to make out attestations, and sent a messenger among the cottages to find potatoes. The man's face looked drawn and heavily lined, though he was not yet middle-aged. I understood it when he told me that he had been in the mine-sweepers' brigade. Two of their vessels had disappeared, leaving no trace of crew or wreckage. The man expected to reach port by Christmas, and I asked him about the homeward run — whether he followed all the prescribed routes of the Admiralty. 'Huh!' he exclaimed, with contempt, 'if we did, we'd never get any furrader. Run for it and take yer chances. That's the only way!'

He gave me no thanks for my help, no word of farewell. He gathered up his purchases, paused in the doorway, and looked with weather-wise eyes on land and sea. 'Wind's against us,' he muttered; 'everything's against us' — and so departed sadly.

Later. I have heard that his ship has been shelled and sunk, but what has become of the sad little man I do not know.

Our letters to England now go first to Copenhagen, then to Aarhus in Denmark, then by a butter-and-bacon freighter back the whole length of the North Sea, north of the Orkney Isles, and down the west coast of England to Manchester or Liverpool. Time, from sixteen to twenty-six days.

Yesterday a little deserter from Germany had tea here. Really he is from Slesvig. He explained earnestly, 'Papa, Danish; mama, Swedish. Born in Germany, but *not* a German!' I was surprised to find how well he speaks Danish, though Germany has done all in its power since 1864 to suppress the language. When he tried to speak English, he mixed it with German. His elder brother had been killed in the first days of the war. His best friend was called to service, but an accident delayed him.

Next morning his young wife received the message, 'Two hours late. Shot.' That was too much for the little Slesviger. He would rather be shot as a deserter than fight for Germany. He was a meek, pallid boy, but his eyes fairly blazed as he told of the death of his friend. Many adventures he has had, many narrow escapes, but now he has a British pass, is cook on a fishing vessel, and eventually will go to Denmark.

March 7, 1915.

The winter passes quickly, and it is time to think of garden-plots. Kvisten has lately been deeply involved in potatoes. Food-supplies are uncertain, and the Governor urges all to plant as many potatoes as possible, and new varieties have been sent from Denmark. I think my faulty Danish is responsible for the arrival from Thorshavn of more kinds, in larger numbers, than I had expected. It has been a time of stress, looking each potato sternly in the eye, to see if it means to sprout. I have made a little collection for each family of the Kruse clan, two other friends, and myself. Nine families, and five varieties for each family, and each variety to be kept separate and correctly labeled, and I to cook, eat, work, and sleep in the midst of it all. By bedtime so many potatoes had been imprinted on my retinas that, when I closed my weary eyes, I could distinctly *see* potatoes, brilliantly illuminated, floating in space. And now in the dim light, under my cot-bed, my packing-case table, wherever there is a place, are potatoes in shallow boxes, standing prettily in rows, making sprouts.

July 15, 1915.

I was going to show Eide what's what in the way of little gardens, but this is a bad ice-year in the far North. Those Greenland ice-floes will not go. They drift and pack and drift again, be-

sieging Iceland's northern coasts, and causing ice-fogs that check and blast vegetation in these islands. Those peas and parsnips, cauliflower and oyster-plant seedlings, one by one, went by the board, until only potatoes and turnips were left. Then blight attacked the potatoes, dry rot and horrid white worms the turnips, and a coast-wind tore my rhubarb to bits. I have two pea-plants that are doing well, but they are in a pot in Kvisten. Amalya has seen *dried* peas, and she always thought they were dug from the ground, like potatoes.

We have all felt the need of a peat-fire in the *haugi* — the wild out-fields. There is nothing like it as a restorer of cheerfulness. And on one of our few clear days, we went to a lake among the hills, five hundred feet above the sea. It was the coldest picnic I have ever attended, but with many attractions — kittiwakes taking fresh-water baths in the lake, black-backed gulls barking among the cliffs, and curlew chortling over the grassy slopes. *Omma* (which means grandmother) and I tended the peat-fire and made large quantities of tea to restore the circulation of those who fished for trout, from boats, and we returned home at half-past nine, when the sun was still shining on the fjelds. Not that we wanted to, but we were so *very* cold!

January 30, 1916.

DEAR HELEN, —

In a letter received from America the writer says she thinks of me as 'dreaming away the peaceful days far from turmoil and agitation.' I will now tell you of one of my 'peaceful days.'

We knew by noon that a storm was brewing, for the sea was restless, the reefs moaning, and the rising wind hooted in a way that meant trouble to come. Darkness closed in early, and by four o'clock we were in the grip of a hurricane from the north. The house shook and groaned and strained like a labor-

ing ship at sea. Torrents of icy rain and masses of sea-water carried horizontally through the air bombarded the house, and on the northern side forced their way through every crevice and joist and crack. Under the eaves, in the sloping closets, Josefine and I crawled on all fours, with lanterns, exhuming the contents, while *Omma* brought sacks and mops, buckets and tubs. In Kvisten, with its thin roof of zinc, its walls of two layers of planks, the uproar was so great that we had to shout to be heard. Yet above it all sounded that high shrill crying — the *vox humana* of a hurricane.

During the worst gusts there was a curious lifting sensation, as if something had gone wrong with the attraction of gravity. It was singularly disconcerting to lose all sense of weight and stability, and feel that Kvisten might whirl away like a pack of cards. What a night that was, we thinking that the roof would go, the house be carried from its foundations, and then what would Amalya do? For in that time of fear Amalya's little son was born. I had him in my charge, five minutes old, — so blue and cold he was, — and held him close in the skirts of my red wrapper, while the window-frames sucked out and in, and the curtains blew in the icy drafts. Oh, poor little man — to come into the world on such a night!

I make from time to time tentative efforts to secure a passport, but they come to naught. I am in the diplomatic jurisdiction of Copenhagen; but with this troublesome heart the long and very dangerous journey to Denmark is impossible. I would venture the shorter one to Scotland, if I could get a passport. I wrote explaining fully how I was situated, that a 'personal application' could not be made, and giving the best of credentials. Such a trusting, naïve letter it was — so sure that there

would be some accommodation in the law for one of Uncle Sam's family, stranded in a far-away land. A few words, in reply, from a secretary, merely say that passports are issued on '*personal application*.' So I remain in my island attic.

June 15, 1916.

We have had an anxious week. First, a rumor of the great sea-fight off Jutland, and then the death of Lord Kitchener. Faroe folk, before the war, have known little and cared less about the great ones of the outer world. But they knew about Lord Kitchener, and his death seems to them a personal loss, as if one more safeguard between their homes and the enemy had been broken down. And now, in another sense, they are comrades of the sea, for he has died the death that some of them will die. When the news came, I took a Kitchener photograph with me down to the Kruse Store, where there is always a group of fishermen gossiping and smoking. They crowded around me eagerly, to see it, and I saw tears in the eyes of some of the older men. 'A brave man, a good man,' they said softly.

March 18, 1917.

The Thorshavn authorities announce that there is a three-months' supply of grain and flour on hand, but future supplies are uncertain, and we are enjoined to use as little as possible, and to bear our coming troubles 'with calm and dignity.' Now we have used a seven-weeks' portion, and in all that time not one pound of food has come to the islands. I cut down on light, fuel, and food, and could have eaten less and yet carried on as usual. I will not say that I did not *want* to eat more. Queerly enough, I was more hungry in my dreams than in my waking hours. I gave little thought to *bacon* in pre-war days, but now, about once a week, I dream about it. I sit down, with joy,

before a large dish of delicately browned curly bacon, when suddenly it vanishes away. Distractedly I search everywhere, mopping away my tears, see it in the distance, pursue it, and it again eludes me. My grief wakes me, and I find that real tears have made me uncomfortably damp.

Next week our rationing will begin, and on Monday there will be a house-to-house inspection. Private supplies must be declared and attestations made. The whole matter is rather complicated, and the Thorshavn powers that be have kindly tried to explain, in technical language, in many columns of the little semi-weekly paper. We get on fairly well in everyday Danish, but these explanations have made trouble. And now I see groups of excited men, waving ragged copies of *Dimmalætting*, and hear such comments, in Faroe speech, as, 'Fool thou! I say thou canst not have sago!' 'Death and torment! You've got it wrong!' 'S death! Oatmeal is rationed!' 'Out with thee! Thou'lt have to swear on truth and honor how many potatoes thou hast!' And I know that Eide's men-folk are earnestly striving for comprehension before the ordeal on Monday.

15 May, 1917.

Some supplies have come, enough to carry us through the next few weeks. In Thorshavn some employment is given on public works, and throughout the islands land-owning peasants have more food, some milk and fats, and dried mutton. But in poor fishing villages there is much undernourishment. There is an old saying, 'When Eide's fishing-lines are dry, Eide hungers.' Yesterday four 'six-man boats' (boats rowed by six men) were out, and a few small fish were the only returns for the hard day's work of twenty-four men. Many people have only their ration of coarse rye-meal, weak tea and coffee,

and wind-dried codlings. I can tell when a mother has been giving part of her scanty allowance to children or husband. There is a certain over-bright eye, an exalted expression, a strained, white look of the skin over the nose and around the mouth.

A well-to-do friend in Glasgow offered help, and I wrote asking for a little fine barley-meal and patent health-foods for the mothers of new-born babies and for sick children. She wisely sent my letter on to London, with her application for a permit. It showed that I asked only for those in real need.

Eight Faroe cutters have been sunk on the Faroe Banks. The men could not believe that Germany would harm peaceful fishermen of a neutral land, on the grounds where their forbears had fished for a thousand years. This is a hard blow. The cutters soon would have gone to the Iceland summer fishery, and on that the people rely for help through the winter.

June 20, 1917.

After a cold, dark spring and early summer, we have had a week of real sunshine, such as we seldom see, and we have basked in it and become dry and warm and sunburned, and the days have been all too long and too light for one's strength. It is the time of peat-work, and a friend, Olivina, and I have had a private picnic on a promontory where she owns a peat-field. She was to 'set up' peats, and I to sketch and collect plants. So it was supposed, but the truth is, we had saved up flour from our ration, and in all secrecy we took the frying-pan with us and made pancakes on the heights, and the full quota of work was not done that day. After the pancakes — on a day so rare — it seemed advisable to let work go, and climb to the top of the headland. There, twelve hundred feet above the sea, we looked across perhaps twenty miles of shimmering sea-levels, — blue and pink

and pearl, — and there was no land between us and the North Pole. Puffins darted to and fro like little shuttles below us. Gulls circled with no perceptible motion of their wings. A long, lean freighter passed, probably bound for Archangel. Then, from the east, came two pretty sister ships, shining in new white paint. They kept close together, and seemed like two little children abroad on some brave adventure. Once they checked, almost stopped, and Olivina clutched my arm. 'Undervands baaden!' she quavered. But no, it was no submarine that had stopped them, only the fierce race, or current, sweeping eastward, and strongest at this phase of the moon.

12 July, 1917.

Yesterday I was startled by the sight of seven large trawlers, all armed, swinging in from the open sea. Eide is a lonely place. I had not seen a trawler, except far away, for more than two years. Amalya was calling to me to hurry — that probably torpedoed crews were being brought to land. I found that only a slight accident to machinery had brought them in. But I could help about sending a telephone message, and soon a burly skipper and I were having a chat while awaiting an answer. He looked at me in amazement when he heard I was an American and had been in Eide almost three years. 'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, smiting his thigh in emphasis. 'How have you held out in this hole?'

I replied, with spirit, that it was n't a hole: there were many beautiful places near; I liked the people and was glad to be here. But later, looking about me, I admitted that Eide in the fog was not looking its best that day, all dank and dripping, and the cods' heads and refuse too much in evidence.

Later, I met the young lieutenant in charge of the defenses. So trim and fit and lean he was, with clear, steady

eyes. It was a credit to his discernment that he understood that this shabby old party who appeared out of the fog had a message that he must hear. To trawler captains I could not give it. No censor would pass it in the post. I looked into the eyes of that young man, and constrained him to listen; and as, for the time being, I had much dynamic force in me, he did listen, bless him, murmuring at intervals, 'That is interesting'; 'I did n't know that'; 'I'll remember that'; 'I'll do my best.'

And then they sailed away, and I wandered about in much distress of mind. I was in the grip of nostalgia. The refined, clean-cut speech of the young officer, the first I had heard since April, 1914, brought to mind all I had lost, was losing, in this exile. Out in the world the current of life was sweeping onward, full and strong, and I—what was I doing in this backwater, this futile eddy?

Then the fog lifted from the fields. Between two peaks the moon was rising. No stars are seen on a Faroe summer night. The pale moon casts no shadows. But a silvery radiance mingles with the daylight and the last glow of the sunset colors. Nothing is hidden, nothing obscured. The faint far fjelds show lovely tones of blue and violet. I could see the shining of the little streams as they slipped over the basalt ledges, the vivid green of their mosses, and the rich purples and reds reflected from the cliffs in the sea below.

It was so still that not the least line of white showed along the coast; but, as I looked, the whole surface of the sea rose, swelled upward and forward, and with a muffled roar, a great white surge flung itself along the cliffs' base and over the dark reefs. It swept backward, and all again was still.

So beautiful it was, Helen, so peaceful, that my own troubles seemed of lit-

tle moment, the way before me easier to follow.

Four out of five salt ships from the Mediterranean, which had permission to come to the Faroes outside the 'danger zone,' have been forced by the cruisers to turn back into it for examination at Kirkwall, and as they came out they were torpedoed. So good ships and men are lost to England, and food that the salt would have cured; and much hardship is brought on the Faroes. For, with no salt to cure the fish, there can be no fishing. The Germans are greatly pleased to have their game hunted in for them. . . . (The Censor suppressed this last paragraph. I thought he would, but I could n't refrain.)

On Sudero is the last port from which ships sail for lands 'down below.' There bands of British trawlers, homeward bound from Iceland, drop anchor, and signal to the port officials, 'We have come in to sleep.' Close together the ships lie, a little flock of hunted creatures, and for seven hours all is quiet on board. Then out they go, no rest for them till they reach a Scottish haven. Much suffering and many lives and ships have been spared to Britain by this little neutral group, in a waste of waters where ships can take shelter, and torpedoed crews and wounded men find help and nursing. Money cannot pay for these things, but the British Government might let us have some petroleum, and allow a ship with supplies from America to be examined at Halifax instead of at Kirkwall, in the danger zone.

15 August, 1917.

We think with dread of the coming darkness. No petroleum on sale, of course no gas or electric light, no coal, no candles, and only a scanty supply of peat. America, as well as England, refuses us petroleum. (I wish I could have Mr. Hoover here on a December night, in one of our worst gales!) A new

odor has been added to Eide's general fishiness. House-fathers and mothers are trying out highly unpleasant fish-livers. Small boys are fishing for cod-lings. The old folks are praying that the Lord will send a flock of driving whales, to give food and light for the coming winter. And the smiths have gathered in all the old cans and every scrap of tin and brass, and are experimenting on little fish-oil lamps. They require a reservoir above the burner, a pressure to force the oil up to the wick.

The truth is, petroleum, postal rights, and other desiderata, are denied us because the British Government is afraid that the Faroes will be used as a supply station for German submarines.

It is surprising what can be done in contriving ways and means. The soles of my felt shoes are quite worn out, and I have re-covered them with a piece of a neighboring fisherman's discarded trousers, giving in return a little flour. Anna has made a fine pair of shoes for her little girl from a fifteen-year-old felt hat. I bartered three envelopes the other day for a lamp-chimney with a broken top, a handkerchief for a small cod, and I have known a large spoonful of soft soap to be 'swapped' for three hairpins.

20 October, 1917.

We have a new baby, a frail little creature, unfit to bear the coming winter. She is not six weeks old, an age when the normal child is a little pig, with unawakened intelligence. This dear baby looks from one to another with bright, questioning eyes, earnestly, sadly, and yet with a sweet composure that seems strange in such a helpless mite. We laugh at her, and tell her that she need n't put on such dignified airs, that we *mean* well, even if our manners are not as fine as hers. I suppose she seems older because there is no baby fat to hide the pure oval of her face and the fine lines of neck and shoulders.

VOL. 128—NO. 4

We have had heavy rains and a low temperature since the middle of July. Even now, between snow-squalls, hay-making is going on. Many are bearing home the half-dry hay, to spread it out in their little cellars. Wretched food it will be for the poor cows; but there is nothing else to give them.

30 January, 1918.

Eide had a 'dry Christmas' (no spirits for sale), and so, for many women and children, a happier Christmas than usual. We made a quite charming little tree from a piece of spar, with sticks inserted here and there for branches, and covered with heather and crowberry. Amalya fished out some decorations from her childhood days; there were some little toys sent in August from a Scottish friend. I made cornucopias with the colored illustrations of a Liberty rug-and-carpet catalogue (and very pretty they were), and from bees-wax cast ashore from a torpedoed vessel we had little brown candles, which spluttered briskly as they burned, from the sea-salt in them. We had long been saving from our flour-and-sugar-rations, and by an elaborate system of barter and by mutual gifts in the Kruse clan, we managed to have some good Christmas food, and sugar-candies and ginger-nuts for the tree. It was really something like a Danish Christmas, with the singing of the Christmas songs, 'Still Night, Holy Night,' and 'A Child is born in Bethlehem.'

We are having a terrible winter. Such cold has never before been recorded in the Faroes. This long siege began on December first. I was at the window after dinner, wondering at the strange ashy-red color on the fjelds, when, with a noise like thunder on Kvisten's roof, all was blotted out, as if a gray blanket had been thrown across the window. The gale raged with hurricane force until the next morning.

Seven were killed (two on this island) and many injured.

Then followed week after week of gales from the North. No fjelds, no sea, no sky, all milled up in a whirling fog of hard-cutting snow. The light in Kvisiten was dim and gray, so thick was the ice on the window. I shared my wardrobe with my potatoes, yet they were frozen. The water-supply gave out long ago. There is too little peat to melt much snow. The only water we have must be brought some distance, from a brackish pool near the sea. The salt water makes a sticky glaze on the skin without cleaning it. There is practically no soap in the village, no soda or other cleansing stuffs. The fish-oil lamps diffuse a universal oiliness. But there is one advantage in the common plight: no one can look with disdain on his fellow man and say, 'I am clean.'

The pride of the family, Melrose by name, a large, half-Cheviot ram, blew away in that opening gale. His carcass was fished up three days later from the sea. This is not a time for undue fastidiousness, and Amalya has salted most of the meat, and the rest we ate with a properly thankful spirit. Only I wished that Amalya would speak of the dear departed as *mutton*, instead of saying, 'Nella' (our boy's name for me), 'will you have another piece of *Melrose*?'

The baby, Elizabeth, fails from day to day. The doctor went to Denmark last year, and no one will come to take his place while the war lasts. But no doctor could help her. She needs warmth and sunshine, and Amalya should have a generous and varied diet.

The people miss the little visits of happier days between the cottages, the gossip over a cup of tea and coffee, and perhaps little cakes brought out to honor a guest. Now the food-rations do not admit of hospitality. I admire the kindly fibbing that goes on when a neighbor comes on some necessary er-

rand. 'Now don't get anything for me. I've just had breakfast, and could n't eat a bite more.' Often I am asked wistfully, 'Has the Fróken any news of the Amerika ship — with coffee?' as if, being an American, I must possess special knowledge. But not a word have we heard.

23 April, 1918.

The baby, Elizabeth, died on Easter Day. The world is too hard a place now for little babies. Our boy, Oli, grieves for her; and knowing that many things are ordered from Thorshavn, he begs Amalya to write for another little sister just like Elizabeth, to be sent on at once.

30 May, 1918.

The American schooner has come to Thorshavn, *nine months* from port. She must have feared she was fated to be another Flying Dutchman. Month after month of contrary gales crippled her at last, so she drifted into the danger zone and had to seek a Shetland haven for repairs. Part of the cargo is damaged, but the coffee is saved. The news passed swiftly over Eide, called by happy voices from house to house. I saw tears of joy on one wrinkled old face, and heard a quavering voice singing the gay 'Coffee Song' — a dance-ballad that the singer had danced more than a half century before.

And now our only postal communication with the outer world is by one old hooker, which brings salt and some restricted wares from a British port, and takes back salt fish and fish-liver oil. To name it is forbidden, but seamen call it 'The Lucky Ship.' Nor can we ask when it will come or go. During more than two years the valiant old skipper, now aged seventy-four, has gone back and forth across the danger zone, having adventures that cannot be told. There is one young gunner on board, but all the crew and officers range from fifty-five to seventy years.

15 December, 1918.

All was quiet when the few-worded message came of the signing of the Armistice. Of course, in a little neutral land there would be no official celebration. A crowd gathered quickly when the few-worded bulletin was put up, and some asked me, 'Can it be true?' And some said, 'God give it be truth!' and some wiped their eyes. And I said 'Gud ske Lov' (God be praised), and went away where I could see from afar that northern shore, where now I need not dread to look, fearing what I might find there. For the seas are to be clean once more! And then I went back to Kvisten and did my housework, and that was all.

15 January, 1919.

In December, for the first time since July, 1916, a real steamer entered Eide fjord. A shabby black old hooker, to be sure, but it was the 'Lucky Ship.' And now I can tell its name, the *Cromwell*, and the brave old skipper's name is Captain Gibb, of Aberdeen, and the ship belongs to the Iceland Shipping Co., Leith, Scotland. I wanted to go on board, but we are quarantined against the Spanish influenza and no one is allowed on deck. Only by going to windward can bags of salt be delivered to the freight rowboats, and oils and fish transferred to the steamer.

THORSHAVN, 2 August, 1919.

The breaking up of my life in Kvisten was a hard time. I was really ill with a 'near-pneumonia' cold. Storms and heavy surf swept the village-front, making the launching of a boat impos-

sible. Could I get to Thorshavn in time to go on the *Chaldur*? Would she go to Scotland on her way to Denmark? Was my promised passage assured, when scores of passengers on the spot were clamoring to go? I dared not let myself think of the parting from those who had become so dear to me. Silence seemed the only way of getting through with it. Once I said shakily, 'Amalya, you know what is in my heart?' — 'Yes, Nella, I know.' Then, just in time, the storm subsided.

Our boy at the last would not say good-bye. 'Nella was bad. Nella should not go to England. Nella should stay in Kvisten always.'

It was a small party that set forth in the tiny fishing motor-boat. Our house-father at the helm, a brother-in-law at the engine, two neighbors as assistants, Fru Kruse and I the passengers. The box-like pit where wheelks for bait are kept had been cleaned out, and Fru Kruse and I sat down there, with our heads peering out above the rim. A piece of canvas stretched overhead kept out the rain. And so we chug-chugged southward, hour after hour, in the gently falling rain, toward Thorshavn, where I was to see a pony and a tree for the first time in five years. Part of the time we were between the islands, then on the open sea, past treacherous reefs and sucking whirlpools off the *Stromö* coast, where many a boat has 'gone away.' Then, as we rounded a point of land, we saw on the far southern horizon a faint smudge of smoke. That was our *Chaldur*, and she will take me south to Scotland.

ON BEING A SPORT

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

'BETWEEN the bridge and the river there is time for an act of perfect contrition,' my pious French playmates used to tell me. I knew very little about 'acts' in the ecclesiastical sense, and the phrase puzzled me; but it stuck. It stuck like that other formula we were all brought up on, about remembering the whole of your past life as you rise for the third time before definitely drowning. I cannot, of course, verify the first, and verifications of the second are chancy. But there is no doubt that a deal of subconscious philosophy can be formulated in a few seconds, if the seconds are sufficiently uncomfortable. There is something about a brief sharp instant of fear, especially when there are no steps that can be taken, that makes one know a lot of things. The shock pieces together your hitherto random inferences, and you behold, with apocalyptic suddenness, a mental pattern. For example:—

The other evening I attended a carnival. The phrase, I know, is absurd; but in our village the only thing you can do with a carnival is to attend it—precisely as if it were a Chautauqua. We are not very riotous, and our vacant lots are very small. 'Carnival' is rather the name of our intention than of our achievement. The American Legion chose to call it a carnival,—having got used, in France, to a grand scale of doing things,—and we rather liked the term ourselves. We are too small for circuses, or band-concerts, or the

legitimate drama. Rummage sales for charity are about our size. So when we take over an empty lot and officially place a carnival upon it,—as if we were Paris or New Orleans or Honolulu,—we grow a little excited, especially if there are children in the family, whose natural bedtime is eight o'clock (day-light-saving).

We set out: two parents, a son, and a godfather. Of course, it was only the vacant lot opposite the old athletic field, but who knew what the Legion might have done to it? Both the male parent and the godfather belong to the Legion, but they had no idea. Son knew that there was a merry-go-round and a Ferris wheel. The grown gentlemen of the party were rather cynical: they were going, 'to take the boy.' But I have found that the greatest moral advantage of living in a small academic town is to give one back some of the illusions of youth. You break your neck getting to see things that you would not turn your head for in New York or (I suppose, since the new census, one must say) Detroit.

The most exciting moment of the great war was not August, 1914, or April, 1917, or November, 1918. It was about 10.30 P.M. of that hot Sunday in July, 1918, when the Crown Prince, with all his staff and three hundred thousand German soldiers, had surrendered to the Allies. They had not surrendered in Europe, unfortunately,—only in Princeton,—but I assure you

neither fake nor real armistice could compare with it. So I confess that the music of the merry-go-round, unmistakable wherever heard, and the illumined outline of the Ferris wheel (quite the smallest and youngest of the Ferris family) stirred the blood. They would have been almost inaudible and invisible elsewhere; but they were a portent in the Princeton twilight — even as the Handley-Pages or the Capronis that buzz gigantically over our garden, carrying the mail from capital to metropolis, give one no sensation comparable with that evoked by the quick rise of a 'flivver' of an air-plane off the little fair-ground at Prattsville, New York — hard by the jellies, the sweet-grass baskets, the crocheted bedspreads, and the prize ox.

'Sweetheart, the dream is not yet ended,' as the ominous words run in the fairy-tale.

We eschewed the merry-go-round for ourselves, but watched the boy sitting very straight on his more than mortal steed. A steed that goes up and down vertically while he also goes round and round in a circle is not exactly mortal — especially when he is a lion or a zebra or a rooster. We tried our luck at the gambling booths — you can hardly call them anything else, those wheels and bagatelle-boards and rifle-galleries. To others the sofa pillows and red-glass vases, the boxes of candy and the wicker tea-sets: our skill brought us nothing but chewing-gum. You cannot take chewing-gum away from a child who has won it himself; so in the interest of public morals we followed the crowd.

There the serried bunches of children warred with members of the Legion as to who should be let through the gate next. When they sneaked in at the side, the Legion shoved them back, in impeccable good-humor, but with military finality. The wheel sprang a leak, and youths ran back and forth saggingly,

with buckets of gasoline for the defrauded engine. The crowd grew: half of Naples and two thirds of the black belt, with an aggressive sprinkling from Jewry, surged waist-high about the demobilized guardians of the gate. But finally the lath-like mechanism was pronounced in order, and boy and godfather climbed into the last empty car. Westood and watched their revolutions, eyes fixed, it seemed, on the zenith, while Naples prodded and Lithuania kicked our ankles. Atlantic City would not have known there was a wheel there; but to me it took on the matured shape of Adventure. My husband was as gallant as on the verge of Molokai or Halemaumau; he did not prophesy, he did not warn, he did not frown. 'All right, if you want to' — and as son and godfather got off, we leaped into the empty car.

And this is what I was coming to, in all these weary paragraphs: my bit of bridge-and-river, third-time-rising-and-sinking philosophy. We rose, we attained the height, we swung on in the downward loop — once and once only. I do not know how many revolutions they give you for your money; but I knew that one was all I could bear. I said, 'Do you think they would stop and let us off?' — and left the rest to G. I knew that he would get me off if possible, and that he would not say, 'I told you so.' These are good things to be able to count on. After one unnatural glimpse of the dim New Jersey plain beneath us, I had shut my eyes — I who like heights. I was not sick, I was not giddy, I was physically quite comfortable; but I found myself hesitant to intrude upon the stars at their own front doors. I like to lie on a rock ten thousand feet in air and feel that, if I blew hard, I could blow a planet clean out of place, or disarrange Orion's belt. I am always hoping to double the ten thousand; then, for one instant, I shall

have the illusion of a supreme decision: whether or not to lift my hand and grope for the lost Pleiad. It is not the nearness of the stars I mind; simply, I like a back to my chair when I greet them. I would rather pull them down than have them pull me up. I wanted to get off the Ferris wheel — and did.

What I had possessed for fifteen cents was one priceless moment of fear. It is not often, in one's padded life, that one is stark afraid, primitively, for one's own skin. Under the revealing shock of it, I did a lot of emotional algebra, finding with astonishing speed what x equals. The equation slid through its paces to the solution. In the mere instant of eye-closing I compared myself, on my modest wheel, with those who brave the ether. Yes: but they are fastened in; if I were fastened in, I should not mind; in fact, what I mind most is this fearful detachment from anything like solidity. Think how many people go round on far bigger wheels than this. Yes, but the heart knoweth its own wheel. Besides, the bones of the baby are flimsier than those of the grown-up. This thing is made of string and *papier-mâché*, and even at Coney Island they have horrid accidents. All these contraptions are unsafe. We know it when we are on the ground, and are very wise over the accidents, in headlines, once a season. But see the children swarming; and did n't your own boy actually squirm about to look behind him, in mid-air? Ah, children are fearless through ignorance. But grown-ups like it, too: remember that at all pleasure-resorts you find the most uncomfortable and dangerous devices the most popular. They like to walk through rolling barrels, they like to shiver along the heights of the roller-coaster, they like to stand on the slippery whirling cone and be flung off irresistibly into a padded precinct. They like looping the loops, and bumping the bumps. *They like it.*

II

Ah, my dear defensive Interlocutor, — Spirit of the Wheel, or what not, — you touch one of the most pathetic and vital facts of human nature. To each of us it is natural to crave danger, since a dash of danger is necessary to make, out of an act, an adventure. To prepare yourself for that danger, in the right way, to meet it when prepared, in the right spirit, is to be a good sport. To be a good sport, it is not quite enough to face the danger bravely when it comes: you must, to some extent, welcome it. Yet, to welcome danger, to go to look for it — is not that being merely rash, or foolhardy?

There are distinctions, my child (so spoke the Interlocutor). It is all a matter of the *quid pro quo*. Nothing for nothing, in this world. The danger pays for something else — knowledge, or a new sensation. Is the knowledge worth it? Is the new sensation worth it? You must decide.

But that is not being a sport, I protested. A sport takes his chances.

Exactly, replied the Spirit of the Wheel. And a good sport must also be a good appraiser of *quid pro quo*. Ninety times out of a hundred he must make a good guess at whether or not the adventure is going to be worth the risk. Otherwise men write him down, if over-hesitant, a coward; if over-willing, a rash idiot.

Is it worth my while, I asked, to open my eyes, to be afraid for several revolutions more, to repeat the horrid sensation I have just been having at the very top of our career — *is it worth while?* Am I failing to be a sport if I ask, in a few seconds more, to be allowed to get off? This has become a purely moral matter, good Wheel.

Of course it is a moral matter, the Spirit of the Wheel replied. Show me anything that is n't. It is even a moral

matter that wheels of my sort are so flimsy. Those who make them count heavily, and not in vain, on the desperate desire, in drab lives, for adventure. Drab lives must take adventure where they can find it. A new sensation for a dime — and any man is lifted from the crowd, is gloriously individual, while he is experiencing a new sensation. He stands on a peak in Darien. If there is danger added, he is not only a discoverer, but, for his instant, a hero. Perhaps the folk who make these things so badly as to increase the danger are really benefactors — are really acting morally; since, if you incur no risk at all, you have no chance of being a sport. I should be interested to know what you think. Nothing is so comforting to the soul as the memory of past perils well met and lived through. Does a man ever get over narrating a hair's-breadth escape? You talk about being tied in. But if you were tied in, you would not be afraid. Where would be the glory? It is time, by the way, if you want to get off, to say so. Your car will presently be at the bottom. Then we are really off. We shall go faster next time.

I had only one instant left, under the empire of this my fear, to decide. As I have said before, I decided to alight. But I knew that I was deciding much more than that, and that I had been very near the wavering line which divides good sports from bad. 'Only let me get off this thing,' I said to myself, 'and I promise to be a normal creature again, able to smile and split hairs with jest. Give me ground under my feet, and I reënter my personality. Since it is not necessary that I should be again thus hideously lifted up, I cannot bear it. If it were inevitable — but that is a whole other problem, and I refuse to consider it.' So I got off, careless of comparisons between myself and the desirous ones who rushed to fill our places.

In mid-flight, I had come near to solving my own problem: x is what you get in payment for the discomfort you endure, the risk you run, the fear you feel. You must always determine x . Algebra is the most human of abstract sciences, since life is perpetually put to you in the form of a quadratic equation. The adventurer must be, above all, a half-way decent mathematician. He cannot afford to make mistakes as to the value of x . The whole point, I had said to myself, — or the Spirit of the Wheel had said to me, — is whether it is worth it. I shall hate going round and round, faster and faster; I shall be afraid, and 'fear is more pain than is the pain it fears.' What shall I get out of it that will preponderate over that terror? Indeed, will not my fear inhibit any æsthetic sense that might operate? The part of straight common sense is to end this adventure here and now. On this I acted. But not without knowledge that some temperaments would have seen it through none the less, equation or no equation. Were those the real sports, and I no sport at all? Perhaps. And yet — there was nothing at stake: neither pleasure, nor knowledge, nor reputation. I should hate it; it would teach me nothing; no one had dared or challenged me to the act. Common sense certainly told me to do as I did, as much as to come in out of the rain if I had no umbrella and no business out of doors.

But is there not something beyond common sense, very necessary to the world? something that is indifferent to the value of x , and says, 'I don't care to solve it beforehand, thank you'? Common sense has a deal of caution in it; and do we not, somewhere in the world, need rashness? If your adventures are to be many, or successful, you must bring your algebra into play. We still pity the person who did not at first glimpse see, from the mere look of the

problem on the page, that x was going to be a negligible amount. Yet what should we do without the people who disdain algebra — who try the strange new thing for the mere sake of trying it, a little careless of what it is going to bring them? What should we do without the people who love danger for itself — not as seasoning, but for the whole dish? Generally speaking, those people are used up early; and we are rather apt to deem them fools. I am not sure that the sum of them is not folly; that they are not, so to speak, all salt. A pity to be all salt; yet how could we get on without salt itself?

To be a good sport, — I think the Spirit of the Wheel was right, — one needs to calculate, and pay cheerfully, to the last exhausted nerve, if x looks good. I still do not feel sure that I was a bad sport, since there was nothing at stake. I sampled a thing which was to bring me at best nothing but pleasure. There was no pleasure in it — x was obviously zero — and I threw it away early.

My own conduct does not matter, except to me. I knew that in mid-air. What struck me, even as I trembled aloft, was that this is a vital question to us all. For deciding this question, the instinct of the race is the best test, I fancy. When does the mass feel a quick sympathy, and when does it shrug its shoulders? I leave out all rash acts of an altruistic nature; for when a thing is done for another's sake, no matter how mad the act, x looms large. Do we, or do we not, admire, instinctively, the Human Fly? Have we, that is, a moral sympathy with him? Skill, again, is another matter: it is not the man who crosses Niagara on a tight rope that is the test case; it is the man who shoots Niagara in a barrel. Skill, however employed, arouses an admiration purely intellectual. Thus or thus a man has trained his eyes or his toes or his mus-

cles, and either he is well-enough trained to overcome difficulties or he is not. But there is little room in that barrel for skill.

Most of us, I think, do not admire him, though many of us would run to see. We cannot believe that x equals enough to justify him. For instinctively we do all on such an occasion rush to our algebra and roughly solve the equation. But 'the dream is not yet ended'; and here is the rub.

True it is, as the Spirit of the Wheel remarked, that one must do each time that little sum. But no man can quite solve it for another. Half the time x is an imponderable, a gain which none can estimate or realize but the gainer.

'We were dreamers, dreaming greatly in the man-stifled town.' X is the dream.

'In the faith of little children we lay down and died.' But still x is the dream. For the chance of wealth, for the chance of beauty, for the chance of fame, or the chance of power, a man will risk his comfort and his life; and if the chance is clear enough, other men, even if they do not emulate him, will understand. It is when there is nothing for success to bring him that they turn away. We have come to believe so entirely that no man throws away his life except in the hope of possessing something he values more, that we have, I think, little natural sympathy for the man who throws his life away for the mere sake of throwing it away. Half the time, in such a case, the man sees something that no one else sees: the value of x is his secret. But sometimes, surely, the sole act is its sole end. And there we stop. We never think of calling that man a 'sport.' We call him a fool. Yet the man in the street would not like to live his life through without the spectacle of that folly.

Life has, for the good of the race, become, in public opinion, a precious

thing to have and a seemingly thing to keep. Otherwise life is not worth the complex cost of reproduction. Fundamentally speaking, we fear death. It is the negation of everything we spend our breath and strength upon, the *reductio ad absurdum* of all our activity, the very contrary of all our attempts. Religion and philosophy have decked it out and given it an honorable place in the scheme of things. But the race saves its life if, according to its own code of decency, it can. Dying is something the race prefers not to do. 'I would rather die than' is, in the common speech of the world, the *ne plus ultra* of aversion. All this is instinctive. When we develop inhibitions and complexities, there are many things in life to which death would be preferable. But if you listen only to the deepest voice within you, you fear death as spontaneously as you blink your eye to avoid the mote that seeks it. The man who throws his life away for nothing is a fool; but — let us be absolutely honest: he is in some sort a pleasant incident. He has expressed an extraordinary and tonic scorn.

All subject peoples have been gladdened by the fool who defied the tyrant. To anyone who tells us that death is cheaper than life, we listen incredulously, but with joy. The person who has demonstrated that doing something totally unimportant is more fun than keeping alive makes the man in the street draw, for an instant, a freer breath. It makes him feel that death is only Mumbo-Jumbo, after all. To be sure, the man in the street will always say that the person who has done this for him is insane. But at the back of beyond — in his secret, savage heart — he will have liked it. He will not admit that he has liked it; for after that one blink, he becomes a citizen again. We judge so quickly, trained by the ages, that the sudden pleasure is gone almost before

we have enjoyed it. But the fact remains that, for a half-instant, the sensation has been pleasurable.

We like death to be insulted, though we have been taught to be very polite to him. Our rules and codes must of necessity be made up more out of our knowledge than out of our instincts. Yet into most of our conventions, including that of 'being a sport,' instinct must to some extent enter. Finding out *x* is education; to feel delightfulness in danger is instinct. Primitive man knows that Nature is a brute. He will propitiate her, — he must, — but if he can make an impudent gesture at her behind her back, he will surely do it. If he can defy the elements, he will defy them. If he can contrive a mechanism that flouts the law of gravity, he will patronize that mechanism in thousands. Romance — his only ally against Nature — will steady his soul while he does it. In most cases, *x* is what you win from Nature when you have bluffed successfully. To be a sport in the finest sense, perhaps you must have the poker face.

Man's implacable resentment against the conditions of life lies at the heart of all this business. We become rational by canny observation of the bonds that restrain us. To be irrational is to pretend to ignore them. Real freedom does not lie that way, because our limitations bring us up very short. Real freedom is free will operating in a deterministic universe. Our philosophy professors used to explain it to us in college. Within the prison walls it is better to confine one's self to the hundred-yard dash. Surely you are happiest when you curb your desires within the bounds of possibility. No man but a fool enters for a Marathon race when the barbed wire is going to stop him so soon. But when we see him start as for his Marathon, we forget the barbed wire for an instant — until he crashes into it, that

is, and we can all ask, why attempt the obviously impossible? Why defy common sense? Why pretend to forget the barbed wire? Yet Coney Island will teach you, any day, how deep in human nature lies the ache to be the master, not the servant, of natural laws — yes, from Icarus down to the man who, since I began this page, shattered himself to pieces in the Niagara rapids.

Being a sport is, I suppose, going as far as there is any reasonable chance of your being allowed to go. That reasonable chance is sometimes a very difficult quantity to determine. But if the chance were not sometimes less than reasonable, there would be no thrill in being a sport. It is the dare-devil almost touching him — just over the line — that makes the good sport an exciting person. The good sport must calculate

x — I think the Wheel was right. But if x were not sometimes incalculable, or *nil*, we should not bother about it, and good sports would be few. It is the hint of the madman in him that entralls us. It is not enough, as I said, to face the inevitable danger gallantly: there must be the crook of an inviting finger toward the risk. The good sport must be a good guesser, yes; but if he is absolutely infallible, you suspect him of having looked up the answer in the key. A grade of a hundred per cent is very suspicious.

I do not know whether, between the bridge and the river, there is indeed time for an act of perfect contrition; but I do know that before the Ferris wheel can come full circle there is time for a lot of algebra. The pages written bear witness.

THE JURY

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

‘So what did you do about the woman?’ Mrs. Alison asked.

And Tina Metcalfe answered: ‘I kept her. I had a talk with the other servants first, and they were quite willing to give her another chance. I must say, they’ve been nice about it, never throwing her trouble up to her but just trying to help —’

‘I wonder if people in our class could be so decent to each other,’ Mildred Peryn broke in. ‘I’ve never known whether we were more hard-hearted or whether we feel responsible for the moral code and don’t dare make exceptions.’

Esther Davis leaned across to their hostess and whispered to her. ‘Tina, won’t you tell them, now, about that summer at Sevenoaks?’

Mrs. Metcalfe lighted a cigarette, the match illuminating a rather worried countenance; but she answered, ‘Yes, I will tell about it. Something has happened which makes me want to talk to you about Violet Osborne.’

‘Violet Osborne!’ Four of the six women in the room sat breathlessly erect.

They were dining together, — these six women, — as they had done two or three times a year since they had mar-

ried and settled in the same city. It happened that they were all intimate friends, and, when their husbands left them for club dinners at their old university, the women put on tea-gowns and sallied forth for a genial evening. To-night, Tina Metcalfe had given them a delicious dinner, and they had made themselves comfortable in her beautiful great library, a bridge table waiting for some enthusiasts in the corner, with fresh packs and shaded light in readiness.

But apparently the hostess had some story worth waiting for. They were all women in early middle life, though one would not have thought of them in connection with any definite number of years, so alert, so *soignées*, so powerful they seemed in their splendid confidence — not, to be sure, the joyous confidence of youth, strong because it is untested, but the solid self-assurance of satisfactory accomplishment.

Mrs. Metcalfe threw away her cigarette and clasped her lovely, slender hands about her knee, leaning forward that she might look into the fire and avoid the curious faces of her guests.

‘I’ll have to go way back,’ she said, ‘to the fall directly after it happened. I had taken out my Christmas list and was going over it. You know the way it’s arranged — Jim’s family, my family, children, personal friends, and so forth — and the very first name under “friends” was Violet Osborne. I’ve often wondered what it was about her that made hers the first name on any list; but I am sure, with all of us, the first person we thought of for a big dinner or a tête-à-tête lunch or a Christmas present was Violet.’

‘Well, anyway, I was checking the list, and almost involuntarily I started to cross off her name. Then it occurred to me what a ghastly thing it was to do — as if she were dead; and she was not dead, and her name where it was showed

what she had meant to me. It started me thinking about it for the first time all alone like that. Of course, I’d talked it over and talked it over with all of you and with Jim, and we’d always come back to the same point — if only there’d been some excuse! If only Harry Osborne had been a brute, cruel or unfaithful to her, or even awfully unattractive or horribly poor — anything would have done, so that we could honestly have said, “Poor Violet!” But there was n’t any. She was young, she was beautiful, she was adored; furthermore, Harry Osborne was rich and worshiped her.

‘Then suddenly I realized that all that was the very excuse for Violet. If Harry has been a beast, it would have been her job to stick it out for his sake and the children’s — after all, if she had been unhappy, she would have renounced very little. But this — this giving up of everything that she valued so tremendously, must be something more than mere passion. We speak of dying for a person we love — it’s practically what Violet did for Cyril when she went away with him, not away from a brutal husband and sordid home, but away from the most congenial atmosphere that ever surrounded a gay and fascinating woman. As for leaving Harry and the children, it was of course horrible, but she left them to the pity and affection of countless friends and each other — for herself, outer darkness and Cyril Stanton.

‘I hope you understand what I’m trying to say. At the time the lack of any circumstances which would have made the world more charitable toward what Violet had done suddenly glorified her act to me, and she stood out in my mind, superhuman, capable of so much more than we who judge. It seems rather an anticlimax to add that I did n’t scratch her name off the list. Instead, I sent her a little lacquer match-

box, and months later I had a funny little scrawl from her, from somewhere in Spain. Apparently it had pleased her.'

No one spoke for the few moments Mrs. Metcalfe remained silent. Each of the women conjured visions of themselves busily erasing the name of Violet Osborne off their various lists, and each of them realized why Tina Metcalfe meant more to them than any of the others. Her low, pleasant voice continued: —

'The second part of my story takes us to when we were caught in Europe after the war broke out. We were lucky in getting to England, where Jim found he could be of service to our Embassy, so we stayed on. Thanks to a succession of foreign governesses in my far-away childhood and a natural linguistic ability, I was able to be of some use, too; but the excitement and one harrowing story after another rather did me up, and Jim insisted I take a week off or else give up entirely. We compromised on my going to Sevenoaks for a week-end. I had spent a summer there once, when I was a little girl and my family were on the continent. I remembered the Crown Hotel, and that there was a lovely garden behind it, and Knoll House with a great park full of browsing deer. I thought it would be rather fun to renew associations after so many years — at least it would be restful, after London and my work there.

'Jim motored me down from town on Saturday afternoon; but as he had to hurry back to the Embassy, he left me feeling frightfully lonely and depressed, and I felt for a few moments that Jim was right, and that I was indeed "all in." That made me want to cry; but after a bit I got hold of myself, and I asked one of the waiters if I could n't have a sort of tea-supper in the garden, as I did n't feel fit enough to stay up for the late dinner.

'He was most sympathetic and arranged everything beautifully, and I was beginning to feel much less forlorn, when I suddenly looked up. There, silhouetted against the dark square of the open door, stood Violet Osborne. She did n't see me. I had a succession of the queerest feelings sitting there looking up at her. The first was curiosity, pure and simple — what did she look like? But the answer was obvious — lovelier than ever; and then a funny feeling, almost anger, came over me. I thought of myself and all of you, and how we, who had honored our marriage-vows and the many responsibilities of our complicated lives, had grown into middle-age, careful of our figures and skin and hair, while Violet, who had shirked everything, remained the embodiment of Youth. She was leaning against the casement of the door, talking to someone in the room inside; and when she smiled and her face lit up in that glorious way it used to, something in me melted, and I wanted nothing so much as one of those smiles for myself.

'But I was shy about approaching, — shy as if I had been the social outcast, — and something warned me, as I looked at her, that, unless I could make the spirit in which I went to her intelligible to her, she would have none of me. One hint of patronage, of curiosity, and she would be up in arms. So I waited, and finally it seemed that her companion was no longer in the room, for she talked no more. Soon she stepped out on to the path and came slowly toward me. My heart contracted with each step, but she never looked my way and soon she was next my little table. So then I said the most inane thing that ever came into a human head; but I was delighted to hear my voice sound quite natural. "I double two no trumps," I said.

'Of course she turned, and in a minute we were in each other's arms, laugh-

ing, crying, talking in a ridiculous, hysterical way.

‘Finally, she gasped, “You darling, you always did double me.”

‘And I said, “But you did play such rotten bridge, Vi. It must have been very expensive for you.”

She nodded solemnly and adorably. “It was, frightfully,” she said, “but you would all play, and I had to be with you all.”

‘This from the woman who had left us all, you understand, fully realizing what it would mean. She sat with me a while, and I explained why I was at Sevenoaks, and about my tea-supper; and she told me that she had taken a small house near-by, and that, owing to some hitch in her household, they were short of Sunday provisions and she had driven in to town, preferring to wait at the Crown while the stable boy collected packages.

“‘I try to get away for a little, every day,” she said. And then she told me how very ill Cyril had become. That was the first time she had mentioned him and her face seemed transfixed. “‘Tina,” she said, “he suffers most awfully, and yet he never complains. I feel it must be a relief to him to have me away, so he can give in for a little while.”

‘It was time then for her to go back; and as she stood up, I marveled, but quite without anger, at her beauty and virility. I asked if I might see her and Cyril, and it was settled I should lunch with them the following day.’

Mrs. Metcalfe paused again. She was trying to create an effect upon her hearers, and she doubted if she was succeeding. Also, from now on, her story was more difficult and less dramatic. She relinquished her position before the fire and leaned back in her chair, smoking again, and giving an occasional spasmodic kick with her crossed foot, which betrayed her nervousness. She would

have given much for some sign of sympathy or appreciation from some one of her audience; but except for Esther Davis, she had no idea how her story was being received. They were interested, she knew, and she had no fear that they would criticize her own actions; but whether or not she was arousing their old affection for Violet Osborne she could not tell.

‘I drove out to their place on Sunday,’ she continued. ‘It was very much what you’d expect: shabby, picturesque, and inconvenient, with Violet’s taste everywhere, — in the chintz, the ornaments, the flowers, — but nothing in the least luxurious. Violet herself was in wonderful spirits, and she amused Cyril and myself all through lunch, so that our laughter removed any possible embarrassment. After lunch she sent him to lie down on a long chair in the sun, and she and I started out for a walk. And at once her gayety fell away from her, leaving something terribly tragic and earnest beneath. She asked me how Cyril seemed to me.

““He’s thin,” I said, “but otherwise in excellent form. Surely you’re not seriously worried, Vi.”

““The doctors think he may live a year,” she said, quite simply and with so little emotion in her voice that it sounded flat and harsh. I started to speak but she interrupted me. “Don’t please talk about it, Tina, darling — except for this one thing that I’ve got to say. I want you to know always that in what I did the question of right or wrong does n’t enter — it was the only thing possible. I’m sorry about hurting Harry and the children; but I have n’t had time to be sorry very much. I’ll have all the rest of my life for that; but while I’ve got Cyril, I’m glad every minute, and I can’t wish anything different that might affect the wonder of the present. And I want you to know that I’d rather have had these few

crimson months than all the long, gray years that make up some lives which people call respectable and successful. And yet I'm not even so awfully sorry it's going to end like this," she said very gently; "when a man's old he wants his friends and his children and his clubs and all his comforts, and Cyril would n't have any of those, poor darling; but when he goes away, he'll still be quite young, and he'll never have wanted anything very much — but me."

'We were very silent until just before I left, when she asked me about the children — hardly trusting herself for the first question, and then her eagerness was tragic: how often did I see them? how did they look? what did they wear? — her hungry eyes straining to see the visions my answers conjured for her. But when Cyril appeared to bid me good-bye, she was quite serene; not gay, as at lunch, but deeply content to be in his dear presence once more. I think she was almost glad when I left them alone, though then, of course, she could not guess how short their time together was to be.'

Again the speaker paused. Everyone in the room knew the immediate sequel to the story: the Metcalfes had come home very unexpectedly, and a few weeks later Cyril Stanton had died. One of the women, the soft-hearted Esther Davis, wept a little; but from the others there was no sound; no one commented on the story, no one seemed inclined to gossip over its details. Mrs. Metcalfe spoke again, but this time not

in the low, sympathetic voice she had used formerly; she had suddenly felt very tired and old and depressed, and her voice sounded harsh and quick.

'Needless to say, I have not told you all this to-night without a purpose. Cyril Stanton died a year ago, and since then Violet has been nursing typhus in Serbia. Now, it seems, she's pretty well done up and Harry Osborne wants to take her back.'

Five women stiffened. This was news, even to Esther Davis.

'As you know, he never divorced her; Cyril Stanton was a Catholic, so she never could have married him anyway, and, in spite of everything, Harry has always been in love with her. She's willing to come back on one condition — if *you* want her. She does n't want you to accept her out of charity or pity; she confesses no sin, is unrepentant of her act, but she realizes that we six women can more or less reinstate her. It sounds a worldly, snobbish thing to say, but it's true — if we take her back, she's back more or less where she started from; though, mind you, we could n't do it without Harry any more than Harry could do it without us. And without us she won't come, knowing as she does that it's social damnation for her girls.'

Mrs. Metcalfe stood up and walked across the room — at the door she paused.

'Your answer must be unanimous,' she said, 'and I must cable her your decision at once.'

AFRICAN FOLK

A FURTHER CONSIDERATION

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

It is often said about the negro that, unlike the Red Indian, he is apt rapidly to forget both a kindness and an injury. As to the latter, I have my doubts. I have known cases when natives nursed their resentment for many years, apparently quite oblivious of the injury inflicted; and then, when the opportunity and the probability of impunity offered themselves, struck with a vengeance. As regards the reproach of habitual ingratitude, it must be said that natives do *not* always look on treatment experienced from Europeans as the latter themselves do, and often take as their due, or as a condescension on their own part, what the latter fondly imagine to have been an act of kindness, condescension, or generosity. It has repeatedly occurred in the interior, to me as well as to others, that natives, after they had been successfully treated for some ill, came and claimed their reward.

Another circumstance that helps to explain the negro's indifference regarding kindness received is that all native races, without exception, look upon the white man as a usurper, who has robbed them of their country; although the common people — not, of course, the chiefs — admit, as far, but only as far, as the British are concerned, that they are better protected now than they were before. Still, they all feel that a grievance exists, and many of them look

upon anything for their relief or comfort that Europeans do, only as a small part-payment of a debt.

But manifestations of gratitude do occasionally occur, mostly on the part of children, who are probably instigated to them by their mothers. Many years ago, a little Swahili boy in the hospital in Zanzibar, to whom an orange was brought, handed it back and begged that it should be given to the kind lady who had put medicine on his sore eyes. In British East Africa I once, without the slightest danger to myself, rescued a little boy from drowning. A month afterward he appeared in my camp with a dozen eggs, for which he refused to be paid. He must have collected them one by one, for they were all rotten!

Negroes do not feel as we do, or, if they do, they show their feelings in a different way. I once had a Kikuyu servant, an excellent fellow, named Tairara. We were camped for some time in the Mweli hills, in the Sayidie Province of British East Africa, and the village, a market-place, was periodically visited by Waduruma and Wanyika, who came from a considerable distance, to get, by barter, what articles they required. Tairara had already spoken to me about one of his sisters, who, years before, had been kidnaped from her native country and taken to the coast.

And one day, sure enough, just as in a story-book, the two met in the principal street of Mideli. The emotion of Tairara was genuine and violent and, I must say, most affecting. He sat on the ground, holding with one hand the hand of his sister, who was standing near him, while, with the open palm of his other hand, he kept beating the ground; and, all the time, tears were streaming from his eyes. The sister showed much less emotion. She looked, if anything, rather embarrassed.

Well, I left them in this position. What followed, however, was the curious part of it. From that day onward they took no more notice of one another than if they had been strangers! I saw them pass each other a week or so later without exchanging even a word; and when I asked Tairara how that was, his reply was to the effect that they had now met, and that the incident was closed.

No native, I think, would hesitate to indorse the opinion of Bernard Shaw's charming heroine, Miss Lydia Carew, when she coldly remarks that 'grief of two years' duration is only a bad habit.' To the native, there is a time for grief and a time for pleasure, which may alternate without transition. Also, natives are, I believe, able to produce emotion at will; at least, the women are. At the wakes after the death of a relative or acquaintance, their wails are accompanied by genuine tears; yet both before and after, they are absolutely unconcerned, as if nothing had happened.

Ties of affection are strongest between mother and child, setting aside the transitory attachments of paramours. They are deep and lasting, and, in some tribes, manifest themselves in a touching way. Among the Wabuanji and Wakissi, for instance, the son, even when he is grown up, when he encounters his mother, steps aside and kneels down, and in this attitude waits until

she has passed. I remember how once, when I was walking in Buanji with a great chief, he suddenly left my side and knelt down near the path, until his old mother, who was coming our way, and who might have stood for a portrait of 'She' after her second baptism of fire, had passed without taking the slightest notice of him or me.

What a difference between this beautiful custom and that ruling among those dreadful Sakalavas of Madagascar! There every woman, as soon as she has reached the great climacteric, is degraded to the state of village idiot, becomes the butt of children's practical jokes, is forbidden the entrance of the house, fed on refuse, and never spoken to except in rough accents, even by her own children; whereas the old men receive every attention.

I once ventured to remonstrate on that subject with a beautiful young mulatto woman, much courted by Europeans, whose white-haired old grandmother was even then living in that miserable status. 'In my country,' I said, 'old women are treated with particular respect and consideration by all people alike, men and women and children. The older a woman is, the more respect we consider her to be entitled to.'

To which this heartless young lady replied pertly: 'Well, that is the custom in your country — and the custom in our country is different, you see.'

But that was twenty years ago, and, perhaps, since then, the innumerable missions scattered along the Mozambique channel may have succeeded in changing this disgusting state of affairs.

On the whole, I am inclined to believe that the feelings of East and Central African natives are deeper than we think. Cases of the most passionate and romantic love occur, sometimes with a tragic ending. Some years ago, I brought down with me into the Shire

Highlands, a Ngoma from the north of the lake, whose name was Barbarossa. The Wangoma are notorious for their intelligence, their pride, their cunning, and the violence of their character; and Barbarossa was no exception. He left behind him a wife and two little children — a circumstance that did not prevent him from soon forming a new tie in the Shire.

The object of his attachment was a lady of ample charms, a widow, with two little children and some means. She had obviously lived much among Europeans, dressed Swahili fashion, and was, in her way, quite a swell. I fancy it was this that took so strong a hold of Barbarossa's imagination; he had been a naked savage when he first came to me.

I did not encourage this liaison, as I wanted him to go back to his family; and I looked upon it as a passing flirtation only, until, one day, I happened to speak to him about his return home, when he emphatically declared that he would never again leave the Shire Highlands and his new love.

I remonstrated, reminding him of his poor wife and children.

His reply was: 'But don't you know that with us, when a man leaves his country, his brother takes over his family? My wife and my children are now living with my brother.'

I believed that this infatuation would cool down in time, and, in the meanwhile, I discouraged as much as possible the visits to his mistress, who lived about four miles away, in the village of a chief who was supposed to be her brother. In time she became pregnant, and then followed the catastrophe. She died in child-bed, and that beast of a chief did not send a messenger to inform Barbarossa of her death until after she had been buried.

For two days the poor fellow looked absolutely crushed, and then recovered

so rapidly from his grief, to all appearances, chatting and laughing just as before, that I thought that here was another example of native shallowness of feeling. I was mistaken. Three days later, during a heavy downpour of rain which deadened all sounds, he hanged himself in his hut, which stood not a hundred yards from my own.

I decided that he must be buried alongside the woman whom he had loved so much, and dispatched a messenger to the chief to inform him that I would send up the body for burial as soon as I should have got the eight carriers required, whom I was expecting. But before they had arrived, my messenger came back in breathless haste, to say that the chief and the villagers refused to allow Barbarossa to be buried in their burial-ground, because he did not belong to the same tribe. I sent back word to say that I should use force if they persisted in their refusal, and at last they gave way and the two now lie side by side.

I intended to adopt the baby, who was then still alive; but it followed its parents into the grave a few weeks later, because, so I was told, its foster-mother's milk did not agree with it.

II

The refusal on the part of the chief to let Barbarossa be buried alongside his mistress, because he did not belong to the same tribe, is significant of the native clannishness, which cannot have been exceeded by the particularism of the small German principalities before 1870. Although it undoubtedly has its disadvantages, both for the administrator and the missionary, the fact that in it lies the chief European safeguard for the future is so obvious, that all attempts to 'educate' the native out of it ought to be made punishable by law.

In East and Central Africa, the ex-

change of children for food in periods of dearth is a common transaction; and, heartless though this kind of bargain appears to be, it must be admitted that it is one by which both sides profit. Besides, in my own experience, the children, after years have passed since the famine, frequently return to their old home of their own accord.

In Ukinga, until a few years ago, not always under the stress of hunger, children were sold to lake-shore dwellers for a basket of fish each, but the distance from the range to the lake is in reality so small, that the sale really only amounted to sending the child to the lake to be taught to fish and row, and accepting a basket of fish in celebration of the occasion.

It was, of course, quite different in the old days of slavery, when children thus sold had to follow their new masters to the coast. Mr. Giraud, a French naval officer, who visited the lake region in the early eighties, relates how disgusted he was with a mother who, after she had sold her little girl to a trader from the coast, turned round, without the least sign of emotion, and went her way without once looking back. He says that he intended to buy back the child and return it to its mother; but that the latter's callousness deterred him from doing so. I am not certain that the poor woman did not feel a great deal more than Mr. Giraud gives her credit for. He expresses equal disgust with the child, because it was soon laughing and playing with another child. Perhaps the tears came at night.

Although natives are capable of forming strong ties of affection or love, it is quite impossible to deny, on the other hand, the truth of the assertion that they are, like the man in Christmas carols who had lost his heart, utterly incapable of feeling pity for suffering fellow creatures, man or beast. They never volunteer to lend a hand for the

necessary functions around a sick-bed. Many a time, sick people, even children, could not be brought to my camp from ever so short a distance, because there was not one among the idle adults who surrounded them who would consent to bring them; and the same thing happened when a sick man's hut had to be cleaned, or an ointment applied. Among the Wayao, the most grasping of all the tribes with which I am acquainted, a traveler, surprised by a heavy shower of rain, and seeking shelter, not inside, but under the overhanging roof of a hut, unless the owner happens to be a relation, is mercilessly chased away unless he agrees to pay as much, sometimes, as sixpence.

The death of a European master, even if they appear to be attached to him, does not seem to affect negroes in the least. As a rule, they avoid, when they can, being present at the death-bed of a master, — particularly when within reach of an authority, — because they are afraid of inquiries. I myself, when down with fever, have twice been deserted by 'boys,' who thought that my last moment had come.

But they do not go far when a harvest is expected. The late H. Hyde Baker, that 'great hunter,' a nephew of Sir Samuel Baker, told me that once, when he was lying ill with fever and apparently unconscious in his tent in the wilds, he heard his devoted servants, who were squatting just outside his tent, settle how they would divide among themselves their master's spoils as soon as he died, the one to get the watch, another this, another that. And yet, although strict, Baker was a generous master.

But the master, to the negro, is only the source of food, and nothing beyond that. I remember how once, in the Pare mountains, when I was walking along a steep incline, followed by one of my servants, I happened to slip. He uttered

an exclamation of anxiety. I looked back, gratified about his concern for my person, and the faithful creature said: 'Who will feed me if you fall down there?' This child of Nature was nothing if not frank. Once he commented upon a golden tooth I am afflicted with. 'Aha!' I said, 'you would like to cut my head off while I sleep, and run away with that tooth!'

'Oh! Master,' he replied, 'who could do such a thing now, with so many Police-Askaris about!'

But it must be said, in justice to them, that natives do not look upon death in the same light that we do. I have heard men who were suspected of having sleeping sickness discuss the eventuality eagerly and with a great show of interest, entirely as if they had been talking, not about themselves, but about strangers.

Natives, as is well known, are admirable mimics and, during the war, imitations of people dying and being killed were a great feature, and, I regret to say, a great source of amusement, in the villages. On one occasion I witnessed the representation, to an audience made up of all the people in my camp, of the bayoneting of a man. The actor was an invalided Askari, who had entered my service a short time before. First, one cut downward from the left, then another in the same direction from the right, then one upward, from the left, and then a terribly realistic imitation of the death-rattle. The audience was delighted; my cook, the brute, laughed so much that he had to lie on the ground.

III

It is not to be expected that people who are so indifferent to the sufferings of man should be actuated by softer feelings in their attitude toward the animal kingdom. In general, they do not go out of their way in order to inflict

pain, but they are completely indifferent to the sufferings of animals, and they all delight in killing. It really does appear as if the witnessing of the transition from life to death in another creature gave the savage a peculiarly gratifying sensation. Where they commit acts of cruelty, they are generally meant as reprisals of a wholly irrational and wanton kind; as for instance, when they cut off the beaks of birds which they have caught feeding on their fields; or when they pull out the tongue of a live chameleon, for no other reason than because chameleons frighten them; or when they hang dogs which have committed a larceny. Negro children, I think, are not naturally as cruel as the children of Europeans, although they, too, enjoy walking about with a miserable little bird fluttering on a string fastened to its leg, as does the son of Rubens in his father's famous picture.

Unfortunately, the generality of Europeans do not find it worth their while to try to teach the native to exercise a little kindness toward his dumb brethren, and sometimes, alas, they are themselves the very pioneers of cruelty toward animals. Years ago, when I was living in a part of British East Africa where settlers were still conspicuous by their absence, and the aborigines still almost untouched by civilization, there appeared a taxidermist who collected small mammals for a great museum, and the parasites of small mammals for a private gentleman — a happy combination.

Up to then, in that locality, I had not seen a single act of cruelty to animals committed by young or old, although, or possibly because, the inhabitants were fearless hunters of wild beasts. But this state of affairs was now changed, almost at a moment's notice. All the little boys and some adults were called, rewards were lavishly promised, and the chase began. Whoever has

read records of naturalists in both hemispheres, knows how difficult it is to persuade natives to abstain from wounding or maiming specimens which they bring in. For one intact animal they injure a dozen. There was no exception to this rule in this instance, and, worst of all, animals not needed, or past repair, were simply refused.

I remember one particularly odious occurrence. Some boys had brought a quantity of live bats, fastened, for convenience of transport, to a string, like the beads of a necklace, the string passing through a hole which had been made in each bat's wings! But the taxidermist had no more use for bats, and refused to take them; and so the lot was simply thrown away by the side of the road, alive and, of course, not untied; for where is the negro who would take the trouble to untie a knot, unless compelled to do so by necessity?

This will, to some people, appear a small thing only; but who can doubt that that taxidermist has sown a seed which will, in the future, cause much suffering to an incalculable number of living creatures? As he was a peripatetic taxidermist, the place where I met him was only one in a hundred.

To the lover of animals it must also be a matter of great regret that the different commissions on tropical diseases have to use native help when they experiment on animals; for, given the negro's passion for imitation, and his passion for 'showing off' before other natives, one shudders at the thought of what these helpers may be doing after they have returned to their homes.

Although natives love to see animals die, especially mammals, they often omit to take the trouble to finish small wounded animals and birds, and will carry the latter, fluttering and struggling, for miles and miles, to their place of destination. It is pitiful to know, in this connection, that both settlers and

officials, who are collecting, either for themselves or to supply museums, in the hope of perpetuating a name, otherwise doomed to oblivion, by having it affixed to a new species of animal, are in the habit of sending out fully equipped natives on collecting expeditions, which sometimes last for months at a time. It is all done for the promotion of science, we are told, when we dare to utter a mild word of remonstrance. Many a poor bird, or small mammal, which has been carried for half a day, alive and suffering unspeakable torment, if it had the gift of speech, might conceivably, before dying, utter a variant of Madame Roland's famous exclamation at the foot of the scaffold.

IV

One cannot mention the negro's attitude toward the animal kingdom without speaking about his relations with the 'friend of man.' It is only after making acquaintance with the pariah dogs of native villages that one fully understands why Moses branded the dog, forever, as an unclean beast. Except in those regions where he is still used for hunting, when scanty remains of a devoured animal sometimes fall to his lot, he feeds only on nameless offal, and is expected to do so. Among some tribes the licking clean of human ulcers is, as in the Old Testament, a recognized and admitted part of a dog's duties. The most startling of the various uses to which he is put, however, exists among the Wangoni, where he has to replace, with his tongue, the baby's morning tub! This is done quite as a matter of course, the mother, sometimes helped by the father, holding the baby, while the dog conscientiously accomplishes his duty. The babies do not seem to mind it much, and struggle mildly, as babies will do when they object to being washed. Expressions of

disgust and indignation on my part, when I first witnessed this performance, were met with undisguised astonishment on the part of the parents.

And those unfortunate creatures breed like rabbits! It is a pitiful sight to see a poor native bitch, reduced to skin and bones, trying to satisfy the ravenous hunger of half a dozen half-grown young gluttons. In many places these curs, hunting either in packs by themselves or with their masters, have entirely extirpated whole species of small mammals. In Buanji, where they were formerly numerous, all the mongooses have been destroyed by the joint voracity of man and dog; and, surely, anyone who has had the good fortune to make the personal acquaintance of a mongoose, not to mention the famous Ricky-ticky, will admit that one mongoose is worth a hundred native dogs.

Thanks to the greediness of certain Europeans, who do not scruple to sell to chiefs — who will pay almost any price for them — the pups of large European breeds, these nuisances constantly increase in number, size, and strength. The Wahehe, in what was formerly German East Africa, keep their dogs, not only to hunt with, but also as food; and those destined for that fate are prevented from moving about too much by having one of their legs broken!

Natives train their dogs for the hunt with great skill and cruelty. Once, in the Livingstone Range, not many hundred yards from my tent, and before I could interfere, a native from Buanji, who, with others, had been chasing a reed-buck, cudged his dog to death because he considered that he had been slack in the performance of his duty.

One wonders why administrators do not introduce a native dog-tax. It would affect only the well-to-do, and an unmitigated evil would gradually disappear. There would be no necessity

for drastic measures, like the marooning of the dogs of Constantinople.

Among the hunting tribes, the men are incredibly swift of foot. I have known them to run down a buffalo, and get it, too. This was in Ubena, which is a hilly country, and the buffalo must have been old, as I have tasted of its meat, which was extremely tough. In a flat country, I think, such a feat would have been almost impossible, although I have been told by natives in the great plains of British East Africa, that men exist who will run antelopes down.

The pivot around which all native conceptions of life turn is food — *chakula*! To eat as much as he possibly can at one sitting is looked upon by every native as a sacred duty; and, like those dung-beetles described by Henri Fabre, he never, never stops, so long as there is anything to eat before him. An American divine, as well known for his beautiful preaching as for his successes with the rifle in East Africa, has told us how a native with whom he remonstrated for gorging himself with the meat of butchered zebras, excused himself by saying that he might be dead by the morning, and then, what an opportunity would have been lost! If you ask a native why he goes and gets married, he never replies: 'Because I love the girl'; but invariably by the question: 'Who is to prepare my food?'

It is quite useless to try to give natives extras. I often started, but always gave it up again, quite disheartened. The more sugar and tea you give them, the quicker they finish it. They have no conception of husbanding provisions, and are never satisfied or grateful. There are, besides, always a lot of hangers-on; and the servants and porters, who fear retaliation in a moment of penury, simply dare not refuse to share. As one said to me once: 'If a man sees that I have got something that he has not got, and if I refuse to give him some

of it, perhaps some day, when I am very hungry and without food, and he has plenty of it, he will also refuse to share.'

That the native custom to share all food with everybody present is not, as some may imagine, the outcome of altruism, is amply proved by the heartless attitude toward the diseased and the disabled, where a reversal of the position appears an eventuality too remote to be worth being considered. Although all natives know how to cook, roast, fry, to a certain point, their palate is absolutely devoid of taste. The great majority will, like Mark Twain's Goshoot Indians, eat anything that the raven and the hyena — which latter, in Africa, stands for coyote — eat — or leave.

The variety of the native bill of fare is enormous, and, roughly speaking, implies, besides vegetable food, everything that breathes. Not all tribes, however, are so catholic in their taste. Some will look with disgust on what others consider a delicacy, and *vice versa*; and Mohammedans will, although they are not by any means strict as regards the ritual, abstain from certain things as long as they have to fear the censure of public opinion. Unfortunately all natives, including Mohammedans, eat all birds, with the exception, in some cases, of birds of prey, or of birds which are fetish, like the ground hornbill. Not even the smallest birds, like nectarines or waxbills, are safe from pursuit — a state of affairs which clamors for legislative interference.

Rats and moles are in great demand among many tribes; some, like the Wahehe, eat dogs; the Wangoni eat cats; the Wangulu, snakes and lizards. Several kinds of caterpillars, both smooth and hairy, are collected in baskets and eaten as a relish or *kitoveo*; locusts and white ants replace in native cuisine our oysters and turtles; and some people are particularly fond of a large, strong-smelling tree-bug.

But if the white man stands aghast before the native articles of diet, the native reciprocates as far as many of our food-stuffs are concerned. Tinned food, especially since the war brought enormous quantities of it into the country, is a source of incessant interest and inquiries. Natives have often expressed to me their wonder at the great variety of things which Europeans eat. One of them could not be persuaded that what he had seen in a tin was not chameleon!

A settler whom I knew in Uhehe once poisoned some wild dogs with strychnine and then buried them. On the following day several men came to him and asked permission to unearth the carrion, in order to eat it. The settler refused, explaining that the dogs had been poisoned; but they came back in the night, dug the dogs out, and took them away.

Once, in the Transvaal, I opened a tin of *mortadella di Bologna*, and, finding it entirely spoiled, threw it away. A European who was staying with me presently saw my headboy pick up the tin, and, before he could interfere, swallow the contents. We both expected the fellow to die of ptomaine poisoning, but nothing happened; he seemed, if anything, rather more cheerful after, than before, his meal.

I remember that once, when I was camped on the shore of Lake Nyasa, a very large dead fish floated slowly past, poisoning the atmosphere with its effluvium. Suddenly I noticed that several of my men rushed to the landing-place and jumped into a dugout; and when I asked them what they were up to, the reply was, that they wanted to haul the fish ashore. 'What for?' I asked, horrified. 'Because we want to eat it!' I screamed a peremptory warning and was grudgingly and wonderingly obeyed.

Up to fifteen years ago, in the so-called Kaffir eating-houses on the Rand, native mining boys used to buy, by pref-

erence, meat full of grubs. They said it was richer. It really would appear, from these and other instances, as if the digestive organs of wild people were constructed on a model different from ours.

The quantity of food that a single native is able to absorb at one sitting is phenomenal. About twelve years ago, in Tavita, in British East Africa, I once shot a large rhino at a distance of about ten miles from the old disused house of the Church Missionary Society, where I was living at the time. When I walked back, my gun-bearer ran ahead and called my immediate neighbors, mostly Masai and Wachagga belonging to the Mission. I met these people—eight including the gun-bearer—going out to the kill, as I was reaching home. After I had bathed and changed, I sent one of my boys into the next village of the Wataweta, a mile farther back in the forest, to inform them also of my chase, so that they, too, might go and fetch meat for themselves and their families; soon afterward I saw them trooping out, past my house. They passed it again toward evening, returning home, and I noticed that they were not carrying anything except a few pieces of hide. I asked them if they had eaten plenty, and received the despondent reply: 'There was nothing left when we arrived.' I do not, of course, mean to imply that the first lot of eight natives had eaten the whole rhino in a few hours. But what happened was probably this: they ate, each as much as he could carry inside, and then took away on their shoulders as much as they could carry outside, having first cached the balance. My gun-bearer, a few days later, fell ill with an intestinal disease, from which he died within a month.

Natives do not look upon the appropriating of foodstuffs from Europeans as theft. When caught in the act, they indignantly repudiate the charge of

theft. They look upon the food as their due. It is a tribute. Because no one of their race would refuse them part of *his* provisions if they were staying with him, they think they are entitled to part of the provisions of the white man; and if he does not give it willingly, they *take* it. Bernard Shaw's assertion, that 'what an Englishman wants, he takes,' might much more appropriately be applied to the negro. This thieving is an institution with which every European has to reckon—a fact to be accepted.

V

It is a mistake to believe that a native servant in whom you show confidence will try to live up to it. On the contrary, he will, as a general rule, consider your confidence as an invaluable asset in the occasions of pilfering that it will give him. And the women are much greater thieves than the men. They know practically no restraint, and even rob each other incessantly, even of the smallest trifles, or of medicines, bandages, and the like. I have known several cases where natives parted from their wives because they could not keep the latter from stealing.

It is interesting to remember, in this connection, that Sir Harry Johnston mentions the incessant pilferings perpetrated by the Askari women as one of the causes of the Soudanese rebellion in the early nineties. England was then engaged in one of her small wars in Equatorial Africa, and the women who had followed the black soldiers committed such depredations among the friendly tribes, that they had to be sent back to Uganda. This their husbands resented, and it was, if not the only, at least the principal cause of the ensuing revolt.

I mentioned that the articles coveted by the women are often mere trifles; but this applies to the men also. It is

certainly a fact that nothing is too soiled, too torn, or too insignificant, to find a collector; which does not, however, mean, that natives have not a very keen sense of the value of things. But they are very clever in turning even what has been discarded as totally valueless, to some sort of use. I once gave a native, a carver in wood and ivory by trade, an old disused sweater, not thinking that he would be able to turn it to any account. A few days later he appeared in my camp with a rakish white cap, culminating in a red *cocarde* made out of a strip of flannel. This cap was the torn-off collar of the sweater, which had been sewn together on one side, and then decorated with the *cocarde*. Shortly afterward the owner told me that he had found a purchaser for his novel head-gear.

If, as some people pretend, the secret of making poverty endurable — of reconciling champagne tastes with a lager-beer income — lies in abstaining from necessities and indulging in luxuries instead, the negro undoubtedly has adopted this method. He buys unnecessary trifles — old watches past repair, matchboxes of metal, pencil-cases, whistles, motor-goggles — at ridiculous prices, while repudiating almost with indignation the suggestion to buy remedies for his own or his own people's use, or a plate or a tumbler for his household. The latter particularity, by the way, presents the greatest obstacle to giving a native any medicine to take home with him. How can one expect a member of a numerous household, in which the only drinking vessel consists of an old condensed-milk tin, to take, every two or three hours a certain number of drops of, say, chlorodyne, diluted in water? — quite apart from the fact that every inhabitant of the village would insist on tasting the stuff! In this respect, as in some others, the Latin axiom, *Cælum, non animum, mutant*,

qui trans mare currunt, would seem to apply to the Ethiopian in the same degree as to the European. Has not Booker T. Washington told us how, in a negro household in Virginia, which could boast of a single cup only, he found a piano? This happy-go-luckiness is, perhaps, a manifestation of the artistic temperament. Everybody has seen reproductions of the celebrated drawings of the Kalshari bushmen, but it would be a mistake to imagine that this gift is their monopoly. Often, in countries hundreds of miles apart, I have bought little clay figures of animals, made by children in play, and have always been struck by the astounding accuracy with which the creatures' main characteristics had been caught, however disproportionate the measurements. Among the grown-up people one often finds real artists who represent human beings and animals with equal skill. As an avocation, carving usually runs in families, descending from father to son, several brothers being sometimes employed in the same trade; and the self-manufactured implements which they use are almost as great a subject of surprise as the result produced.

At one time I saw a great deal of one of these carvers in wood and ivory. He was a Yao, called Beeboo — quite a remarkable creature, who might have posed as a sample of the artistic temperament quite as well as any Quartier Latin art student pictured in Mürger's *La Vie de Bohême*. His likenesses of animals were extraordinarily lifelike, if occasionally somewhat out of symmetry; but he also gave free scope to his active imagination by inventing animals with new and grotesque shapes. When trade was brisk, as was the case during the war, he lived on the product of his knife and saw only, and walked about, a haughty and independent swell. When times were bad, he used to work for his

livelihood on some plantation or farm, watering flowers or cropping the lawn. It was during one of these periods of penury, when I had given him a job, that I caught him helping himself to my provisions. I dismissed him immediately; but we remained on cordial terms all the same, and he often came into my camp afterward, either to offer me pieces of art for sale or to borrow a shilling.

I once entered his hut, where he was living alone at the time, having just been deserted by his wife — a usual occurrence with him. There was no furniture except his stretcher; but everywhere on the ground stood old oil tins and clay pots filled with decorative

plants, flowers, ferns, and low shrubs with berries.

I cannot help thinking that Beeboo, if he had been born in Paris, might have developed into another Rodin, or a male Rosa Bonheur. Born in the Middle Ages, in a cathedral town, he would surely have been a famous gargoyle-sculptor. But he, too, was not free of those aberrations in taste to which I have alluded before. One day he shaved the lower part of his head all round in a circle, and then let the hair on the upper part grow to an enormous length, so that he looked as if he wore a huge helmet of fur, like one of Napoleon's grenadiers. He looked fearful, and I told him so, to his intense delight.

MOUNTAINEERING IN AMERICA

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

By America I mean the United States without Alaska and the overseas appanages, and by mountaineering I mean much besides scaling high peaks. One cannot put all the qualifications into a title.

There is altogether too little told and written about the mountains of our country, — the high mountains, higher than the Alps, — and about the joys and adventures of climbing them. Because they are not snow- and ice-clad, — a few are, — with *névés*, *crevasses*, and ice *couloirs* to tell about, and because one does not climb them in a roped-together chain-gang, led and followed by professional guides in pic-

turesque costumes, along well-known paths often staircased and balustraded, the mountains of California and Colorado seem to have few attractions for Americans who have a fancy for climbing.

But actually they demand as strenuous and careful work, and offer as much adventure, as the more favored and familiar European mountains. You can climb as high, fall as far, and land with as much disaster, in the Sierra Nevada or Rockies as in the Swiss or Tyrolean Alps. And there goes with the climbing itself in America a lot of fine things that do not go with the Swiss climbing — the camping, the pack-train, the trout-

fishing in almost virgin waters, the great forests, the aloneness, the real escape and change from that world which is too much with us — all these are pleasant surplusage in American mountaineering, added to the actual climbing, which latter, by the way, you do — as climbing should really be done, to get from it its finest flavor — on your own, unguided and unroped.

It seems an odd thing that the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada and the Colorado Rockies are all of about the same height. Take the highest twenty in each of the two mountain-systems, and not only will their average be very close to 14,000 feet in the case of each group, but the range of height in the whole forty will come within 500 feet above or below the fourteen-thousand-foot average. The high points of both Sierras and Rockies seem to have been cut off in their aspiring at fourteen thousand feet or a few hundred feet above or below that level — although there is little indication on many of these summits of any cutting off, the tip-tops of some, indeed, making two men standing close together on them seem badly crowded. But some, on the other hand, have a really truncated top, often surprisingly broad and level.

This is true, for example, of Long's Peak, one of the highest and best of the Colorado peaks — meaning by 'best,' most interesting, and possibly adventurous, to climb. One could lay out a very decent little farm on its summit, if the soil were a little further on in course of making — so far it is only in its first, or rock, stage. But in getting up to this broad, flat top, you have to work carefully almost completely around the great cliffy cap of the mountain, with a dizzying narrow ledge on one face, to test your head; a long steep trough, with snow and loose rock in it, at one corner, to try out your heart, lungs, and climbing luck; and a steeper, most-

ly smooth wall-face, to swarm up on the last stretch.

Long's Peak is much beset by wind and sudden sleet-storms, and its really safe climbing season is unusually short, although it is often climbed before and after this safer period. One such attempt at a late climb, however, cost an adventurous woman her life; and a head-board, fixed among the harsh rocks of the great Boulder Field just beyond which the real climbing begins, commemorated, as long as it stood, her death on the mountain from fall and exposure in storm. The inscription reads, —

Here CARRIE J. W——

Lay to rest, and died alone,

with the date, which I have forgotten.

She died alone because the local mountaineer who, after much protest, went up with her when she declared that, if he would not accompany her, she would go anyway by herself, and who found her helpless on his hands in a sleet-storm on the summit, had, after carrying her down the more dangerous part of the mountain, through hours of struggle in blinding snow and cutting ice-sleet, until he was almost as exhausted as she, left her at nightfall in the comparative shelter of the great rocks of the Boulder Field, himself to stumble on down the mountain in the dark, for help.

He had a difficult decision to make. Should he stay there with her, and both almost certainly perish before dawn, or should he take the chance of leaving her and possibly get help up to her during the night, and thus save both? He took what he believed the only chance of saving her. Alone, he could not possibly get her farther. Staying with her, he could have done nothing but, in all probability, die with her. He got down the mountain to his father's cabin. The rescuers started back at once. But it took long hours to get to her. They

found her dead. She had, in panic or delirium, left her shelter among the rocks, and, stumbling about, had fallen near-by, striking her head against the merciful granite. It has been always a haunting question with that man as to whether he had done what a brave man should do under such circumstances. Knowing the mountain and the man, I believe he decided as a brave and experienced mountaineer should have decided.

I know of another fatal accident on Long's Peak. There may have been still others. This one came about through a man's inexperience and foolishness. He carried a loaded revolver in his hip-pocket on his climb. He fell in a bad place, and the cartridge under the hammer was exploded, the bullet shattering his hip. His one companion did what he could to drag him along the narrow ledge on which he lay; but little progress was possible, and, after hours of suffering, the wounded man died. The companion was a prematurely old man when he finally got down the mountain and found helpers to go up for the body.

I have always maintained that there should be three men together on mountain climbs, one to get hurt, one to stand by, and one to go for help. But most men hunt mountain-tops in pairs; some like to go alone. I knew one such, — besides John Muir, who, with his bit of bread and pinch of tea, almost always went alone, — who did much climbing in the Sierra Nevada and took many chances. He used to carry a rope and, in difficult places, where he could not reach high enough for hand-grips, he would tie a big knot in one end of his rope and throw it up until it caught firmly above him. Then he would drag himself up, without regard to the fact that he probably could not get down more than the uppermost one of these places by using his rope. He trusted to finding a different and easier way down

— and always did. He climbed Mount King — a very pinnacly peak in the King-Goddard divide, which juts out westward from the main Sierran crest near Kearsarge Pass — in this way, by one of its seemingly impossible faces. Although at best it is a difficult mountain, it has at least one fairly negotiable face. He came down that way.

II

American mountain-climbing, at all events as I am limiting it, is rock-climbing. There can be a good deal of snow on the symmetrical cones of the old volcanoes, like Rainier, Baker, Hood, and the others that are the high mountains of Oregon and Washington; and there are elsewhere occasional snow-patches and a few scattered, insignificant, persisting remnants of the once mighty local glaciers that did so much in the old days to give the Sierras and Rockies their present configuration. But these are rarely in the way of the climber; in fact, the ice-remnants have to be sought out to be seen, and are among the special goals of the mountaineers. Two or three in the Front Range of the Rockies, near Estes Park, now included in the Rocky Mountain National Park, are among the most accessible.

Climbing the American mountains, then, demands no special knowledge of the characteristics and habits and dangers of deeply crevassed glaciers, with their thin snow-bridges, or of the behavior of snow when it inclines, under proper weather conditions, to cornice-breaking and avalanche-making. But it does require, for safety's sake, a considerable knowledge of the character and habits of various kinds of rock in various states of firmness and brittleness, as met variously on cliff-faces or in narrow chimneys. It also requires some judgment as to the critical angle at

which loose rock may lie for the time quietly, yet may not be stepped on with careless confidence. It does not require ropes and ice-axes, but it requires hands as well as feet, and a steady head. Narrow ledges, hand-hold crevices on steep faces, knife-edges, both firm and badly weathered, and long steep troughs of mixed snow, loose stones, and easily excited granite-dust make earnest call on the American mountaineer's nerve and confidence and expert judgment of the possibilities.

It is not always the highest mountain, of course, that is the hardest, even in its demand on endurance, to say nothing of skill. Our highest point south of the Canadian border is Mount Whitney, yet it is but a tiresome steep walk to its summit, after one has made the long, beautiful, and inspiring forest-and cañon-trail trip to its western foot. Its eastern foot stands in a desert. A few miles north of Whitney is the slightly lower peak of Williamson, one of three closely grouped splendid Sierran notabilities (Williamson, Tyndall, Barnard). But Williamson offers everything to the climber which Whitney, except for its height and position, does not.

I had the privilege of spending a few weeks again last summer in the Sierras, after an absence of years. Our small party was composed of members of the Sierra Club, that organization which has done so much to make the California mountains known and accessible to mountain-lovers; and one of our group was intent on attempting to get up a certain peak which has long resisted the attacks of climbers — not that it has been so often tried, but that the few tries have been made by climbers well known for their success with difficult mountains.

We, therefore, pushed our pack-animals up a great side cañon tributary to the greater cañon of the Kern, until we

could make camp in a last little group of tamarack pines practically at timber-line (about 10,500 feet here), and directly under a high northwest spur of this unclimbed mountain, which connected with its main peak by a long, rough knife-edge. From careful study of the mountain from various points, it had been decided that the most likely approach to the peak-summit seemed to be this northwest spur and knife-edge. In our previous movements we had nearly encircled the great group of which the unclimbed peak was one, and members of the party had climbed another mountain, not far away, mainly for the sake of an orienting examination of the upper reaches of the resistant peak.

The actual vertical height of the peak above our timber-line camp was only a little more than three thousand feet, as the Geological Survey maps attribute an altitude of 13,752 feet to it. But three thousand feet can be much more difficult than five or six thousand. However, if the summit could be reached at all, it could probably be done in a day from our high camp. So the climbers — properly three — made a five-o'clock start, aiming directly for the summit of the spur. The going, though steep, was fairly good and entirely safe, and the top of the spur was reached in a few hours. But the knife-edge, bad enough where it was continuous, revealed itself so deeply notched at several points, that it proved wholly impassable. It was necessary to try a different way. The north face of the knife-edged spur was as impossible as the knife-edge itself. But the south face is gashed by a number of narrow steep troughs leading almost up to the main peak, any one of which might prove itself, on trial, to be possible, but any one, or all, of which might be unfeasible because of interrupting cliffs not visible from the climbers' point of

view. To select and try one was, however, the only chance.

After a careful study, one was chosen that revealed indications of a trickle of water coming from some upper snow-bank, and seemed to be more winding in its course than the others; hence, would offer more protection than these from rolling stones. The climbers, therefore, worked their way from the knife-edge down, and laboriously across several other troughs until, finally reaching the selected one, they turned their faces upward again. There was much loose rock in the trough, and some small, but troublesome, cliffs running across it; but by skillful work it was successfully followed to a point where a short acrobatic scramble gave them the very summit. By half-past two the three men stood, or rather crouched, closely together on the dizzying point of the highest pinnacle of the mountain — and the Black Kaweah was no longer the unconquered peak it had so long remained. The near-by Red and Gray Kaweahs had surrendered in earlier years. So the Sierra Club has no more scalps to bring home from that fine mountain group. But there are still other peaks, both in the main Sierran crest and in some of the great lateral spurs, or 'divides,' that run out west from it, which offer pressing invitation to climbers who like to be the first to scale untrodden summits.

III

I referred at the beginning of this paper to the surplusage of pleasant experience that the American mountaineer may enjoy in the high mountains of California and Colorado, — one really ought not to slight Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Wyoming in speaking of American mountaineering, — in addition to that of the actual climbing. This experience is that of the trail and camp.

For example, while the three more venturesome members of our party were capturing the Black Kaweah, — when one is soft from five or six years of being kept away from high altitudes, and has had only a few days to accustom heart and muscles to severe work in them, one must not be among the more venturesome, — I busied myself with providing one of the courses of a proper dinner that should be ready for the returned climbers. Right past our camp ran the clear, cold water of a stream that had its sources only a mile or two farther up the cañon, in the snow-fed lakes of a great glacial basin, or *cirque*, of successively higher levels under the Kaweah summits. Nine Lake Basin contains even more clear little green lakes than its name indicates, and their overflow makes a stream that has helped materially to deepen the great glacial gorge that extends from the upper *cirques* down to the Grand Cañon of the Kern. In this stream swarm hard-fighting, firm-fleshed rainbow trout, not too sophisticated, or yet too inexperienced. A Royal Coachman and a Black Gnat made a good killing combination, and I soon had a sufficient number to furnish the second course of the camp dinner.

And then there was time for some rambling and scrambling over the granite faces and great rough blocks of the upper *cirques*, and even over a low divide that separates the Kern from the Kaweah watershed; to look down the precipitous gorge of trivially named Deer Creek, — what a confusing host of Deer and Sheep and Bear Creeks there are in the mountains! — which finds its swift and tumultuous westward way into the Middle Fork of the Kaweah, or 'crow water,' as the Indian name translates itself. Along the upper stretches of this magnificent gorge — or cañon, to give its character its proper due — are some vertical cliffs and

sky-scraping pinnacles and smooth-surfaced, onion-skinned granite domes, which are yet to have their fame in chronicles of Sierran scenery.

The trout-fishing in the higher Sierras and Rockies is a kind of fishing apart from other kinds, even from other fishing for trout. To get to it is an adventure; to live a few weeks, or even days, where it may be had is an exalting experience. It is so much more than fishing. It is realizing how the primitive granite core of the earth, and ice and water and time have combined to make great mountains, great basins, great moraines, great cañons. It is learning to know the giant trees and dwarfed alpine flowers. It is seeing close at hand the realities of the bitter struggle of life with boreal nature. 'Timber-line' is one of the strange and revealing places of earth, with its misshapen, scarred, fighting pines and fir and juniper, and swiftly growing fragrant flowers, which expand their brilliant colors in the short season of warm sun and melting snow, to attract the few hardy butterflies and bees that flit away their brief lives amid surroundings that awe and humble the greater animals and even man. Shrieking barking marmots and curious little squeaking guinea-pig-like conies perch on great granite blocks, to stare and challenge the human intruder in these upper levels of earth, and dive out of sight in the dark crevices as he turns to stare back at them.

But the trout themselves are reassuring. They may even be of the very sort you know in the meandering brooks of New England meadows. For many of the Sierran lakes and streams have been stocked with trout varieties foreign to their geography. One meets speckled Eastern Brook and brown Loch Leven in some of these waters. Most famous and most wonderful to see are the bizarre Golden trout, originally

of Volcano Creek, which flows into the Kern from the foot of Mount Whitney. These trout were originally isolated in that part of the stream which is above the high falls, not far from the stream-mouth; but they have been transplanted into numerous streams and lakes of the Kern and Kings watersheds. They have a brilliant scarlet belly, roseate lateral rainbow line, and general yellowish-red tinge over the whole body. They do not seem to grow very large, but are curiously long and slender for their weight. They are reputed to be unusually vigorous fighters; but the few that I caught in the single stocked lake of Five Lake Basin above the Big Arroyo were tame compared with the native Rainbows of the Arroyo itself.

Besides trout, the Sierran and Rocky Mountain streams are the home of a few other interesting animals. There used to be many beaver, especially in the reaches where the Colorado streams flowed through the more level glacial parks, which are characteristic of the Rockies just as the narrow, flat-floored, vertical-walled cañons like the Yosemite, Hetch-Hetchy, Tehipite, and the Grand Cañons of the Kings and Kern are characteristic of the Sierra Nevada.

And there are the fascinating water-braving ouzels, that teeter, half-submerged, on the lips of little falls, as they seek out the larvæ of the water-insects. Among these insects are stone-flies and may-flies and, especially, many kinds of caddice-flies, which make their protecting cases out of tiny pebbles or granite grains, and sometimes out of glittering golden bits of iron pyrites and half-transparent mica — houses of gold and glass and shining jewels.

Finally, there are the curious net-winged midges, known unfortunately only to professional entomologists, and to too few of them, whose few species are scattered all over the world where swift, clear, and cold mountain streams

are. The small, slug-like larvæ of these delicate flies cling by ventral suckers to the smooth surfaces of the stream-bed over which shallow water is running swiftly. They cannot tolerate sluggish or soiled water. Their food is chiefly minute fresh-water diatoms, which often grow in felt-like masses on their own backs. The slender-legged, thin-winged flies may be seen occasionally flitting about in the overhanging foliage of the stream-side, or among the great boulders that half block the streams where they break through terminal moraines.

But besides the streams that help give the mountain regions beauty and interest and life, and provide the purest, softest water for the mountaineer's drink and bath, there are the great forests — forests great in extent and made of great trees. These forests are of special magnificence in the Sierra Nevada, but the lower pines and upper spruces of the Rocky Mountains form fine forests, the spruce, particularly, often running along the range-flanks in a miles-long unbroken zone, at an altitude of (roughly) from nine to eleven thousand feet and even higher. The trees are not large, as large trees go, but are nearly uniform in size, and the forest is almost clear of undergrowth, and is soft and dark and still.

Of birds there are few, but some of them are of special interest. Among these are the noiseless, ghostly camp-robbers, or moose birds, which suddenly appear from nowhere in your forest camp, boldly flying down to your very food-bags or camp-fire to beg or steal a free meal. Less quiet are their cousins, the Clark crows, or jays. But most beautiful of voice are the Western hermit thrushes, which fling out their rippling liquid notes at early dawn and twilight, to echo through the long forest aisles.

I remember one special adventure in

the Great Spruce Forest on the flanks of Flat Top and Hallet's Peak in the Front Range of the Rockies, near Long's Peak, in which the hermit thrushes played a part. A college companion, Fred Funston, — later the hero of the capture of Aguinaldo and one of the best-known major-generals of the American army, — and I had gone up into the forest, with a single burro as pack-animal, from our summer camp on the Big Thompson in Willow Park, to try to get a deer, in order to vary our long-continued camp diet of bacon and trout.

We were rank tyros as hunters, and probably could not have injured any deer with even the best of opportunities; but we had no chance to prove or disprove this, as we saw no venison despite all care and pains.

We did see, however, an animal we had not come to see. This was a big mountain lion. We had made a hasty camp in the upper reaches of the forest in the later afternoon of our arriving, and had turned Billy, the burro, loose, to nibble at anything he considered edible in the camp neighborhood. Then we had hurried out with our guns, each by himself, to post himself at what he should think a vantage-point to see such deer as should come conveniently wandering through the forest. I had lain doggo for some time near an old trail, and dusk had come on so rapidly, and the forest had become so unnecessarily still, that I had decided to get back to the cheering companionship and comfort of the camp-fire, when I was suddenly frozen into immobility by the sight of a great mountain lion silently padding along the old trail only a few rods from me. What with long lean body and long lifted tail, that lion took an amazingly long time in passing a given point. And just as it was by, and out of my sight, it carelessly let slip from its throat a blood-curdling cry, half-bestial, half-human. That

completed my demoralization. As soon as the apparition had passed from my sight and the echoes of that howl from my ears, I got my numb muscles into action and speedily made for camp — not by way of the old trail.

As I came near it, I was further startled to see a great, roaring fire, and found my companion, later the reckless hero of many a dangerous, self-chosen venture in war, piling ever more fuel on the camp-fire. I asked him the reason for the conflagration, and he blurted out, without interrupting his good work, 'I have just seen the biggest cougar in Colorado.' Evidently both of us had had the same good fortune.

In the safety of the fire-zone we made a peaceful supper, without venison; and after a final heaping-on of logs, rolled up in our blankets by the fire. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a blow on the chest. I promptly sat up, with the conviction that I was being mauled by the lion. The fire had gone down, and it was very dark. But Funston, who had punched me into wakefulness, whispered hoarsely, 'That cat is prowling around the camp. I have heard it several times. We must build up the fire.'

I strongly agreed, and we soon had another reassuring pyrotechnic effect. Again we turned in, and I was soon uneasily asleep again, only to be wakened by another blow. This time Funston was really excited. 'He's still around,' he said. 'There, you can hear him now.'

I listened intently. I certainly heard something moving off somewhere beyond the piled-up pack-saddle and kyaks on the other side of the smouldering fire. I stared hard in that direction. It was the first gray of a welcome morning. As quickly as the light had faded out of the forest the evening before, it now invaded it. Even as we stared through the cold gray, it became light enough for us to see — our faith-

ful burro browsing on a bit of brush a couple of rods from our bed!

It was a great relief, and we rolled over for a real nap, when from far down the mountain-side came the clear rippling call of a hermit thrush. And then another, higher up, answered, and then another, almost over our heads, and, finally, still another from farther up the mountain-flank. It was the most beautiful, most thrilling bird-song I have ever heard. We lay entranced. And then Funston, sitting up in his blankets to glance around the echoing forest, stretched out again with a grunt of comfort, and murmuring, 'Say, it's damn religious up here,' drew his blankets up to his eyes for the needed nap.

We were boys in those days, and we thought more of new peaks to be won, possible elk and bighorn and bear and deer to be shot at, and trout to be caught, cooked, and eaten, with wild red raspberries for dessert, than of the religion of Nature expressed in her greatness and beauty. But some of this religion did reach us occasionally, and once ours, it has never been lost. I have loitered in the incense-dimmed aisles of many a great cathedral and listened to the rolling of the organs and hypnotic chanting of the priests; but each time I have been reminded of the longer, more fragrant forest aisles and the low repeated rumblings of thunder among the great peaks of the mountain regions I know; and it has been those memories that have given me the greater hope in something still above cathedral towers and mountain summits.

IV

Funston and I had another boys' adventure in the Rockies — this time with a third college mate, now a wise college professor — that I am minded to tell. The three of us, with our long-suffering burro, had started on a rather

longer excursion than usual from headquarters camp, which was to carry us some twenty or twenty-five miles northwest toward the Wyoming line, to an old crater called Specimen Mountain. This crater rose just above a high pass that divided the headwaters of the Cache-de-la-Poudre, which flow first into the Platte, and then into the Missouri, and finally, by way of the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico, from those of the Grand, which, after joining with the Green from Wyoming to make the Colorado, and enjoying much experience of cañon and desert, reach the Gulf of California. In fact, on this pass, which is but a few hundred feet below timber-line, there are two tiny lakes hardly a stone's throw apart, which send their overflow to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, respectively.

Our way carried us to the bottom and up and out of a long, weird, fire-swept cañon, known as Windy Gulch, with its sides bristling with the stark, gray skeletons of burned trees, and its top leading out on to the broad low summit of the Range, stretching away for a dozen miles or more above timber-line to the pass I have spoken of.

On this trip we had our guns, as we always had in those earlier days before the protection of the law had been thrown around the disappearing elk and bighorn. Near the top of Windy Gulch we saw a bear — a rather small bear — lumbering its way toward the summit. We immediately gave chase. The bear turned toward a rock-ridge not far away, and disappeared. But on reaching the ridge we made out what seemed the only hole or cave it could have gone into, and there expectantly awaited the coming-out of the bear.

But it did not come out, and Funston finally made the rather startling proposal that he should crawl into the hole and stir up the bear, which, he argued, would undoubtedly chase him out.

We other two were to stand by the hole with cocked rifles, and were to shoot, not at the first thing that came out, which Funston fondly hoped would be himself, but at the second, which would presumably be an irate bear.

After careful consideration of this proposition, entirely generous on Funston's part, as one must admit, Franklin and I finally declined it, on the ground that in our excitement we should be almost certain to shoot at the first creature that appeared from the hole, and if this were Funston, — as it probably would be if he came out at all, — and we should hit him, we should have to answer to his parents. As his father was a Congressman, these parents seemed formidable. Also, if Funston, by any rub of the green, did not come out at all, we should have to help the burro carry Funston's pack back to camp. The final vote, therefore, was two to one against the proposal of the future general.

This Specimen Mountain was a famous place for bighorn; I hope it still is. The wild sheep used to come to the old crater from many miles away, to lick at its beds of green and yellowish deposits; and we rarely failed to find a band of from six to thirty of the wary animals in the crater's depths. In our later trips to the mountain, after the game-protection laws of Colorado were in force, we used to hunt the sheep with cameras instead of guns. The rim of the crater was sharp, and we could crawl up to it from the mountain-flanks and peer over into it, all unperceived. The inner slopes were covered with volcanic ash and broken lava, and great plutonic breccia crags or 'castles' lifted their bulk from various points. By getting one of these castles between us and the sheep, we could work our way carefully down into the crater and fairly near the animals, without startling them.

However, not all the adventures and joys of mountaineering are on or even near the summits. Camp and trail must often be at lower levels, although still truly in the mountains. The trails must lead from wild pasture to pasture — 'meadows,' the mountaineer always calls them; for the pack-animals and riding ones must have good feed each night, to enable them to meet the demands made on them each day. The camps must be made near good water, — a dry camp is a sad thing, — but where there is mountain meadow there is water: there would not be meadow without it. Many of these meadows lie on the successive levels reached in moving up or down the glacial gorges. In the upper *cirques* and gorge-reaches these successive levels carry lakes — wonderful green-blue sheets of cold water set on the wildest and bleakest of rock scenery; lower down there are wet meadows and still lower dryer ones, or bits of forest, but different from the great continuous forest of the mountain-flanks. These meadows are often riotous color-patches, flecked and splashed with a score of kinds of mountain flowers. A stream wanders through them, or, if they are not too level, hurries along with much music. Of course, one can camp in smaller areas, in cañon-bottom, or even on fairly steep mountainsides. One can usually find a few little level spots for the sleeping-bags and fire-irons, or, if necessary, a little terracing work with the spade will make the needed flatness. For you must lie fairly level if you are to sleep at all. Fir branches, old pine-needles, or heaps of bracken help to soften the bed-spots; but you soon get used to the uncovered ground. You manage to fit yourself to its unevennesses.

Besides meadow and water and a bit of level ground, a good outlook is necessary for the best kind of mountain

camp. Long views down great cañons, or across them to high peaks, or just straight up along the towering body of wonderful trees, are worth attending to, even for one-night camps. The trees of the Sierras are, of course, alone worth going into the mountains to see. The huge, dinosaur-like bulk of the true 'big trees,' — the sequoias, — and the straight towering sugar-pines, incense cedar, yellow pine, and red fir, make the Sierran forests incomparable. How John Muir loved these trees and lived companion-wise with them! Mountain sculpture, the work of ice, and the great straight trees, were his first interests in the Sierra Nevada.

There is something so different, so remindful of older earth days, when fauna and flora were strange, in the sequoias, those relics of forests that are gone, that they impress me uncomfortably. They do not seem to belong to this time. They can have no companionship with the pines and firs and cedars, which live so congenially together. Their day is past; they must feel sad to linger on.

The trails seem to run most deviously, but mostly they run wisely. They must avoid too bad places and too much steepness; but they must get on, and if the objective is high, they must sometimes climb even steeply, zigzagging up, and they must not go too far around, even if they have to take to rough places or skirt dangerously along cliff-faces. They are most delightful when traversing the forests, for then they are cool and springy underfoot. They are most impressive when they run along the sides of great cañons or on cliffy mountain-flanks. They seem to accomplish most when they carry you over high passes. The way up may be very steep and rough, and the way down long and hard on the knees, but the actual crossing of the pass is a triumph. You see both ways down into

great watersheds; one may have a very different aspect from the other. You see innumerable near and distant peaks. At your feet are wonderful little green glacial lakes, cupped in the great *cirques*.

The surpassing trail-triumph is to put yourself and pack-animals over a 'new' high pass, that is, to be the first to cross it with pack-train.

We did this last summer in trying to get out of the Kings River watershed into that of the Kern by a shorter way than the usual ones. Some Sierra Club men, making knapsack trips around the headwaters of Roaring River on one side of the Great Western Divide, and the Kern-Kaweah on the other, had suggested in the *Sierra Club Bulletin* that it might be possible to cross the Divide with animals through a notch in it about 12,000 feet high, a short distance south of Milestone Peak. Sheep men with their flocks had undoubtedly occasionally used this pass, for there were indications of sheep-trails leading up to it on both sides. But sheep are more agile than mules and horses carrying packs of a hundred pounds and more. However, we had a sturdy lot of animals, with two packers in charge, willing and even anxious to make a venture. So we worked up without a trail, and with considerable difficulty, out of Cloudy Cañon, to a high level camp (10,500 feet) by the side of a beautiful glacial lake not indicated on the Geological Survey maps, and hence unnamed and officially unknown.

Part of one day was given to spying out a possible way up to the pass, and 'making trail' to the extent of indicating by stone ducks the most feasible way to be followed, and throwing some stones out of the way, and strengthening loose and bad places by piling up rocks by their sides. The next day, with one man in front to guide and the others scattered among the pack-animals to lead and urge, we started up

slowly, and, with much care and many stoppings to work further at dangerous bits of trail, we won our way to the summit. We were rightfully very proud, and left a record of the winning of the pass in a stone cairn at the top. What needs now to be done is for Forest Service men, or National Park men (if the proposed lines of the new Roosevelt National Park are finally adopted), to make that a really available pass. Then Kern Cañon can be reached from Kings Cañon — or *vice versa* — in two days less time, and by a much more interesting trail, than now.

It is remarkable how effectively even the unexercised human body responds to the call of the trail to cover miles and make altitude. A distance that would be an exhausting walk on a smooth roadway becomes only a fraction of a day's inspiring jaunt up and down over steep mountain trails. Lungs and heart and muscles seem to meet the need on call. You wonder at yourself as you count up in the evening, after dinner, how far you have come and how high you have climbed. I can't explain it; it is one of the pleasant secrets of the mountains.

But this paper, like the mountain trail, must reach its end. Its objective is simply one of suggestion. If you are surfeited with swift motor-riding; or tired of endless golf; or impatient with having the world too much with you, take a dose of American mountaineering. Go where the highest mountains are, the greatest cañons, the biggest trees. Get a camp cook, — though you will want to be trying your own hand at his game all the time, — an experienced packer, and a train of mountain-wise pack-animals, sleeping-bag, camp-supplies, and a sheaf of U.S. Geological Survey contour maps, — 'quadrangles,' they call them, — and take to the trail. Once out, you will not come back until you have to. And you will go again.

LYRICS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

SHE was the little wind that falls
Before the falling of the rain;
She was the one and early star
We lose and see and lose again.

She was the pang of the caress
That is too brief for our delight;
She was the torch another bore
And passed us in the night.

II

If you should say,
'Who goes there?'
Then I would say,
'You go there —
It's your hand at the door
And your foot on the stair
Of my heart every day
And everywhere.'

Then you would say,
'It is long since I passed.'
And I would say,
'It is year before last
Since you went on your way,
But I still hear you there
In my heart every day
And everywhere.'

III

THE SNOWY NIGHT

Let us be happy to-night —
 It snows.
 See where the hemlocks glimmer white
 In the dusk and the snow and the half moonlight;
 They never stir as their burden grows.

And you — O lovely and pale and near —
 Loosen the bond of your maiden will;
 Fall on my heart like the falling snows,
 And I will be still as the trees are still.

IV

Suddenly, up through the forest gloaming,
 A partridge rose, and that urgent whirring
 Startled our breath and checked our roaming;
 We stood and were still where the leaves were stirring.

So from the place of my deepest grieving
 Memory starts on a wing so thrilling,
 I stand in the dusk of my self-deceiving,
 Struck to the heart with a pang that is killing.

V

In the street where you went away,
 In the air that is still and gray,
 Like golden fish in a stream
 The leaves of the maple gleam;

And down in a place apart,
 In the dark and the deep of my heart,
 You shine in the pool of my grief
 Like a fallen golden leaf.

VI

I saw you as you passed
 A hundred times before;
 O come you in at last
 And close the open door.

O close the door and mark
 How deep a night is this;
 And light our common dark
 With the candle of your kiss.

THE EDUCATED PERSON

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

I

BECAUSE you believe in a good cause, said Dr. Johnson, is no reason why you should feel called upon to defend it, for by your manner of defense you may do your cause much harm. This, however, is a case where, in *multitude* of counsel, there may be some wisdom. Some kind of answer may evolve from the discussion of the above topic, which will be better than a pontifical statement from a person who has no doubt at all about his qualification to give an irrefutable opinion, like the old Doctor himself.

And if nothing does emerge; if there is no precipitate which you can filter out from the cubic contents of words, and *weigh*; and if that precipitate is not some kind of yeast which, added to the present educational dough, will help it to rise, then let us admit that something *ex cathedra* is needed.

This contributor pretends to no ex-

perience as a practitioner in the schools. He has been engaged in the workshop and market-place and, like any man so employed, has gone about on all kinds of errands and has met all kinds of people, in the cities and in the country and in small towns—magnates, business people, professional people, teachers, skilled and unskilled workmen, and children.

The public schools and the parochial schools are engaged in pouring out millions,—and have been for years,—and the private schools and colleges and technical schools, thousands; and any man going his way in and out among the inhabitants of the earth meets them, talks to them, dines with them, employs them; and in all sorts of ways gets the taste of them, and a good many cross-sections for careful examination. He sees them in offices, in shops, in

schools, in clubs, in churches, on trains and on street-cars and on street corners, and in their homes — city, suburban, and country.

Each one registers. They 'punch your time-clock,' so to speak, and on the dial there is an impression. It is a dial you have fixed up for yourself — an old one, with the old marks on it pasted over with new ones; and there are two main divisions, one marked 'satisfactory,' and the other, 'unsatisfactory.'

Some people have the words 'useful' and 'not useful' (to them); and some have the words 'interesting' and 'uninteresting'; and, perhaps, some, 'educated' and 'uneducated'; and a few may go so far as to divide their dial into 'good' and 'bad.' But that is about the limit of presumption.

But if you have 'satisfactory' and 'unsatisfactory,' that means, of course, *to you*.

And when, therefore, you say that you find that 90 per cent of the product of schools and colleges whom you meet have registered under 'unsatisfactory,' it does not follow at all that they would register that way on any other dial — which is only a very roundabout way of saying that you disclaim any superiority for your 'time-clock.' You found it nailed to the wall of your vestibule when you were old enough to look about at the furniture which had been bequeathed you, and which you have been dusting up and patching up ever since. You are entitled to use this clock, and you get a great deal of exhilaration in using it; but that you should insist on anybody but yourself believing in its records would be not only foolish but exceedingly cruel, though not unusual.

If you want something to believe, said old Samuel Butler, I will tell you where to find it. It is in the thirteenth chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians. At any rate, don't believe *me*.

II

The most comprehensive sentence in H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* — the sentence which 'pulls the whole picture together,' as the painters say — is this: 'It has always been a race between education and catastrophe.'

This is biologically, ethnologically, and nationally proved. And it can be individually proved, if, by education, you mean something fundamental, something intrinsic, something almost instinctive, and do not mean something external, something decorative, something pinned on.

And if this is true, then what constitutes an 'educated person' to-day is an exceedingly important question, both for the individual and for his nation.

If an educated person is just any kind of a person, — say a person with a reasonably well-built exterior, and that exterior decorated with mosaics in patterns, and pictures classical, scientific, historical, grammatical, or linguistic; but the interior more or less unventilated and unlighted, with the dampness of prejudice and provincialism, hereditary or acquired, making the walls clammy, and the creeping things of *essential* meanness and self-interest and conceit going and coming through the foundation cracks, — then that person is marked for destruction. If you had looked closely enough at the spiritual and intellectual house in which each of those eighty German professors lived who signed that statement of their faith at the beginning of the war, you would have found the words marked on it: 'Delenda est.' The man who lives in a house marked for catastrophe does not know it. From his youth up he has kept the rules, passed the examinations, received the degrees, secured the offices and the emoluments and the privileges.

But he is an offense — and catastrophe is his portion, and the portion

also of the man by whom the offense cometh, who taught him that exteriors were as important as interiors, that decorations were more useful than good homespun, that meat was more than the life, and raiment than the body. Which things were not directly taught, — oh, no, — but were too much implied; were the by-products of his total experience at home, in school, and in college.

I say, 'at home,' and I ought to say, 'particularly at home.' You and I know enough about homes to know that it is asking of schools and colleges a very great deal to ask them to correct the *implications* of the home atmosphere — with which their pupils are necessarily saturated.

If these implications are second-rate, are low-grade, — if the instinct of the family is for property as against humanity, for instance; for 'closeness' as against generosity; for self-interest as against disinterestedness, in social and political things, — then those are the latent instincts of the children.

But schools and colleges can be asked to begin, not to teach these moralities, but to make it perfectly clear that they are invariable corollaries of all that is taught, and that a boy or girl who has not distilled this by-product from his books and his teachers is, up to that time, uneducated, however high his marks may be. He may know English speech and other speech, modern and classical literature, engineering, law, or medicine, and remain uneducated, unawakened, because the only valuable qualities in him have been left interred there, like Lazarus, — 'bound hand and foot with grave clothes,' — no irresistible voice, to stir those emotions which alone make life worth continuing, having reached them.

III

I am taking my cue, in answering the query of the editor, from his own com-

ment in his letter inviting me to the 'party,' as he called it. He said, 'How can you decide what is the best way of educating a boy until you know *what kind of man* you want?'

I am the more ready to do this because it has, for a long time, seemed to me that the kind of man produced by our educational machinery is mostly a poor kind; that therefore this machine, with its highly complicated gyrations, with many curious and intricate gears, eccentrics, clutches, adjustments, accelerators and retarders, lubricators and frictions, is a good deal like the great modern printing press, with a folding and addressing attachment on the end; and when — as a gentleman I met the other day remarked — you unfold the product, so neatly and accurately wrapped in a diploma and delivered at your door after graduation day, you find that you have something very much like the Sunday Supplement.

That I considered an aspersion, and I believe he admitted that it was; but he said it was due to his having listened too much lately to the conversation in university clubs. But even if the product is more like the daily paper, it is still true that a very beautiful piece of mechanism and a very expensive plant have been used to turn out something that ought to have been very much better and more worthy of the time and investment and craftsmanship involved.

The man *talks* well, — indeed, almost too well, — and he knows what's going on, and makes a decidedly distinguished effect in the smoking-room of Pullman cars and elsewhere. You may recall such a man, perhaps, to whom Faithful came on his pilgrimage.

"Well, then," said Faithful, "what is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon?"

'*Talkative*. What you will. I will talk of things Heavenly or things Earthly; things moral or things evangelical;

things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come; things more essential or things circumstantial; provided all be done to our profit.

'Now did Faithful begin to wonder; and stepping up to Christian (for he walked all this while by himself), he said to him (but softly), —

“What a brave companion have we got! Surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim.”

'At this Christian modestly smiled and said, “This man, with whom you are so taken, will beguile with this tongue of his twenty of them that know him not.”’

The man *does* well, too, because he has a good working knowledge of the thing he is working at — the thing that makes what he calls his career and his reputation, and gives him his standing. He can build good buildings, or good machinery, is diabolically clever on 'Change, in administration of business, in court, in the operating-room, and effective in the pulpit.

His college takes much pride in his success — and even invites him to talk to the boys on the rules for success. He is a trustee, and helps her to turn out more men something like himself, thinking that the more of that kind of men there are in the world, the better for it.

But what the man actually is — how ignorant in those great spaces *between* his stellar abilities where he should be wise; how cynical where he should have faith; how timid where he should adventure; how indifferent where he should be passionate; how critical where he should be devoted — have n't we seen this sort of thing very close-up recently? have n't we seen too many 'educated men' of America failing completely in discrimination and even in decent courtesy, not even respecting the burden of the bent and broken workman?

Who or what is responsible for this

vacuity, this elemental hollowness? And as time goes on, must we expect this to continue, that so large a proportion of men from universities shall fall so unfavorably under Emerson's exclamation, 'With what you *are* thundering in [our] ears, how can [we] hear what you *say*?'

IV

And who are 'we'? We are the people who are paying the bills. 'We' are the folks who are working while you are having 'time off' in which to be educated.

We have a big stake in your education, because we actually have to pay for it; and we are entitled to say that we want a different kind of person to come out of universities. We want men who have regard for hands as well as for heads, — an *equal regard*, — for people as well as for profits. Having put the oil in your lamp, — as Graham Taylor said the other day, — we want light, and a much better light than we are getting.

And let no university call its men educated until they understand that we — the men and women who pour into factories every morning and out every night; who ride back and forth in the reeking trolleys, and live in the obscure parts of cities; who follow ploughs and harrows in the country and stoke boilers at sea; whose labor makes the buildings, the books, and the salaries of the professors possible — that we must be the beneficiaries of your training, and not, to so large an extent as now, its victims; and must, more and more, be taken into your confidence, and into your esteem — and even into your brotherhood.

If the war has not taught this simple thing, then, among all the dead losses which can be inventoried, here is the deadest.

V

When you take the liberty of criticizing a thing, you can properly be asked to specify something constructive, too, and to quit working exclusively with the hatchet.

The worst thing you can do, however, is to follow the advice of the Mayor of Chicago and 'get a horn.' That is what he has got, and there is ample evidence that he has even two.

Therefore I take the liberty of marching quite by myself, perhaps, in the procession of disputants who shall consider this question at the suggestion of the editor — with a transparency, having on it certain words.

Maybe you think from what you have heard already that one of those words is 'Excelsior'; but you are mistaken, for the 'lifeless but beautiful' rôle is not congenial to this writer at all.

The first thing, then, that I might fondly hope would catch the piercing eyes of such educators as may be standing on the curb as we shuffle past, is the word 'Relationships' — relationships with the inorganic as well as the organic world.

Is n't it fair to ask that a man living on this planet shall have more regard for it, and for the processes which, from the condensation of a swirling nebula into planets and a sun, and by the cooling of one of the smallest of these, at last found its most profound expression in a living cell? For, by that means, and that only, could all this dramatic prodigality of time, space, and causality arrive at an adequate conclusion. Looking back upon the way it has come, this cell, arrived at *homo sapiens*, arrived at articulate speech, and reason and memory and dexterity of every sort, mental and manual — looking back upon the magnificence of the process that from the nebula evolved Christ, this cell must, in the minute allowed it

above the surface, express something that shall illustrate its sense of obligation, 'of wonder, love, and praise.' In other words, the man must be essentially religious — not theologically religious, but intellectually and emotionally religious. And he must in some way *prove* his kinship with big things and permanent things and beautiful things.

Now, maybe this is something large enough to fill in some of the space which educational institutions leave *between* the subjects of their curricula; that a man must be more consciously and voluntarily related to those very calm and contemplative things, and less a prey, therefore, to the fevers and infections of his particular day and generation, — his political party, his social ritual, and his religious creed, — and relate himself to cosmic processes spiritually, before he has been physically returned to them, suddenly and ostentatiously, in the cemetery.

And the other word is 'Discriminations.' There is no educational process worth our admiration which does not produce people who are on the way to appraise life fairly, who will know the difference between first class and second class — which does not, in other words, establish a scale of values that will stand some scrutiny. This is where our education breaks down most deplorably. We cannot choose intelligently between fine ideas and purposes and mediocre ideas and purposes — between what is worth doing and what is not, considering the shortness of life; between Beauty and the pretense of Beauty, or the total lack of it.

This sort of thing has to begin, perhaps, with grandfathers, or, at any rate, in elementary schools, and carry on very actively in preparatory schools, and arrive at some fruition, or promise of it, in colleges. If neither the elementary school, nor the preparatory school helps the college in that direction any more

than they are doing now, we cannot blame the college too much. But, on the other hand, the college makes it difficult for the lower schools to get any of these 'value scales' going, because it confuses the issues terribly with its 'examination' matters. It sets up a hurdle at its gate, and almost all the time of the lower schools must be employed in training to jump it. Great numbers do learn to jump it; and is it any wonder that the colleges find in their pasture too large a proportion of good jumpers who keep right on jumping examination after examination, until they finally jump out, with a certificate for jumping? But this is not just the kind of man they want, is it? Why, then, do they paralyze education in the lower schools with the Board Examination? Why don't they indicate that what they want is a certain quality — a certain heliotropic instinct — upon which they can base what they have to give, with some assurance that their time will not be as much wasted as it is now? I don't know the answer to that question except on one hypothesis, and that is, that these boys are to be more or less creatures of privilege anyhow, and somewhat immune from the laws of gravitation. They are to be 'little Jack Horners,' and in their various corners, among other 'big boys,' pull out plums from the pie.

How strangely unconscious these boys seem to be that this great dining-room of ours, called the United States, is becoming more and more crowded every year, and that a very large majority of the crowd, having done the work in the kitchen and made the pies,

are looking on with an increasing sense of the disparity involved.

These bakers and boilers and scullery-folk somewhat impudently push up and and peer in, with their sweaty faces and greasy garments, and go back to the kitchen muttering — very naturally, don't you think?

On the whole far too many voyages are started from colleges without a compass that points north. The metal around it has deflected it; and on a voyage among the boisterous winds blowing off our huge industrial continent, — with newspapers for lighthouses, — what assurance can you give that you will not become a mere menace to navigation?

I submit one of the oldest and best exhibits in this connection. It is a picture of a man, the greatest master of the art of discrimination the world has ever seen; a rough man, not at all like the sentimental pictures, who lived all his life, probably, in a little one-story mud-house; who worked with his hands and walked much alone along the solitary ways of a remote and silent country under the tropic sun and stars. On this occasion you see him handing back a penny to some very crafty gentlemen surrounding him and pressing upon him the ancient and modern question of allegiance, and, in his penetrating, and very final way, requiring them to decide for themselves where payments to Cæsar stopped. There is the crux of all debates on education. Until the 'educated' man knows the answer to that question, whether he goes by it or not, he is uneducated, and, in the history of man, he is marked Zero.

SOUTH SEA MOONSHINE

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

THE late Mr. William Churchill remarked, in the opening chapter of one of his distinguished works on Polynesian philology: 'About the islands of the central tract of ocean, romance has cast its charm; its power remains even in these later days. Sensitive natures have counted the world well lost for the enjoyment of its delights; ignorant men have yielded to the same compulsion and have found a dingy pleasure in settling down as beach-combers. . . . The people have won those who came to seek them; they have been treated as gentlefolk.'

Even in the days of Spanish exploration, Europeans recognized the tranquil charm of these islands; and now — after six years of war, economic crisis, and social upheaval — a great many people are finding relief from gloomy and alarming thoughts in dreaming of the South Seas. Late in the eighteenth century, fashionable France rhapsodized over the beauty of a life freed from restraint, in Bougainville's *Nouvelle Cythère*; one hundred and fifty years later, the sudden recognition of Gauguin's genius caused a ripple which has crossed two great oceans and is breaking gently, at last, on a score of lonely coral reefs.

Every mail-boat arriving at Tahiti nowadays brings its quota of an extraordinary pilgrimage — painters and literary men in search of atmosphere; scholars in search of folk-lore; weary men of affairs in search of forgetful-

ness; refugees from the arid portion of North America in search of wassail; steerage passengers in search of a land where food and work are not akin. To watch them come ashore at the quay is at once ludicrous and pathetic — a study in the childishness of grown-up humanity. Some bristle with weapons to repel the attacks of cannibals; others, when their luggage is opened at the custom-house, display assortments of beads and mirrors for barter with the savages. One almost envies them, for the radiance of the first landfall has not yet faded from their eyes, still dazzled with a vision the pilgrims have traveled far to seek.

I have often speculated on the motives actuating these men and women — most of them of a class neither adventurous nor imaginative. Why have they left home at all, and why have their wanderings led to a place so insignificant and remote? In some cases, of course, the motives are not complex. I remember a middle-aged Californian, who did not hesitate to be frank. We were sitting on the hotel verandah, wasting an afternoon in idle talk.

'Why did I come to Tahiti?' he said; 'that's simple — I wanted to live in a place where I could have a drink without breaking the law. I reckon I'm a good American, but I like to be let alone. The French are great fellows to mind their own business; I found that out during the war. Yes, I was there — over age, but I got into the National

Guard at the start. When I got home, I took a look around and then made my partner a proposition to buy me out. We had a nice little business; my share of it, turned into bonds, brings in about three thousand a year. When the deal was fixed, I got a map and hunted up the nearest French colony — I reckoned it would be quieter there than in France. I guess I'll leave my bones on Tahiti. My house will be finished in another month; it's close to the water, with a big shady verandah where you can sit and look out across the lagoon to Moorea. I don't want any women, or servants, or newspapers, or plantations, or business of any kind — I just want to be let alone; but any man who does n't talk politics will be welcome to drop in for a drink.'

Here was one accounted for. A few moments later, on the same verandah, another man told his story in eight words, pregnant as they were brief. There was an Englishman with us — a traveler, who was stopping over a steamer in the course of an eastward tour around the world. He had been in India, and was showing us his collection of photographs of that land. While the pictures were passed about, I noticed an elderly American, of morose and corpulent mien, sitting at some distance from the rest of the company and taking no part in the conversation, though he uttered from time to time a series of nasal sounds vaguely suggestive of French and correctly interpreted by the native girl to mean: 'One rum-punch.' In time we came to the inevitable picture of the Taj Mahal; and while we gazed at it, marveling anew, the tourist spoke of the vast expense of raising such a monument. When he had finished, the man who wanted to be let alone was the first to speak.

'Just think of that guy,' he remarked, 'spending ten million dollars to bury his wife!'

Musing on the ancient and costly bit of sentiment, we sat for a moment in silence — a silence broken by a sepulchral voice.

'I'd give more than that to bury mine!'

It was the orderer of rum-punches who spoke, addressing the company for the first and last time. He said it without a shadow of humor — so earnestly, so convincingly, that several seconds elapsed before any of us smiled. He had placed himself. Curiosity regarding him was at an end; if he chose to spend the rest of his days in the South Seas, gossip would pass him by, to whisper of others less communicative — the ever-present rumored murderer or defaulting financier. For all we knew, the morose gentleman might have been quite capable of building a second Taj Mahal.

One quiet and pleasant Englishman, who might have passed for an elderly clerk, spending the savings of a lifetime on his first real holiday, gave the gossips of Papeete a shock when he appeared at the bank to draw money on a letter of credit for a million dollars. Another man came here not long ago, traveling to his former home in the States — an old trader who has put in forty years in the Western islands, and carries with him two heavy cedar chests in which the tales of eye-witnesses vouch for the presence of four hundred thousand dollars in American gold.

By far the greater number of adventurers, unfortunately, reach the South Seas without worldly goods of any kind — victims of a delusion, fostered by nearly everything printed about this part of the world, that in these blissful isles one need not work in order to enjoy the customary three square meals. There are said to be islands, far off and inaccessible, in the Paumotu group, where the good-natured brown man will not let a stray white starve; but, as

a rule, the islands of the Pacific are unhappy places in which to find one's self destitute. It is true that a rapid depopulation should make living easy for the survivors; but the land is closely held, and the surplus, which once supported far greater numbers, is now devoted to the articles of luxury for which a century of intercourse with Europeans has created a demand. Every steamer unloads one or more enthusiasts whose purses have been emptied to buy passage south, and whose heads are filled with dreams of slumberous ease in a palm-thatched hut, where the traditional dusky maidens, of surpassing amiability and charm, ply the fan or prepare savory repasts of the food that nature provides in superfluity. And the fact that such dreams are not entirely baseless makes them all the more deceptive.

Only last year, a boat's crew from a shipwrecked vessel managed to reach Rapa Iti, a lonely southern outlier of Polynesia, visited by a chance schooner at intervals of a year or two. The men of Rapa, brought up from infancy to the ways of the sea, are in demand as sailors, and the result is that on the island the females outnumber the males in a proportion said to be seven to one. When, after many months, a vessel arrived at Rapa to rescue the stranded mariners, the work of rescue had to be carried on almost violently; for the least popular member of the boat's crew was provided with half-a-dozen brown ladies, who hovered about anxiously, not even permitting their lord so simple a task as raising the food to his own lips. The parting was a melancholy one; the girls stood weeping on the beach, while the sailors protested that they had no desire whatsoever to leave the island — far from it, they asked nothing better than to be left undisturbed in the enjoyment of a life they found full of charm. But Rapa

Iti is one island out of many score, and he who seeks to eat of the lotus in that distant sea will be reminded of the Kingdom of Heaven, the Camel, and the Needle's Eye.

There is a Frenchman at present on Tahiti, — a retired shoemaker with a comfortable balance at the bank, — who has been trying for nearly a year to get to Rapa. He is a quaint and agreeable fellow, with a streak of eccentricity which renders interesting an otherwise commonplace man. Long ago, in the Norman village of his birth, a seafaring friend told him of the lonely island south of the Austral group; and since that day Rapa has been the object of his life — to be dreamed of as he stitched and pegged through the monotonous day, or in the evening, while he sipped a *chopine* of cider at the inn. Last year he sold his property, closed his shop, bade his relatives farewell, and started on the voyage which was to take him half-way around the world. But schooners for Rapa are rare, and the French authorities, made wise by past experience, do not encourage white settlers to establish themselves on the more remote islands. As things go, the cobbling dreamer, with his tools and seeds and store of clothing, may end his days on Tahiti — his quest unfulfilled to the last.

Unlike the majority of white strays, he would probably make a harmless and contented settler. He is practical, knows what he wants, and indulges in no absurd visions of becoming a savage; a generation among savages works little change in such a man.

II

The thought of him brings to mind another, almost at the opposite extreme of the human scale, whose experiment in solitude is already proving a success.

This one is an American of thirty-

five — cultivated, thoughtful, and well-born; a graduate of a great university, and knowing intimately the people and capitals of many lands. When the war was over, he found himself out of touch with a life that seemed feverish and over-complex, and set out to seek a place where he might pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity. He had visited Tahiti before, and far out on the eastern extremity of the island his travels came to an end. There, close to the lagoon, in a thatched house, stocked with books and good furniture and porcelain, he may be found to-day, a cheerful and serene recluse. Possessed of enough to live in modest comfort, he seems to have found the environment best suited to his quality of mind. When he asked me to spend a few days with him, I went with some curiosity to observe how my friend's venture was working out.

I found him settled to a quiet routine, in a place beautiful enough to excite the envy of an emperor. The view from his verandah — a panorama of mountains, forest, river, and bright-blue sea — would warrant a journey of a thousand leagues. During the year of his residence, he has learned to speak Tahitian with surprising fluency, and without any effort toward authority, has become a sort of village patriarch and counselor in native affairs. There is neither white doctor nor brown *tahua* nearer than fifty miles; perceiving this fact, my friend sent home for elementary medical books and a stock of simple remedies. Now he administers iodine and castor oil to such a multitude that he has been obliged to set aside certain hours for consultation.

His good-nature is rewarded at times. On the day of my arrival he performed — quite unintentionally — a cure which placed him in a class with the famous healers of the island. Early in the morning, a child led an old blind woman to

the door, asking treatment for a badly infected cut on her ankle. The cut was washed with soap and water, rinsed with alcohol, painted with iodine, and sealed with adhesive plaster. I arrived an hour or two later; and as we sat down to lunch, a group of men and women approached at a rapid gait and stopped before the house, talking excitedly among themselves.

The manner in which a caller approaches the house of his friend is worthy of remark, for it throws a curious side-light on Tahitian ideas of propriety. Since heathen days, the grounds surrounding the dwelling of every man of importance have been enclosed by a fence or hedge. The caller halts outside this barrier and waits, with an air of humility, until the cry of welcome is given by someone within.

'Haere mai,' called my host; and next moment the dining-room was full of people. They had come to tell him — all at once — of the wonderful results of his medicine on old Teura. Remedies given at daybreak had been known to cure before dark, but this one had done its work in a matter of four hours — effecting a cure without parallel in the memory of the village. The patient was eager to thank her benefactor in person, but her family thought it best, for the present, to keep her out of the sunlight. For five years she had been blind, and now — dimly, but more clearly every hour — she could *see*!

The doctor took his cue with just the right degree of casual professional interest — neither claiming nor disclaiming credit for the achievement. So much the better, if they chose to believe him capable of miracles; in future his simple admonishments would be heard with more respect. It was the moment to drive home a strong impression; he seldom gave rum to the natives, but now glasses were filled and we drank to the restored vision of Teura.

When they had gone and we had finished lunch, the conversation turned to native medicine. I told him of an experience of my own, when I was down with an attack of old malaria — a souvenir of Vera Cruz. (The *Anopheles* mosquito, by the way, which carries the germs of malaria, does not thrive in the islands of the eastern Pacific, though his cousin *Stegomyia* trails ominous striped legs under one's nose at all hours of the day, and makes one shudder at the thought of a carrier of yellow fever arriving by chance in Polynesia.) At the height of my illness, actuated by curiosity more than anything else, I called in a Tahitian doctor of the half-baked modern school. Perhaps I do the old lady an injustice — for my doctor was elderly and feminine; at any rate, I recovered, and can vouch for the potency of her *raau*, which may or may not have had a beneficial effect.

Ushered in reverently by an attendant, she squatted on the verandah beside where I lay, and regarded me for a time with shrewd black eyes, set in a face of wrinkled brown. Perhaps she was merely shy; perhaps she doubted the sincerity of a white man willing to pin his faith on native medicine. At last she seemed satisfied and asked me rapidly — and rather competently, I thought — a list of diagnostic questions. It did not take her long to decide on the needful febrifuge; within five minutes she had summoned three girls of the household and dispatched them in search of her primitive drugs. One was to gather a coarse grass found along the edge of the lagoon; another was ordered to grate the meat and express the cream of half-a-dozen cocoanuts; the third set out for the reef in a canoe, to search for a variety of sea-urchin called *fetue*. All this sounded ominous enough to me; I began to regret the curiosity which leads one into scrapes, but it was too late to think of retreat.

Before the *tahua* took her leave, she suggested the frequent drinking of an infusion of orange leaves, and informed me that the real cure could not begin for another day, as the brewing of my medicine required twenty-four hours.

I awoke next morning with the vague premonitory depression familiar to all of us — an overflow from the subconscious, independent of positive memory. What was it that made disagreeable the prospect of the coming day. — Ah, yes, the sea-urchins! Toward nine o'clock the doctor appeared. The cure began with a bath from head to heels in a dark tincture of the grass gathered the day before; and after the bath my sore bones were treated to an hour of massage. In this branch of their art, at least, I can affirm the competence of the native doctors. The bath and massage were calculated to pave the way for the final *coup-de-grâce* — almost as deadly as the poniard-thrust between the joints of a mediæval gorget. It came in the form of a half-pint tumbler, filled with a viscous whitish liquid. I do not know all its ingredients, or how they were compounded, but the boiled-down power of strange substances was in it, and it tasted worse than it looked.

'Some people,' remarked my doctor, gazing admiringly at her handiwork in the glass held out to me, 'cannot take this medicine — it is too strong. But it will cure your fever!'

This was no time to hesitate — I seized the glass and gulped down its evil contents. An hour later I began to understand why some people could not take it, and decided that I must be one of them. The *tahua* had not exaggerated when she said that it was strong. Keats might have had its effects in mind when he wrote: —

My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk.

As the day dragged on, it became

increasingly evident that I had been indiscreet. I thought again of the doctor's words, and I recalled — not without uneasiness — a passage in an old missionary chronicle of life in these same islands: 'Many of their applications, however, were powerful. . . . A preparation, in which milk from the pulp of the cocoanut formed a principal ingredient, was sometimes followed by almost instant death. Mr. Barff once took this preparation, at the earnest recommendation of the people; but it nearly cost him his life, although he had not drunk more than half the quantity prepared.'

A sinister thought, especially since I had swallowed the whole dose, one half of which had nearly caused the death of the acquiescent Mr. Barff! Toward evening, when I was long past the stage of being able to smile at my predicament, I fell asleep — if sinking unpleasantly into a loss of consciousness may be described in words so peaceful. I awoke at dawn, weak and giddy, but better than I had been for several days. Perhaps the *raau* cured me. I only know that my curiosity is satisfied — I shall never dabble in native remedies again.

'You are probably right,' remarked my friend, smiling at the announcement of this decision; 'the last of the old-fashioned native doctors — who really knew something — is dead. His name was Tiurai; I met him when I visited Tahiti before the war, and one cannot doubt that he did, at times, accomplish remarkable results. There is so much humbug involved in all native medicine that it is difficult to distinguish genuine skill from quackery; but while old Tiurai used all the frills of his art, he certainly possessed a considerable knowledge of anatomy and an acquaintance with the virtues of many kinds of herbs. He never took a fee. During the last decade of his life he was too busy to travel about; people came

to him from all parts of Tahiti, from Moorea and the Leeward group, and even from distant islands of the Paumotu. Some of his cures were too absurdly simple to seem real. I ran across an Englishman, when I was here before, who had suffered for months from an abscess of the leg — one of those hateful things which seem to heal from time to time, only to break out again, deeper and more malignant than before. When the sufferer had reached the point of arranging a trip to New Zealand, someone persuaded him to let Tiurai have a go at it. Skeptical, but ready to try anything in his extremity, the Englishman drove out to the district where the native doctor lived. A dozen carts were drawn up before the house, and groups of people, with the solemn air of mourners at a death-bed, sat under the trees awaiting their interviews. When the abscess was shown to Tiurai, he gave it only a casual glance and said that he would send medicine the next day.

'In the morning a boy appeared with the remedy: a small bottle of what seemed to be ordinary *monoi* — cocoanut-oil, scented with the blossoms of the Tahitian gardenia. The patient was instructed to obtain the scarlet tail-feather of a tropic bird, dip it in the oil, and draw a circle around the abscess — at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset. This sounds ridiculous enough, but for some reason the bad leg began to improve at once and was healed within a few days.

'Over certain organs of the body — notably the heart and kidneys — the remedies of Tiurai possessed a remarkable control; it is a pity that some European doctor did not gain the old man's confidence and persuade him to impart the more important of his secrets. He died in the epidemic of 1918 — the last of a long line of *tahuas*. His loss was a heavy one to the island; as an obstetrician alone he was of immense value,

with his curious system of massage, which seemed to rob child-birth of nearly all its suffering. The fact that no others sprang up to take his place proves that Tiurai possessed unusual powers. There is a doctor practising at Paea and another at Haapape, but the natives have little confidence in them and consult them only in trifling cases. This does not apply, of course, to the professional exorcists, who form a distinct class. You will find them in nearly every village — the trusted exponents of an ancient art.'

III

The modern exorcists, to whom my host alluded, are descendants of the heathen *Faatere*, employed in the old days by friends of the demon-ridden, to drive out the evil spirit invoked by a sorcerer. European witnesses of the agony and death of those upon whom the destroying spirits preyed were forced to confess that powers beyond their comprehension were at work. Even the hard-headed missionaries admitted this. One of the most distinguished of them, writing of Tahiti nearly a century ago, observed: 'It is not necessary now to inquire whether satanic agency affects the bodies of men. We know this was the fact at the time our Saviour appeared on earth. Many of the natives of these islands are firmly persuaded that, while they were idolaters, their bodies were subject to most excruciating sufferings from the direct operation of satanic power . . . and . . . some of the early missionaries are disposed to think this was the fact.'

There are still on Tahiti one or two old men considered capable of dire necromancy, but the belief is dying fast, and nowadays it is the spirit of an ancestor — naturally malicious, or offended by some misdeed — which harries the human victim. I saw a case of this

sort only a few weeks ago. In the house where I was stopping there was a young girl who did the family washing and ironing — a gentle, good-natured youngster of sixteen. I was reading on the verandah, one evening after dinner, and noticed this girl near-by, gazing out over the sea in the detached and dreamy manner of her race. Suddenly I heard her give a low cry, and, glancing up from my book, I saw that she was cowering with an air of fear, arms raised and bent as if to ward off invisible blows. When I reached her, a moment later, she had collapsed in a faint; I remember the awkwardness of carrying her limp body to a couch. I felt her pulse, and it seemed to me that her heart was barely stirring. Then, screaming terribly, and with a suddenness that was uncanny, she sat up. I had noticed that she was a rather pretty girl, with tender lips and soft dark eyes; now her lips were distorted in a snarl and flecked with a light froth, while her eyes, fixed and open to the fullest extent, shone with a dull red glare. She sprang to her feet with an air of horrid desperation. The next moment three of us seized her. While we took good care to do her no harm, she was not in the least afraid of hurting us, and flung us about as if we were children; it seemed to me that there was something monstrous in the strength and ferocity of her struggles.

In the midst of the scuffle, an elderly man appeared on the verandah — a spirit-doctor of some local reputation, who took in the situation at a glance.

'Tell me quickly,' he said, 'where I can find a bottle of perfume — strong perfume.'

I told him there was cologne on the dressing-table in my room, and in an instant he had a towel soaked in the stuff, waving it about the frantic girl's head. Perhaps the fit had run its course; for she ceased at once to struggle, and sank down on the floor, quiet and limp.

Someone had run to fetch the European doctor, and when he arrived the girl had recovered consciousness. He sat down beside her, to ask questions in a low voice. By the troubled look in her eyes I could see that she understood; but though she seemed to make an effort to speak, no sound came from her lips. Presently he rose. 'It is a sort of epilepsy,' he informed us; 'though from what you say the attack must have been more than usually violent. *Pauvre enfant* — there is no cure.'

When he had gone the girl spoke. Her story may have been pure imagination, or the memory of a singular and vivid dream; in the eyes of the natives, of course, it was terrifying, but neither incredible nor strange.

'I was resting after my work,' she said, 'watching the little clouds above the sea. All at once I saw an old woman standing before me. She carried a staff of black wood in her hand; her gray hair hung tangled about her shoulders; she gazed at me without smiling, and I was greatly afraid. I knew her at once for my grandmother, who died when I was a child. Then she raised her staff and began to beat me, and I put up my arms to ward off the blows. After that, I felt myself dying. When I awoke on the couch, she was standing beside me, and as I opened my eyes I saw her raise her club. Of the rest I know nothing, except that, when the doctor questioned me, I could not answer, for the hand of that woman was on my lips.'

'The *tupapau*,' remarked Mahine, the spirit-doctor, when the girl had been put to bed, 'cannot abide perfume; it will drive off the most dangerous of them. But though she pretends innocence, I know that girl has done an ill thing, to incur the anger of her grandmother.'

In justice to the spirit-world, I must add that Mahine was not mistaken. It was discovered afterward that the

girl had acquired a lover and was concealing from her family the fact of an impending motherhood.

There is a good deal of misapprehension in regard to the native code of morality, which most white men dismiss with the statement that no such thing exists. In reality, the discovery that this child was involved in an intrigue was something of a shock to the native mind, for she was supposedly one of the chaste girls of whom every village possesses a few — carefully guarded, and objects of considerable local pride. Chastity is, I believe, and always has been, in Polynesia, a virtue as highly prized as it is rare, though we are apt to lose sight of the fact, because the woman who cannot boast of it is neither shunned nor scorned.

Native morals — or rather the lack of them — are responsible for the advent of a regrettably large proportion of visitors to the islands. This is simple truth. The credulous and shoddy voluptuary — in England, America, or France — chances on one of the South Sea books in vogue, to feast his mind on a text spiced with innuendo, and his eyes on portraits of brown ladies whose charms are trammelled only by the sketchiest of attire. After that, if circumstances permit, he is not unlikely to board a steamer for the islands; but a month or two later you will find him even more eager to return, for the reality of his tawdry dream does not exist — the women within his reach are, if possible, less interesting than their sisters of Leicester Square, or Sixth Avenue, or the *Butte*.

In general the white men of the islands are there for one of four reasons: work, drink, women, or a murky past. But generalities are proverbially deceptive, and a man like my friend the American recluse, who chooses to live on Tahiti — decently and wholesomely as he would live at home, — because

he likes the island and its people, is a perpetual aggravation to gossip. And he minds his own business — here, as elsewhere, an unpardonable sin.

Gossip — the occupation of the provincial and the dull — makes no allowance for variations from type; yet one must remember that the European who does not run to type is the only one fitted to make a success of life in the islands — far out of the white man's natural range. Consider again, for a moment, the case of my friend. He has an income, and his doctoring gives him an occupation; the first is a help, the second an indispensable accessory to content. He has eyes for the beautiful and imagination for the strange; in order to live as he chooses, he is willing to sacrifice what most of us would never in the world give up. Like the cobbler in quest of happiness on Rapa Iti, he is one of the very rare men who possess resources within themselves, who are able to get enjoyment from their own minds, and are not dependent on others for diversion from dull and paltry thoughts. The only white man in a remote native community, he lives with the Polynesian on such terms of intimacy as few Europeans could endure. Their confidence is his reward; and because they are always welcome at his house, where there is a phonograph and an inexhaustible supply of cigarettes, the natives do many things for him — favors he accepts as gracefully as they are tendered. Breadfruit, bananas, and taro are brought to his door in greater quantities than he can use; when the men of the village return from the reef, to divide their fish, his portion is not forgotten. The fame of his idyllic life has spread abroad, and I wonder sometimes if, in the end, he will not be forced to seek tranquillity in places even more remote.

On one occasion a little band of wanderers, elderly and unattached

white women from the basin of the Mississippi, — devout readers of Gauguin and *White Shadows in the South Seas*, — journeyed happily to his retreat and gave him an anxious week. 'Poor fellow,' they said, 'living out there all alone; he must be nice — everyone says he is so kind to the dear natives. We can just as well stop there as in Papeete, and the sight of a white face will do him good.'

They were counting apparently, on a visit of indefinite duration, and he put in some agonizing days before his good-nature gave way at last.

'If you will reflect,' he suggested to his uninvited guests, 'it will become evident that I did not leave New York because I felt lonely there. As for white faces, I can always go to Papeete if I want to gaze at them — a need I have not felt so far.'

To most of us, in the same circumstances, the sight of white faces would be welcome — even the forbiddingly earnest countenances of æsthetic females: thin-lipped, leathery, and garished with black-rimmed goggles. We do not vary from the type — and the type is better off at home. A good many men and women who come from the lands of the white man to seek an elusive *dolce far niente* in Polynesia are discovering this profound truth for themselves.

The South Seas are no less blue than when the ships of Cook traversed them, and the people of the islands, though dying fast, are perhaps not greatly changed. The palms still rustle soothingly as in the days of Melville's enchanted vision; the same trade-wind blows, and lonely lagoons still ripple under the stars. But the islands are not for people of our race — I say it, though I set at naught an old illusion. They may be places to visit once; but these are lands in which few white men linger, and to which fewer still return.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

BY ANNIE W. NOEL

'Mrs. Scott is dead.'

Mrs. Anderson was shocked. She laid down her garden-shears and looked at Mrs. Hoxie, who was telling her.

For Mrs. Anderson had been planning to call; and she turned involuntarily toward Mrs. Scott's house just in back of her. Mrs. Scott had bought that house just six years ago. She had planted the most wonderful red peonies — they were blooming now — if she was dead —

Mrs. Anderson turned rather indignantly on Mrs. Hoxie. How should she know? She lived a whole block away —

'Mrs. Wilson saw the hearse at the door.'

A hearse!

Mrs. Anderson gazed at the silent house just behind. She had been planning to call.

'Mrs. Wilson was shocked,' Mrs. Hoxie went on. 'She said she felt she ought to have known it before the hearse came, living only four houses away. A hearse is a shock, of course. Mrs. Wilson is a lovely woman.'

That certainly was no way to speak of the dead. Mrs. Anderson looked after Mrs. Hoxie with resentment. Then her own remorse deepened. She had been planning to call, and the red peonies blooming so heartlessly in Mrs. Scott's own yard disturbed her. It was not right to let them stand that way if Mrs. Scott was dead. With a deep pang she wished she had called.

She went into Mrs. Lewis's next door, to see if Mrs. Lewis knew.

Mrs. Lewis knew. She had just read

it in the New York *Tribune*. The New York *Tribune* still lay on the floor where it had fallen.

Tears were in Mrs. Lewis's eyes. It seemed so wrong, now, that they had lived so long almost back to back and had never spoken. 'I have met her on the street too,' said Mrs. Lewis, with profound regret.

Going back to her garden, Mrs. Anderson looked at Mrs. Scott's sightless windows. She had often wondered if Mrs. Scott was looking. Now she knew there was no one behind those windows. It was dreadful certainty.

She wished she had called.

She saw Mrs. Allen, next door on the other side, and wondered if she knew. She stepped to the hedge, irresistibly impelled.

'I don't believe it,' replied Mrs. Allen, with the utmost firmness.

Mrs. Anderson was aroused. Why a tone like that? Toward the dead? But she replied gently. The hearse had been seen at the door. And Mrs. Lewis had read it in the *Tribune*.

'Oh!' replied Mrs. Allen, unrelenting; 'the *Tribune*.'

She had n't known her personally, Mrs. Allen went on, seeming to think some explanation was due. All she knew of her was that, the day after they had moved in, a voice had called Mr. Allen on the 'phone, and asked if they were sure they had a building-permit to put up exactly that type of ready-cut garage.

Mrs. Anderson's eyes drooped as she looked at the garage. And again she

wondered, passionately, why she had n't called on Mrs. Scott.

Young Mrs. Baker was just passing, with little Marjorie.

'She's the only other woman in the block with just one child,' meditated young Mrs. Baker. 'Is she dead?' asked young Mrs. Baker with energy.

The hearse had been seen at the door, And it was in the *Tribune*.

'Just before I left the house, not ten minutes ago,' continued young Mrs. Baker, only growing firmer, 'the Board of Health called up to say they had been asked to instruct me to keep Marjorie on her own premises until she got over her cough. A neighbor. With one child. They are not allowed to give names.'

Together they gazed at the silent house.

A colored woman came out and began to pick the peonies.

'I suppose she would know,' said Mrs. Anderson, with a catch in her voice.

She wished she had called.

The colored woman picked all the peonies.

The house stared at them.

'I was planning to call,' said Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Anderson went in to get her market-basket. She felt as if she must get away for a little while. But even the market-basket was on a shelf by the window, and through the window she saw Mrs. Scott's house.

'Oh!' cried Mrs. Anderson to herself, 'I wish I had called.'

At a turn of the road she stooped to help a small child with his rebellious sandal; and on lifting her head, looked straight at Mrs. Scott, pausing, interested.

'Oh!' Mrs. Anderson caught herself in time.

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Scott amused, tactful. 'So many did. It was Mr. Scott's mother. She had been visiting us.'

Swept on by the current of her relief, Mrs. Anderson felt a great need of saying something. She had been so profoundly moved. She had experienced so much in the last hour. It did not seem possible to have things return to their former basis. She had always felt that she would have liked Mrs. Scott. She had felt that Mrs. Scott was not quite understood by some. And to have died — actually died, without anyone's knowing it, when she lived just back —

But, no, she had not.

Mrs. Anderson felt justified in the feeling she had always thought she would have had for Mrs. Scott.

She had felt that Mrs. Scott would not.

'I have been intending to call,' she said warmly, trying to crowd all the passionate remorse of the last hour into a few words.

'Yes, do,' replied Mrs. Scott, with answering cordiality, as she passed on. 'Some time.'

PREACHING IN LONDON. III

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

(No sooner had the Armistice been signed, than there followed, not simply a rebound, but a collapse, which no one who lived through it will ever forget. Swiftly, tragically, the high mood of sacrifice yielded to a ruthless selfishness, and the solidarity won by the war was lost, together with most of the idealism that had stood the stress and terror of it. The moral demobilization was terrifying; the disillusionment appalling. Men had lived a generation in five years; and instead of a new world of which they had dreamed, they found themselves in a world embittered, confused, cynical, gray with grief, if not cracked to its foundations — all the old envies working their malign intent. Such a chaos offered free play to every vile and slimy influence, making the earth an auditorium for every hoarse and bitter voice that could make itself heard. It was a time of social irritation, moral reaction, and spiritual fatigue, almost more trying than the war itself, the only joy being that the killing of boys had stopped.)

Old jealousies and new envies began to make themselves felt — among them a very emphatic anti-American feeling; a reminiscence, in part, of the impatience at our delay in entering the war, joined with suspicion of our wealth and power. The same was true in America, in its feeling toward England and the other Allies. Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith — ‘Annie S. Swan’ — in her admirable book, *America at Home*, tells how fine and warm the feeling in America was before the Armistice, and how quickly it changed: ‘There was a reaction, of which was born a coolness, a new, subtle hostility, which one could sense everywhere.’ Her book, I may add, is one of the few of its kind that never fails of that fineness of feeling which should always exist between kindred peoples. Her observations are interesting, her comments frank but kindly, and the

whole book is informed with a charming and sympathetic personality. As Mr. W. L. George has said, if the war did not make us love our enemies, it at least taught us to hate our allies.)

November 20, 1918. — For one who has set great store by the coöperation of English-speaking peoples, the new anti-American propaganda is like a personal bereavement. The feeling in England with regard to America is certainly, as the Scotch would say, ‘on the north side of friendly,’ and manifests itself in many petty, nagging ways. To read the London papers now, one would think that America, and not Germany, had been the enemy of England in the war. Every kind of gibe, slur, and sneer is used to poison the public mind against America. My mail at the City Temple has become almost unreadable. It takes the familiar forms — among the upper classes an insufferably patronizing and contemptuous attitude toward America and all things American; among the lower classes an ignorant ill-will. The middle classes are not much influenced by it, perhaps because, as Emerson said, America is a ‘middle-class country’ — whereof we ought to be both grateful and proud. This feeling against America is confined, for the most part, to England, — it hardly exists in Scotland or in Wales, — and, like the anti-British feeling in America, it is a fruitful field for the venal press and the stupid demagogue. Naturally, a journal like *John Bull* — leader of the gutter-press — is in its glory; but even in the better class of papers one reads nasty flings at

America and its President. As for the *Morning Post*, no one expects anything other than its usual pose of supercilious condescension and savage satire, and it is at its brilliant worst. Six weeks ago we were regarded as friends; to-day our country is the target of ridicule as clever as it is brutal. No doubt it is mostly nerves — a part of the inevitable reaction — and will pass away; but it is none the less a tragedy.

November 22. — It is nothing short of a calamity that in this ugly hour of reaction and revenge there is to be a national election. There is no need for an election, no demand for it. But to those who can see beneath the surface, there is a deeper meaning. Three months ago Arthur Henderson said: 'If we have a national election in Britain, you will not get a Wilson peace.' I did not realize at the time what he meant; but I can now say to him, 'Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.' There is to be a khaki election, such as Chamberlain had following the Boer War, the better to coin into political capital all the anger, suspicion, resentment, and disillusionment burning in the public mind. In other words, it is a deliberate scheme of the Prime Minister — or a group of strong men who use him as a tool — to mobilize the least admirable elements of England, — not the great, noble England, but a reactionary, imperialistic England, — and have them in solid phalanx behind the Peace Conference. And in the mood of the hour the scheme will work, with consequences both for England and for the world which no one can predict. Reaction in England will mean reaction elsewhere, if not everywhere.

November 24. — Nothing was left hazy after the speech of the Premier in Westminster Hall, launching his Coalition campaign. It was a skillful speech, intimating that even the Throne may be in danger, and playing upon the fears and

hates of men. He wants a Parliament, he said, in which there shall be no opposition, — no criticism, no discussion, — and this proposal to prostitute Parliament was greeted with applause. There is protest in the Liberal press; but men in the street and tram give each other the knowing look and the approving nod, praising 'the Little Welsh Wizard.' It is called a 'Coupon Election,' since each Coalition candidate must have the indorsement of the Prime Minister, and the food-coupon is the most detestable thing in the public mind. Sir George Younger — master brewer of the kingdom — is the organizer and wire-puller of the campaign.

As for the Prime Minister, he is both the author and the hero of the most remarkable blood-and-thunder moving-picture show in political history; what the papers call 'The Victory Film, or How I Won the War.' He goes to and fro, shrieking two slogans. First, hang the Kaiser! Second, twenty-five thousand million pounds indemnity! What sublime statesmanship! Behind this smoke-screen of rhetoric and revenge the most sinister forces are busy; and the trick will work. Liberals and Laborites are unable to unite. Even if they should unite, they could not stem the tide. Two things are as plain as if they were written upon the wall. First, the President is defeated before he sails; and second, if the war is won, the peace is lost.

November 26. — Once again opinion is sharply divided as to the motives and purposes of the Prime Minister. By some he is held to be a messiah, by others a light-minded mountebank. Still others think he is only a political chameleon, taking color from the last strong man, or group of men, he meets. Obviously he is none of these things, but merely an opportunist, without any principle or policy, — except to retain power, — feeling his way to get all he

can. The story is that, walking in the House of Parliament with a friend the other day, he suddenly stopped, tapped his breast, and said: 'I sometimes wonder if this is Lloyd George.' His wonder is shared by millions of people. Certainly it is not the Lloyd George we used to know, who had the light of morning in his eyes. Limehouse is far in the distance. The fiery champion of justice for the Boers is a pathetic memory. The man who defied the vested interests of England in behalf of the poor, the aged, the disinherited, is a ghost. There is another Lloyd George, so new and strange that he does not know himself. With his personality, his power of speech, his political acumen, which almost amounts to inspiration, he could lead England anywhere; but he has turned back. It is one of the greatest failures of leadership in our time.

November 28. — Often one is tempted to think that the Labor Movement is the most Christian thing on this island. In its leadership, at least, it is spiritually minded; its leaders, as I have come to know them, being sincere, earnest, honest men who have worked their way up from the bottom, or else have been drawn into the Movement by the opportunity for service. Not all of them are so minded, but the outstanding leaders and spokesmen of the Movement — who, unfortunately, are in advance of the rank and file — are men of a type unknown, or nearly so, in American labor. Henderson, Thomas, Snowden, Webb, MacDonald, Clynes, and the rest, make a goodly group. Henderson is a lay preacher; so is Thomas. As for Robert Smillie, I do not know what his religious affiliations, if any, may be, except that he is a disciple of Keir Hardie, and that his relentless idealism is matched by the nobility of his character. Tall, gaunt, stooped, his face reveals the harsh attrition of earlier

years; but his smile is kindly, and his eyes have in them the light of an unconquerable will. He helps one to know what Lincoln must have been like.

In this campaign the leaders of Labor are almost the only keepers of the nobler idealism of England, and their programme is essentially Christian. Alas, they have a heavy weight of inertia to carry, and one wonders if they can fire the apathetic mass, fatalistically submissive to its lot, and suspicious of anyone who tries to alter it.

November 29. — Anyway, I am having the time of my life, going to every sort of political meeting and listening to every sort of speech. It is a big show and a continuous performance. The best address I have heard, so far, was delivered by a Methodist preacher at a Labor meeting in Kingsway Hall. His sentences cracked like rifle-shots, and they hit the mark. The campaign makes me first sick, and then homesick; it is so like our way of doing it. That is, all except the hecklers. They are so quick and keen of retort. Also, the English can beat us at mud-slinging. It is humiliating to admit it, but it is so. We are amateurs in abusing the government; but we are young yet, and longer practice will no doubt give us greater skill. How like our elections is the hubbub and hysteria of it all. Mr. Asquith told me how he made a speech on world-affairs, and one of his audience said: 'What we want to know is, are we going to get a pier for our boats!' Always the local grievance clouds the larger issue. How familiar it is, as if a man went out, and encountered in the street what he thought for the moment was himself. Men, otherwise sane, seem to lose their senses in a political campaign. Statesmen talk drivel, promising what no mortal can perform, challenging the scorn of man and the judgment of heaven. O Democracy!

(As soon as it was known that the President was to attend the Peace Conference in person, the Tory papers in London began subtly and skillfully to paint a caricature of him in the public mind. He was described as a kind of Hamlet, 'living aloof in the cloisters of the White House; a visionary companioned by abstractions; a thinking-machine so cold that one could skate all round him, having 'as good a heart as can be made out of brains,' — 'not a man at all, but a bundle of formulæ,' — and, finally, by the *Morning Post*, as 'a political Moody and Sankey' coming to convert Europe to his gospel of 'internationalism,' which it described as a 'disease.' Such was the reactionary attitude toward the man who made the only constructive suggestion seeking to prevent the 'collective suicide' of war. But only a small part of the British press was guilty of such a violation of good form and good feeling. The *Times* — by virtue, no doubt, of its position, not only as a journal, but as an institution — secured from the President a memorable interview, in which he was shown to be actually and attractively human; and, further, that he had no intention of demanding the sinking of the British Fleet.

The President arrived in London the day after Christmas, and the greeting accorded him by the English people was astonishingly hearty and enthusiastic. Their curiosity to see the man whose words had rung in their ears, expressing what so many hoped but so few were able to say, joined with their desire to pay homage to the first President of our Republic who had set foot on English soil. His visit was taken to be a gesture of goodwill, and I have never seen anything like the way in which he captured the English people. He swept them off their feet. For a brief time his marvelous personality, his 'magic of the necessary word,' his tact, his charm, seemed to change the climate of the island. No man in our history could have represented us more brilliantly. In Buckingham Palace as the guest of the King, in the old Guildhall as a guest of the City, at the luncheon in the Mansion House, his words were not a mere formal, diplomatic response, but real in their unaffected simplicity, and as appropriate as they were eloquent. On the Sabbath, instead of going

with the King to worship at St. Paul's, he went to the little Nonconformist Chapel at Carlisle, where his mother had been a girl, and his grandfather the minister. His brief talk in the old pulpit was a gem, and it touched the people deeply. At the Mansion House luncheon we heard the news of the election returns — the result having been delayed in order to get the report of the soldier vote.)

December 28. — So the President has come and gone, and the Prime Minister has learned what was in his Christmas stocking. It is a blank check, and he may now fill it in with such stakes as he can win at the Peace Table. He divined aright the bitter mood and temper of the hour. It is a Tory victory by a trick, the Liberal Party having been asphyxiated, if not destroyed; and it remains to be seen whether it can be resuscitated. Mr. Asquith was defeated; Mr. Bottomley was elected! In America that would be equal to the defeat of Elihu Root and the election of Hearst, and would be deemed a disaster. So the Prime Minister gets what he wanted — a Parliament tied, hamstrung, without moral mandate, three quarters of its members having accepted the coupon; and of the remainder, the largest party consists of seventy Sinn Feiners who are either in prison or pledged not to sit in the House. It is a Parliament in which there will be no effective opposition, the Labor Party being insignificant and badly led. The Prime Minister gets what he wants, but at the sacrifice of the noblest tradition in British history. Labor is sullen, bitter, angry. I predict a rapid development of the dogma of Direct Action; and, if it is so, the Prime Minister will have no one to blame but himself. Such is the effect of a trick election, the tragedy of which grows as its meaning is revealed.

(The reference to Mr. Bottomley implies no ill-will to him personally, though I hate the things for which he stands. When it was

announced that I had accepted the invitation to the City Temple, I received a long cablegram from Mr. Bottomley, suggesting that I write for his paper, *John Bull*, and telling of his admiration for Dr. Parker. Unfortunately, as I did not choose to be introduced to England through such a medium, I could not accept his invitation. Often — especially after my protest against the increase of brewery supplies — he wrote cruel things about me. It did not matter; I should have been much more unhappy if he had written in my praise. He is the captain of the most dangerous and disintegrating elements in Britain, — the mob as distinct from democracy, — the crowded public-house, the cheap music-hall, and the nether side of the sporting world. With facile and copious emotions, he champions the cause of the poor, with ready tears for ruined girls — preferably if the story of their ruin will smack a little smuttily in his paper. Since the Armistice, his office has been the poison-factory and centre of anti-American propaganda, and in playing upon the fears and hates and prejudices of people, he is a master. Alas, we are only too familiar with his type on this side of the sea.)

January 4, 1919. — Joined a group to-day noon, to discuss the problem of Christian union, by which they seemed to mean Church union — a very different thing. But it was only talk. Men are not ready for it, and the time is not ripe. Nor can it be hastened, as my friend the Bishop of Manchester thought when he proposed some spectacular dramatization of the Will to Fellowship during the war. Still less will it come by erasing all historical loyalties in one indistinguishable blue of ambiguity. If it is artificial, it will be superficial. It must come spiritually and spontaneously, else it will be a union, not of the Church, but of the churchyard. Dicker and deal suggest a horse-trade. No, our fathers parted in passion; in passion we must come together. It must be a union, not of compromise, but of comprehension. If all the churches were made one to-day, what difference would it make?

Little, if any. Something deeper and more drastic is needed. As the Elizabethan Renaissance was moralized by the advent of Puritanism, and the reaction from the French Revolution was followed by the Evangelical Revival, so, by a like rhythm, the new age into which we are entering will be quickened, in some unpredictable way, by a renewal of religion. Then, perhaps, on a tide of new life, we may be drawn together in some form of union. In this country no union is possible with a State Church, unless the Free Churches are willing to turn the faces of their leaders to the wall. So far from being a national church, the Anglican communion is only a tiny sect on one end of the island. Its claim to a monopoly of apostolicity is not amenable to the law of gravitation — since it rests upon nothing, no one can knock away its foundations. Just now we are importuned to accept the 'historic episcopacy' for the sake of regularity, as if regularity were more important than reality. Even the Free Churches have failed to federate, and one is not sorry to have it so, remembering the lines of an old Wiltshire love-song which I heard the other day:—

If all the world were of one religion
Many a living thing should die.

January 12. — Alas! affairs on the lovely but unhappy island of Ireland seem to go from bad to worse, adding another irritation to a shell-shocked world. From a distance the Irish issue is simple enough, but near at hand it is a sad tangle, complicated by immemorial racial and religious rancors, and, what is sadder still, by a seemingly hopeless incompatibility of temperament between the peoples of these two islands. They do not, and apparently cannot, understand each other. It looks like the old problem of what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object. Besides, the friction is not only

between Ireland and England, but between two Irelands — different in race, religion, and economic organization. If Ireland could be divided, as Lincoln divided Virginia, the riddle would be solved. But no Irishman will agree.

The English people, as I talk with them about Ireland, are as much bewildered by it as anybody else. They do feel hurt at the attitude of South Ireland during the war, and I confess I cannot chide them for it. Ireland was exempted from conscription, from rationing, from nearly all the hardships of a war which, had it been lost, would have meant the enslavement of Ireland, as well as the rest of the world. A distinguished journalist told me that his own Yorkshire relatives were forced into Irish regiments by politicians, to make it appear that Ireland was fighting. The Irish seaboard, except in Ulster, was hostile seaboard. It required seventy-five thousand men to keep order in Ireland, and that, too, at a time when every man was needed at the front. Ulster, in the meantime, did magnificently in the war, and it would be a base treachery to coerce it to leave the United Kingdom. Ulster may be dour and relentless, but it has rights which must be respected. Yet, if England does not find a way out of the Irish muddle, she may imperil the peace of the world. So the matter stands, like the Mark Twain story in which he got the hero and heroine into so intricate a tangle that he gave it up, and ended by offering a prize to anyone who could get them out of it.

January 14. — To-day a distinguished London minister told me a story about the President, for which he vouches. He had it from the late Sylvester Horne, — Member of Parliament and minister of Whitefield's Chapel, — who had known the President for years before he was elevated to his high office. Horne happened to be in

America — where he was always a welcome guest — before the war, shortly after the President was inaugurated, and he called at the White House to pay his respects. In the course of the talk, he expressed satisfaction that the relations between England and America would be in safe hands while the President was in office. The President said nothing, and Horne wondered at it. Finally he forced the issue, putting it as a question point-blank. The President said, addressing him in the familiar language of religious fellowship: 'Brother Horne, one of the greatest calamities that has befallen mankind will come during my term of office. It will come from Germany. Go home and settle the Irish question, and there will be no doubt as to where America will stand.'

How strange, how tragic, if, having kept America out of the war for more than two years, — since nearly all Irishmen are in the party of the President, — Ireland should also keep America out of the peace, and defeat, or at least indefinitely postpone, the organization of an effective league of nations! Yet such may be the price we must pay for the wrongs of olden time, by virtue of the law whereby the sins of the fathers are visited upon generation after generation. Naturally the English people do not understand our urgent interest in the problem of Ireland, not knowing how it meddles in our affairs, poisoning the springs of good-will, and thwarting the coöperation between English-speaking peoples upon which so much depends.

January 16. — At the London Poetry Society — which has made me one of its vice-presidents — one meets many interesting artists, as well as those who are trying to sing the Everlasting Song in these discordant days — Masefield, Noyes, Newbolt, Yeats, Mackereth, to name but a few, with an occasional glimpse of Hardy. Nor do I forget May

Doney, a little daughter of St. Francis, walking *The Way of Wonder*. A reading of poetry by Sir Forbes Robertson is always an event, as much for his golden voice as for his interpretative insight. The plea of Mackereth, some time ago, for poetry as a spiritual teacher and social healer, was memorable, appealing to the Spirit of Song to bring back to hearts grown bitter and dark the warmth and guidance of vision. The first time I heard of Mackereth was from a British officer as we stood ankle-deep in soppy mud in a Flanders trench. If only we could have a League of Poets there would be hope of a gentler, better world, and they surely could not make a worse mess of it than the 'practical' men have made. If the image in the minds of the poets of to-day is a prophecy of to-morrow, we may yet hope for a world where pity and joy walk the old, worn human road, and 'Beauty passes with the sun on her wings.'

January 19. — The Peace Conference opened with imposing ceremony at Versailles yesterday, and now we shall see what we shall see. An idealist, a materialist, and an opportunist are to put the world to rights. Just why a pessimist was not included is hard to know, but no doubt there will be pessimists a-plenty before the job is done. Clemenceau is a man of action, Lloyd George a man of transaction, and what kind of a man the President is, in negotiations of this nature, remains to be revealed. The atmosphere is unfavorable to calm deliberation and just appraisal. The reshaping of the world out-of-hand, to the quieting of all causes of discord, is humanly impossible. Together Britain and America would be irresistible if they were agreed, and if they were ready for a brave, large gesture of world-service — but they are not ready. America had only enough of the war to make it mad and not enough to subdue it; Britain had enough to

make it bitter. As a penalty of having no axe to grind, America will have to bear the odium of insisting upon sound principles and telling unpalatable truths, and so may not come off well. We shall see whether there is any honor among nations, whether the terms of the Armistice will be made a 'scrap of paper,' and whether there is to be a league of peace or a new balance of power — a new imperialism for the old. Meanwhile, all ears will be glued to the keyhole, straining to hear even a whisper of 'open covenants, openly arrived at.'

January 30. — On my way back from Scotland I broke my journey at Leicester, to preach in the church of Robert Hall — the Pork-Pie Church, as they call it, because of its circular shape. In the evening I lectured on Lincoln. Leicester, I remembered, had been the home of William Carey, and I went to see his little Harvey Lane Church, where he dreamed his great dream and struggled with drunken deacons. Just across the narrow street is the red-brick cottage where he lived, teaching a few pupils and working at his cobbler's bench to eke out a living. It is now a Missionary Museum, preserved as nearly as possible in its original form and furniture, its ceiling so low that I could hardly stand erect. There, in his little back-shop, — with its bench and tools, like those Carey used, — a great man worked. Pegging away, he nevertheless kept a map of the world on the opposite wall of his shop, dreaming the while of world-conquest for Christ. There, too, he thought out that mighty sermon which took its text from Isaiah 54: 2, 3, and had two points: Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.

No other sermon of that period — 1792 — had only two points, and none ever had a finer challenge to the faith of Christian men. We need the vision of

Carey in this broken world to-day, that so, however humble our lot, we may learn to think in world-terms — in terms, that is, of one humanity and one Christianity. I felt myself standing at the fountain-head of that river of God which will yet make this war-ridden earth blossom as a rose.

April 8. — The City Temple mail-bag entails an enormous amount of labor, bringing almost a hundred letters a week; but it is endlessly interesting. There are letters of all kinds — a series from Manchester proving that the world is hollow and that we live on the inside — and from everywhere: China, India, France, America, and all over Britain. If an American says a naughty thing about Britain, a copy of it is sent to me, underlined. If it is the other way round, I am not allowed to forget it. There are letters from ministers whose faith has been shaken, and from others who want to go to America; pitiful letters from shell-shocked boys in hospitals; letters from bereaved parents and widowed girls — heroic, appealing, heart-breaking, like that from an old woman in the north of England whose life of sorrow was crowned by the loss of her two grandsons in the war. In closing she said: 'Me youth is gone, me hope is dead, me heart is heavy; but I neglect no duty.' To which I could only reply that, though God had taken everything else, in leaving her a love of righteousness He had left her the best gift He had.

As nearly all the City Temple sermons and prayers are published, both hearers and readers write to agree or disagree, or, more often, to relate difficulties of faith or duty. The mail-bag is thus an index to the varying moods of the time in respect to matters of faith, and I learn more from it than I am able to teach others. Every time a sermon has to do with Christ, it is sure to be followed by a shower of letters, ask-

ing that the subject be carried further. In spite of the agitations of the world, — perhaps because of them, — What think ye of Christ? remains the most absorbing and fascinating of all questions.

Somehow, in spite of my practice for the last ten years, I have always had a shrinking feeling about writing and printing prayers. Yet, when I receive letters telling how perplexed and weary folk are helped by them, I relent. Public prayer, of course, is different from private devotion; it is individual, indeed, but representative and symbolic, too. One speaks for many, some of whom are dumb of soul, and if one can help others to pray, it is worth while. Yesterday, in the Authors' Club, a man took me aside and told me this story. He was an officer invalided out of the service, having been wounded and smitten with fever in the Mesopotamian campaign. He took from his pocket a tiny book, — it looked like a notebook, — saying that it contained the bread, the meat, the milk, all that had kept his soul alive on the long marches and the weary waits in the hospitals. I thought it was, perhaps, a copy of the New Testament, or the *Imitation of Christ*; but, on opening it, I found ten of my little prayers cut from the paper and pasted in the book. Such things help me to go on, even against a shrinking I cannot define.

April 16. — The hearings of the British Coal Commission, in the King's Robing-Room, some of which I have attended, look and sound like a social judgment-day. Never, I dare say, has England seen such pitiless publicity on the lives of the workers, the fabulous profits of the owners, — running up as high as 147 per cent, — and the 'rigging' of the public. It is like a search-light suddenly turned on. No wonder the country stands aghast. Nothing could surpass the patience, the cour-

age, the relentless politeness of Robert Smillie, who conducts the case for the miners. He has had all England on dress-parade — lords, dukes, and nobles — while he examined them as to the titles to their holdings. They were swift and often witty in their replies, but it means much that they had to come when summoned by a miner. They were bored and surly, but they humbly obeyed. Truly, we are in a new England; and though their lordships may have a brief success in the King's Robing-Room, they are in fact already defeated — and they know it. They win a skirmish, but they lose a battle.

May 10. — What the Free Catholicism may turn out to be remains to be disclosed; so far, it is more clever and critical than constructive. W. E. Orchard is its Bernard Shaw, and W. G. Peck its Chesterton. At first, it was thought to be only a protest against the ungracious barrenness of Nonconformist worship, in behalf of rhythm, color, and symbolism. But it is more than that. It seeks to unite personal religious experience with its corporate and symbolical expression, thus blending two things too often held apart. As between Anglicans and Nonconformists, it discovers the higher unity of things which do not differ, seeking the largeness of Christ in whose radiance there is room for every type of experience and expression. It lays emphasis on fellowship, since no one can find the truth for another, and no one can find it alone. Also, by reinterpreting and extending the sacramental principle, and at the same time disinfecting it of magic, the Free Catholicism may give new impetus to all creative social endeavor. For years it has been observed that many ultra-high Churchmen — for example, Bishop Gore, who is one of the noblest characters in modern Christianity — have been leaders in the social interpretation of Christianity. Perhaps, at

last, we shall learn that it was not the Church, but Humanity, with which Jesus identified Himself when He said: 'This is my body broken for you.' The great thing about Christianity is that no one can tell what it will do next.

June 2. — Have been down in Wales for a day or two, lecturing on Lincoln, and also feeling the pulse of the public sentiment. I found it beating quick and hot. Indeed, not only in Wales, but all over the north of England, there is white-hot indignation — all due to that wretched election last autumn. One hears revolutionary talk on all sides, and only a spark is needed to make an explosion. When I see the hovels in which the miners live, — squalid huts, more like pig-pens than human homes, — I do not wonder at the unrest of the people, but at their infinite patience. Physical and moral decay are inevitable, and the spiritual life is like a fourth dimension. I asked a Labor leader what it is that is holding things together, and he replied: 'All that holds now is the fact that these men went to Sunday School in the churches and chapels of Wales years ago; nothing else restrains them.' Thus a religious sense of the common good, of communal obligation, holds, when all other ties give way. But the churches and chapels are empty to-day, and in the new generation what will avert the 'emancipated, atheistic, international democracy,' so long predicted? Religion must do something more than restrain and conserve: it must create and construct. If ever we find the secret of creative social evolution, it will be in a deeper insight into the nature and meaning of religion as a social reality, as well as a private mysticism. This at least is plain: the individual and the social gospel belong together, and neither will long survive the shipwreck of the other. Never, this side of heaven, do I expect to hear such singing as I heard in Wales!

June 16. — Henry James said that three marks distinguish London — her size, her parks, and her ‘magnificent mystification.’ To know the mystification one needs to spend a night — cool, moonless, and windy — on top of St. Paul’s Cathedral. After climbing as many steps as there are days in the year, and a journey through devious diagonals, we emerge by a tiny door leading to the Golden Gallery, three hundred feet above the sleeping city. Sounds as they ascend are isolated and identifiable, even when softened by distance or teased by the wind. Fleet Street, westward, is a ravine of yellow glamour. Cheapside looks like a fissure in the side of a volcano, where blackness swallows up everything else. The bridges play at criss-cross with lamp-reflections in the river. The clock-tower of Westminster, like a moon and a half, shines dimly, and the railway signals at Cannon Street Station look like stars of the under-world — crimson, emerald, amber. By half-past three a sky, mottled with heavy clouds, begins to sift them into planes and fills the breaks with the sort of light that is ‘rather darkness visible.’ Slowly the pall over the city, half mist and half smoke, — the same ‘presumptuous smoake’ of Evelyn’s day, — begins to drift sullenly with the wind, like a gas-attack. An hour ago the lamplights made everything seem ghostly; now the ghostliness is theirs. Presently, out of a sea of slate, Wren’s steeples rise like gaunt spectres, with an air compounded of amazement and composure. The last thing to take shape is the Cathedral itself; first the gilt Cross shines palely, then the Lantern grows to unearthly whiteness, but the Dome still broods in darkness. As we watch, the campaniles and the statues below turn from alabaster to ivory. Squadrons of clouds float in an atmosphere that is turning from gray to pearl, and from pearl to gold, like the rosy

amorini in a Venetian altar-piece. The river is astir with barges, and early trams sprinkle grains of humanity about the thoroughfares. Camden Town crawls back under its pall of industrial smoke. At last the city, in all its infinitude of detail, is revealed, and the mystification of the night gives way to the day with ‘soveran eye.’ A flashing glimpse of the Cathedral from within, in the glow of the eastern windows, makes one wonder why we do not offer our worship, as they do in the East, at dawn.

July 25. — With appalling clarity we are beginning to see how little we gained by the war, and how much we lost. Instead of a world worthy of the generosity and idealism of the dead, we have moral collapse, revolutionary influenza, industrial chaos, and an orgy of extravagance. In politics, in business, in social life, things are done which would have excited horror and disgust in 1914. One recalls the lines of Chesterton written after the landslide election of 1906: —

The evil Power, that stood for Privilege
And went with Women and Champagne and
Bridge,
Ceased: and Democracy assumed its reign,
Which went with Bridge and Women and
Champagne.

Nothing is more terrible than the moral let-down all about us, unless it is the ease and haste with which a wild and forgetful world has proved false to the vows it swore in its hour of terror. Yesterday a London magistrate said that half the crime in the kingdom is bigamy. Reticences and modesties seem to have been thrown overboard to an accompaniment of the jazz dance, which has become a symbol of the mood of the hour. Often it has been said that man is the modest sex, but I never believed it until now. Young girls between fifteen and twenty-two are unmanageable, and imitate the manners of courtesans.

sans. Working for good wages, they are independent of their parents, demanding latchkeys, to come and go at all hours; and at the slightest restraint they leave home. In broad daylight the public parks are scenes of such unspeakable vulgarity that one is grateful for the protection of garden walls. Who can estimate the injury done by this loosening of the moral bonds, this letting down of the bars to the brute? Those who speak of war as a purifier of morals are masters of a Satanic satire!

September 12. — These are days when anything may happen. Having lived for five years in an atmosphere of violence, men are irritable, and riots break out on the slightest pretext. Many fear that the history of a century ago, when Peterloo followed Waterloo, may repeat itself. Nobody is satisfied with the result of the Peace Conference — sorriest of sequels to a victory won by solidarity and sacrifice. Some think the treaty too hard, some too soft, and all wonder how it can be enforced without sowing the seeds of other wars. The Covenant of the League is criticized as keenly here as in America, but with nothing like the poisonous partisan and personal venom displayed at home. It is felt that, if the nations hold together, the Covenant can be amended and the treaty revised and made workable as need requires; but if they pull apart, the case is hopeless.

What is happening in America is hard to make out, except that, under cover of a poison-gas attack on the President, all the elements that opposed the war — including the whole hyphenated contingent — have formed a coalition of hatreds to destroy him. At the Peace Conference he was the victim of a vendetta by men of his own country who, for partisan purposes, tried to stab their own President in the back at the very moment when he was negotiating a treaty of peace in a foreign land! Not

unnaturally the attitude of the Senate is interpreted on this side as a repudiation of the war by America. 'You came late and go early; having helped to put out the fire, you leave us to clean up the mess,' my English friends say. No wonder they feel bitter, and this feeling is fanned by the anti-American fanatics, whose organized propaganda — something new in England — has been so active since the Armistice. No doubt it is provoked in part by the stupid anti-British propaganda in America, with other elements added, the while sinister forces are busy in behalf of estrangement between two peoples who should be, not only friends, but fellow workers for the common good.

(An unhappy example of this feeling, which marred the closing weeks of my ministry, was an alleged 'interview' which appeared in the *Daily News*, purporting to come from me. It made me use words remote from my thought, in a spirit foreign to my nature; and the result was an impression so alien to my spirit, and so untrue to the facts, as to be grotesque. Such words as these were put into my mouth: 'I have come reluctantly to the opinion that an American minister cannot really succeed in England. There is something in the English character or point of view — I cannot define it — that seems to prevent complete agreement and sympathy between the two. There exists a body of opinion amongst the middle men in the ministry and the churches that objects to the permanent settlement of American preachers in this country.' All of which was manufactured so far as I was concerned, however true it may be to English opinion. When the man who did it was asked for his reason, he said that he wished 'to keep American ministers from coming to England.' Of course, it will take more than that to keep us from going to England, — though I dare say it will be many a day before an American accepts an English pastorate, — but the incident illustrates the state of mind almost a year after the Armistice. Unfortunately that feeling still exists, and it makes an exchange of pulpits difficult for Americans who have any national self-respect.

However, by patience and mutual regard this irritation may be overcome in the morning of a fairer, clearer day.)

October 9. — Sir Oliver Lodge lectured in the City Temple to-night. The Temple was full, with many standing in the aisles. His subject was 'The Structure of the Atom,' and he spoke for more than an hour, holding his audience in breathless interest. Even the children present heard and understood, as if it had been a fairy-story. Indeed, it was more fascinating than a fairy-story — his illustrations were so simple, so vivid. As a work of art, the lecture was a rare feat. If only the men of the pulpit could deal with the great themes of faith — surely not more abstract than the structure of the atom — with the same simplicity and lucidity, how different it would be! Tall, well-formed, his dome-like head reminding one of the pictures of Tennyson, the lecturer was good to look at, good to hear; and the total impression of his lecture was an overwhelming sense of the reality of the Unseen. He made only one reference to psychical studies, and that was to warn people to go slow, not to leap beyond the facts, and, above all, — since spiritualism is not spirituality, — not to make such matters a religion. This advice came with the greater weight from the man who more than all others, perhaps, has lifted such investigations to the dignity of a new science.

October 12. — Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Clynes, and Premier Venizelos of Greece, all on the same platform, speaking in behalf of the League of Nations! Such was the bill of fare at the Mansion House, to which was added — for me — a spicy little chat with Mrs. Asquith, most baffling of women. She is lightning and fragrance all mixed up with a smile, and the lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Mr. Asquith read his address — as he has been wont to do since

he first became Prime Minister — in a style as lucid as sunlight and as colorless: a deliberate and weighty address, more like a judicial opinion than an oration, yet with an occasional flash of hidden fire. Clynes also read his address, which was a handicap, for he is a very effective speaker when he lets himself go. Lord Robert — tall, stooped, with centuries of British culture written in his face — was never more eloquent in his wisdom and earnestness; and one heard in his grave and simple words the finer mind of England. If only he were more militant, as he would be but for too keen a sense of humor. He has the spiritual quality which one misses so much in the statesmanship of our day — I shall never be happy until he is Prime Minister! Venizelos was winning, graceful, impressive; and in a brief talk that I had with him afterward, he spoke with warm appreciation of the nobility and high-mindedness of the President. He has the brightest eyes I have seen since William James went away. Without the moral greatness of Masaryk, or the Christian vision of Smuts, he is one of the most interesting personalities of our time and one of its ablest men.

October 20. — The President is stricken at a time when he is most needed! It is appalling! Without him reaction will run riot. Though wounded in a terrifying manner, he still holds the front-line trench of the moral idealism of the world! Whatever his faults at home, — his errors of judgment or his limitations of temperament, — in his world-vision he saw straight; and he made the only proposal looking toward a common mind organized in the service of the common good. Nothing can rob him of that honor. If our people at home had only known the sinister agencies with which he had to contend, — how all the militarists of Europe were mobilized against him at Paris, — they would see that his achievement, while falling below his

ideal, as all mortal achievements do, was nothing short of stupendous. Those who know the scene from this side have an honorable pride in the President; and though his fight should cost him his life, when the story is finally told he will stand alongside another who went 'the way of dominion in pitiful, high-hearted fashion' to his martyrdom. He falls where a brave man should fall, at the front, as much a casualty of the war as any soldier who fell in Flanders or the Argonne.

November 11. — Sunday evening, the 9th, was my last service as the Minister of the City Temple, and the sermon had for its text Revelation 3:14 — 'These things saith the Amen.' It was an effort to interpret that old, familiar, haunting word, — the Amen of God to the aspiration of man, and the Amen of man to the way and will of God, — seeking to make vivid that vision which sees through the shadows, and affirms, not that all is well, nor yet that all is ill, but that all shall be well when 'God hath made the pile complete.' Its message was that, when humanity sees what has been the Eternal Purpose from the beginning, and the 'far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves,' the last word of history will be a grand Amen — a shout of praise, the final note of the great world-song. To-day, at noon, all over the Empire, everything paused for two minutes, in memory of the dead. The City Temple was open and many people gathered for that moment of silent, high remembrance; and that hushed moment was my farewell to the great white pulpit, and to a ministry wrought in the name of Jesus in behalf of goodwill — speaking with stammering voice those truths which will still be eloquent when all the noises of to-day have followed the feet that made them, into Silence.

November 12. — To-night the Nation-

al Council of the Brotherhood Movement, which gave me so warm a welcome in 1916, tendered me a parting dinner — an hour which I can neither describe nor forget. Dr. Clifford — a veteran soldier in the wars of God — presided, and his presence was a benediction. Looking back over my three years and a half in London, I can truly say that, though I did not want to come, and would not have come at all but for the war, I do not regret that I did come — save for the scenes of horror and suffering, which I pray God to be able to forget. Nor do I regret leaving, though my ministry has been a triumph from the beginning, in spite of many errors of my own added to the terrible conditions under which it was wrought. As long as I live I shall carry in my heart the faces of my dear friends in England, and especially the love and loyalty of the people of the City Temple — the memory of their kindness is like sacramental wine in the Cup of Everlasting Things. Perhaps, on the other side of the sea, because I now know the spirit and point of view of both peoples, I may be able to help forward the great friendship.

November 14. — Hung in my memory are many pictures of the beauty-spots of this Blessed Island: glens in the Highlands of Scotland; the 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon'; stately old cathedrals, — strong, piteous, eloquent, — sheltering the holy things of life; the towers and domes of Oxford; Stoke Poges on a still summer day; the roses of Westliff; the downs of Wiltshire, where Walton went a-fishing and Herbert preached the gospel — and practised it, too; Rottingdean-on-the-Sea; scenes of the Shakespeare country — the church, the theatre, the winding Avon; the old Quaker Meeting-house in Buckinghamshire, where Penn and Pennington sleep; the mountains of North Wales; great, gray London, in

all its myriad moods: London in the fog, the mist, the rain; London by moonlight; the old, rambling city whose charm gathers and grows, weaving a spell which one can neither define nor escape; London from Primrose Hill on a clear, frosty day; London from the

dome of St. Paul's; London from the Savoy in October, seen through a lattice of falling leaves, while a soft haze hangs over the River of Years. It is said that, if one lives in London five years, he will never be quite happy anywhere else — and I am leaving it just in time!

WORDS

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

WORDS with the freesia's wounded scent I know,
 And those that suck the slow irresolute gold
 Out of the daffodil's heart; cool words that hold
 The crushed gray light of rain, or liquidly blow
 The wild bee droning home across the glow
 Of rippled wind-silver; or, uncontrolled,
 Toss the bruised aroma of pine; and words as cold
 As water torturing through frozen snow.

And there are words that strain like April hedges
 Upward; lonely words with tears on them;
 And syllables whose haunting crimson edges
 Bleed: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!'
 And that long star-drift of bright agony:
 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!'

RELIGIOUS CONTRASTS

LETTERS OF A PANTHEIST AND A CHURCHMAN

[If the pantheistic philosophy of life, which has been with honest conviction developed and expounded by John Burroughs, has been unsettling to the peace and the beliefs of many good persons, which I much fear is the case, it is comfortable to feel — as I do after a study of it made since, about eighteen months ago, this brief correspondence was exchanged with him — that it is a wholesome unsettlement! Because we are not going to stop with it.

If mankind, whether now of Christian, of Mohammedan, of Buddhist, of Agnostic, or of other persuasion, knowing too well the incongruities of practice in all of those persuasions, shall in time take to heart the Burroughs philosophy against superstition and sham, against miracles and mysticism, it assuredly can, without material halt in its progress to the light, consider with him whether 'we create a Creator, we rule a Ruler, we invent a Heaven and

a Hell.' For that is but a step. And the next step must be a realization of the absurdity of the concept that impersonal, unreasoning, blind Nature, which Burroughs finds merciless and cruel as well as good, and finds to be all he can conceive of God, can be itself the author of the marvelous and inexorable laws by which it is confessedly driven.

No; I have an abiding faith that we shall march forward, away beyond him, first clearing the path of doubts such as he raises, that hold back our thinkers, and of pearly gates and immaculate conceptions that hold back our unthinking; and shall know that out of an unreasoning and impersonal Nature cannot have been developed blindly a highly reasoning, dominating, if sinful, race of beings. And if our God is not unreasoning and impersonal, then it is fair to believe Him reasoning and personal. — HERBERT D. MILES.]

(From Herbert D. Miles)

ASHEVILLE, N.C., October 27, 1919.

Since reading your recent article, I have desired, and have several times resisted an impulse, to write you; I have hesitated, believing that you may have been annoyed by many a thoughtless critic or disputant. I am an ordinary, average American business man, with such a man's inferior powers of analysis when compared with your own. Had the statements made by you in the article in question been made in something written by the late Robert Ingersoll, for example, they would have disturb-

ed me not a whit, as my conception of him, rightly or wrongly, has always been upon a different plane from my respect for you. But since reading your statements it has seemed, unhappily, as if the Anchor to all that makes for hope beyond this life had suddenly been cut away.

It may well be that I have not comprehended the full meaning and intent of your article. The impression it gave me was, that you feel that it is rather childish in humankind to pray; to look to a sort of all-wise Father; to believe that any Power, higher than we are,

cares for us individually; that in doing this, we are setting up a sort of Golden Calf for ourselves; and that there is but a slight and refined difference between 'Church bells and good Sunday raiment' and the ceremonies of the heathen; that Jesus Christ, and all that he has meant, is merely the product of an Oriental imagination and idealism, written, some generations after, into the presumably established fact of his life and crucifixion.

If it is not asking too much, will you let me know whether my interpretation of you, as above expressed, is substantially true?

(From John Burroughs)

RIVERBY, N.Y., October 30, 1919.

I suppose my paper, to which you refer, is capable of the interpretation you place upon it. I have enough such essays to make a volume. Did you see one called 'Shall we accept the Universe?' In all these papers I attempt to justify the ways of God to man on natural grounds. If you attempt to do it on theological grounds you get hopelessly mired. I am a Pantheist. The only God I know is the one I see daily and hourly all about me. I do not and cannot separate Nature and God. If you make two of them, then who made and rules Nature? My God is no better and no worse than Nature.

Of the hereafter I have no conception. This life is enough for me. The Christianity you believe in is a whining, simpering, sentimental religion. The religion of the old Greeks was much more brave and manly. Christianity turns its back on Nature and relegates it to the Devil. I am done with the religion of Kings and Despots. We must have a religion of democracy, and find the divine in the common, the universal, the near-at-hand. Such is the religion of Science. The Christian myths have had their day. Only the moral and

ethical part of Christianity, which harmonizes with Science, will endure. Its legend must perish.

(From Herbert D. Miles)

ASHEVILLE, N.C., November 6, 1919.

Thank you for your very clear letter of the 30th October. It answers my inquiry perfectly, and I am sure that you do not wish from me any attempt to dissuade you from your position, even should I have the temerity to attempt such a thing. But I do feel that I possibly have a more or less fortunate detachment, in that I have not read any of your former papers pertaining to religion, nor on the other hand have I indulged in the reading of any books, higher criticisms, or papers of a controversial nature defending either broad or narrow views of Christianity. So I believe it possible that we might find a common ground and even concede each other something — which might do each of us good.

I wonder if you have ever asked yourself whether our civilization would get us anywhere if we were *all* Pantheists, like you? It seems to me that, as we cannot all be distinguished naturalists, and cannot all have your firmness of character, those of us who are merely average men would be apt to be wholly without an 'Anchor' save human law; and as we make human law, that would easily become changed. We should have a feeling of 'after us, the deluge'; and license, rather than self-control, of the majority, would rule.

And I wonder if you state more than a half-truth when you say that the Christian religion is a simpering, sentimental thing, and that the religion of the ancient Greeks was much more brave and manly? I know professing teachers of our Christian religion to-day who are as brave and manly as any Greek who ever lived; I have no doubt there were simpering sentimentalists in

ancient Athens. Indeed, as you know, Socrates encountered some. I would as soon admire the religion of a tiger, if it comes to that; the tiger is as brave as, and less sensual than, the old Greek.

If I knew you better, I might make fun of your saying that you are done with the religion of Kings and Despots. Plenty of these in history, you will recall upon reflection, were essentially Pantheists. I know you are thinking of the recent war — after quoting the Greeks, who were never at peace! I agree with you that the Christian myths have had their day.

You say you cannot separate Nature and God; if we make two of them, you ask, then who made and rules Nature? The obvious answer is, 'God.' Surely you, of all persons, respect Nature too much to believe it capable of making itself? And are you not, indeed, unfair, when you say that 'Christianity turns its back on Nature and relegates it to the Devil'? How does that look to you, in quotation marks? Is the teaching of Christ's brotherhood turning our back upon Nature? Or are you in this referring merely to Christian myths, or failures? Did Roosevelt turn his back upon Nature — and was he a Pantheist?

Before I heard from you, I kept turning over in my mind, 'What have I left, as an "Anchor," after stripping all myth and sentiment and unanalytic belief from Christian theory and practice?' As a result, I wrote for myself the enclosed, entitled 'My Anchor.' I hope you can agree with it, and that it may even modify some of your preconceived conclusions; you are, I know, too big a man to receive it with other than an open mind and heart.

MY ANCHOR

I MUST HAVE AN ANCHOR. In the midst of cold storms of skepticism and realism, my little ship of life must be stripped to the bare mast of indisputable Fact; my good

old sails of childlike faith and inspiring tradition must be furled, if I am not to drift upon the shoals of Doubt. I must have an anchor to my belief in God and in Immortality, that shall make it unassailable by Atheist or Agnostic, unshakable by Dogmatist or Pharisee, understandable by Child or Hottentot; that will encourage me to pray.

I *know* that the Seed is the child of the Flower, as much as the Flower is the child of the Seed: in each is life; in each is death. I know that power is given the Sun to transmit its light and heat; to the Moon to draw our great oceans; to Man to think and to dominate; to the Bird to sing and to fly; to the infinitesimal Pneumococcus to destroy our bodies; it is unthinkable that all of this can be self-made.

I *know* then, that a Higher Power does reign, stronger than its own creations; indestructible by them, and so immortal. I *know* that this Higher Power operates only through Law; that — though it seem cruel — law, being higher, takes precedence over life; as sacrifice, being higher, takes precedence over self-preservation.

I *know* that the Man of Sorrows, whether divine or human, was not a myth; that his doctrine of brotherhood has gone farther and deeper than that of any other teacher, and is truer. I *know* that our Bible, whether or not more than an imperfect, Oriental, man-made exposition of the law and history, is for the most part an inspiring and a beautiful thing. Each must take that as does him most good, but must not make doubts of it, or of the common sense of some of its devout acceptors, an excuse for pride, or for abstinence from worship or from prayer.

I *believe*, through deduction from what I *know*, that the Higher Power, called God, — and dreamed of in all lands, among all races, at all times, in some form plural or singular, — does assume to us, as pledged for him by the Man of Sorrows, a relation of Fatherhood. I cannot know how he qualifies this to the very young, the savage, or the misguided. It does not matter. I believe that this gift makes natural and logical both prayer and a hope of a share in his love and immortality.

THIS IS MY ANCHOR.

(From John Burroughs)

WEST PARK, N.Y., November 25, 1919.

The arranging of a trip to California for the winter has imposed so many new tasks upon me that my correspondence has been neglected. I have received many letters of approval concerning this article and others of similar import, and very few of disapproval. I am no more moved by one than the other. Some former articles of mine you might find interesting. 'Shall we accept the Universe?' — 'Is there Design in Nature?' and so on. The aim of them all is to justify the ways of God to man on natural grounds. The theological grounds do not make any impression upon me. I am much less interested in what is called God's word, than in God's deeds. All bibles are man-made; but we know the stars are not man-made, and if they are on our side, why bother about anything else? Pantheism, as Emerson says, does not make God less, but makes him more. If you look into the matter, you will find that we are all Pantheists. If I were to ask you what and where God is, you would say he is a Spirit and that he is everywhere. The good church people would be compelled to say that, too. Is not that Pantheism? A *person* cannot be everywhere. Personality is finite.

Our civilization is not founded upon Christianity — would that it were in many ways! The three great evils of our age, of most ages, — war, greed, intemperance, — would then be eradicated. How much of the real essence of Christianity — love — the heathen Chinese could teach us in such matters! There is vastly more of the essence of Christianity in Chinese civilization than in ours. We live by the head, the Chinese by the heart.

Our material civilization is the result of our conquests over Nature, or of the discovery and application of natural law, or Science. Christianity as a sys-

tem has lost its moral force. Our scheme of salvation rests upon the dogma of the fall of man. But man's fall has been upward. Evolution gives the key to his rise, and not theology. It is a wonder to me that man has survived his creeds — Calvinism, Buddhism, Roman Catholicism, and all the other *isms*. If science failed him, his creeds would not save him. Do you not suppose that such a man as Huxley, Tyn-dall, Spencer, or Darwin would be a safe man to administer our human affairs? And these men were Agnostics or Pantheists. Yet do they not uphold our ethical system? The truth alone — moral and scientific truth — can make us free and safe.

I can subscribe to most of the articles in your creed, or 'Anchor,' if I put them in the language of naturalism.

As soon as I try to think of the universe in the terms of our experience, I am in trouble. The universe never was made, in the sense that my house was made. It is eternal — without beginning and without end; or, say, self-made, if you prefer. It is the God in which we live and move and have our being. You and I are only a drop in this ocean of being.

I believe the Man of Sorrows was an historical fact, and that I would have loved him had I known him; but he is no more to me now than Socrates is. All his alleged miracles are childish fables. If he really died on the Cross, he never rose from the dead. Natural law, which is the law of God, cannot be trifled with in that way.

I do not cherish the dream of immortality. If there is no immortality, we shall not know it. We shall not lie awake o' nights in our graves lamenting that there is no immortality. If there is such a thing, we shall have to accept it, though the thought of living forever makes me tired, and the thought of life, without my body as the base for my

mind's activities, is unthinkable. What begins must end. The flame of the candle goes out, though not one of its elements is lost. My consciousness, which is the flame of my body, ends at death, as a psychical process ceases. But whatever of energy was involved in it goes on forever. The sum of energy of the universe is constant.

I think as highly of the Bible as you do. It is the Book of Books, yet it is only a book — man-made. I fail to find any anchorage in any creed, or book, or system, but only in Nature as revealed to my own consciousness. I shall have a paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* by-and-by, in which I combat what Professor Osborn calls a biological dogma, namely that Chance rules in the world of life as in the world of dead matter. I cannot escape the all-embracing mind or spirit that pervades all living things. I have no purpose to convert you to my views of these great problems. Every man must solve the problems of life and death for himself. He cannot accept those of another.

(From Herbert D. Miles)

ASHEVILLE, N.C., December 1, 1919.

Thank you for your letter of 25th November. I had thought merely to write you an acknowledgment and wish you a happy journey to California. However, as you are open-minded, and Truth alone is what you crave, you will not mind my including some reflections upon your letter, without any expectation upon my part that you will care to continue the correspondence. I shall try to find your former articles to which you refer, and shall certainly read your coming one, in the *Atlantic*. I take it, however, that you have expressed to me the fundamentals of your beliefs or want of beliefs, and that all you have said, or shall say, must be merely elaborations.

May I say that I believe you are

really a pretty good Christian? as you are, of course, a better citizen than most 'professing Christians' — not excepting myself. I can subscribe to, or pass as unimportant, your ideas as to the Universe being without beginning or end; that the Miracles are fables; that Man has 'fallen upward,' rather than as dogma has it; and, of course, that God is a Spirit.

But you jump from extolling the ancient Greeks to extolling the Chinese. You are not constructive. Perhaps you are not even fair to your own generation and people! Do not be merely destructive, I beg of you. Your views are good as far as they go, but are necessarily depressing. Do either create a *better* church, for unified work of its tremendously far-reaching kind, in 'anchoring' Society; create a better comfort than prayer; create a better instinctive hope than immortality; or encourage the Church, encourage our rising generation to stand back of it, encourage prayer, and encourage spiritual hopes and ideals! I wonder if you know what the Church is as a 'stabilizer,' in spite of its shortcomings; in spite of the slanders of it, often from lazy or misguided persons? What its real accomplishment is, in this country, and the sum of it?

What a responsibility, to print articles that may affect the rising generation against it, and to give nothing constructive in its place!

I want you to think again, as to your statement that civilization is not founded upon Christianity. I know you mean partly that Christianity is too good to recognize such a bad child; but, thinly watered as our practice of the Golden Rule is, civilization *is* founded upon Christianity. I do not think you believe that, if the chief part of the Aryan Race had originally drifted from Heathenism to Confucianism or Buddhism, — yes, or Pantheism, — instead

of to the new Christianity, it would still have achieved, as now, the world-leadership in the arts and sciences which we call civilization. Perhaps you, and some other leaders in the sciences, do not know your own debt to Christianity.

Your letter which I am reviewing gives one an impression of a very good man striving to reconcile certain preconceived and rooted ideas, partly Agnostic, partly Christian, with life and history; trying to forget that the things material are the really temporal, and that there are things spiritual which, in the nature of what *could* constitute immortality, must be the things immortal.

I take it that you do not seriously consider things spiritual. You say the thought of life, without your body as the base for your mind's activities, is unthinkable. Of course, that merely proves a personal limitation, and a regrettable one. I wonder if you give serious place to the world's best Poets — who are unscientific, naturally — but spiritual? John Butler Yeats has recently written: 'Poetry is the champion and the voice of the inner man. Had we not this champion to speak for us, externality would swamp the world, and nothing would be heard but the noise of its machinery.' If the thought of living forever makes you tired, as you say, then perhaps the noise of the machinery, — very pleasant machinery, much of it, — being all you have listened to, has worn you out!

Pardon me if I say that I do not think your articles are 'stabilizers'; or that they bring hope, or comfort, or happiness; or replace the want of these with anything more than 'the noise of the machinery.' I would not take seriously, if I were you, the approval you cite from the majority of your correspondents. If you will reflect, you will agree, I am sure, that after a speech upon, say, Tariffs, Temperance, or

what not, — things upon which the world is divided into two or more camps, — those who rush up to grasp the speaker's hand are those who *always did* agree with him, or those who wished uneasy doubts, or unstable convictions, bolstered up.

I am sincerely glad that you can subscribe to 'most of the articles in my creed, or "Anchor."' But please do not call my Anchor a creed. Creeds, as you know, are *not* based upon 'indisputable fact.' That in my church was made in the third century; we have learned something since. They *should* be anchors. In mine are Church, Prayer, Immortality. I fear you leave these out. You apparently refuse to contemplate a world made up of Pantheists, which could, and would, say, and act, 'After us, the deluge.'

No, I do not think that Darwin, Huxley, *et al.* would have been safe men to administer our human affairs, since you ask. Roosevelt, of a later civilization, knew all that they did and much more; he was a Christian and an administrator for you. Emerson may have praised Pantheists at one period of his life; hardly when he was at his best.

Well, a happy winter to you in California. I see that I am trying to tie you to all of my Anchor, believing that, in the winter of your years, you are still pliable. If you are, you are a wonder! But do consider the 'inner man' spoken of by Yeats; and the effect of your articles, if not constructive.

(From John Burroughs)

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA, December 29, 1919.

I with my son and four friends, have been here a week, and we are very happy. The world here is all sun, sky, and sea, never a cloud in sight, and the Pacific breaking its long roll upon the rocks one hundred yards below us. In February we go to Pasadena until spring.

Referring to our correspondence of a few weeks ago, and your statement that you did not think Huxley, Spencer, *et al.* would be safe men to administer our human affairs, and that our civilization is based upon Christianity — I wonder if you remember that the founders of our government, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, did not accept Christianity? They were Deists. Both Franklin and Jefferson spoke very disrespectfully, not to say contemptuously, of the Christian scheme of salvation; and Washington said in so many words in a message to Congress, 'The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion.' The founders of the Republic were free-thinkers. Washington entertained the infidel Volney at the White House, and had the works of Voltaire in his library. He gave Volney a letter of recommendation to the American people, in which he said that, if men are good workmen, 'they may be Jews or Christians, or they may be Atheists.' Jefferson quotes Gouverneur Morris as saying that 'General Washington believed no more in that system [Christianity] than I do.'

You confound our ethical system, which we all accept, with Christianity. Our ethical system is the growth of ages. What is true in Christianity is not new, and what is new is not true. Our civilization is founded upon reason and science. I have said in one of my printed articles that 'a man is saved, not by the truth of what he believes, but by the truth of his belief.' His creed may be perfectly absurd, like that of the Christian Scientists, but if it affords him an 'anchorage,' if he can fit it into his scheme of life, that is enough. The religion of the Greeks and Romans was not ours; but see what nerves, what poets, what philosophers, developed under it!

The religion of ancestral worship of

the Japs and Chinese saves them. The mass of our own people believe in Christianity on Sundays (or used to before the automobile came in); but how few of them practise it in their daily lives. They practise the square deal, because it is good policy; it pays best in the long run.

(From *Herbert D. Miles*)

ASHEVILLE, N.C., January 12, 1920.

My pleasure in having your letter of a few days ago was not unmixed with a certain feeling of guilt, in view of the possibility of our questions being too complicated, and your strength too limited, to attempt adequate discussion in writing — a view that is held I am sure by Dr. Barrus, from whom I have recently heard. It is charming, as you say, at La Jolla, with 'never a cloud in sight.' I am a little prejudiced, even in this January season, in favor of my home country here in Asheville; the clouds over the great old Blue Ridge mountains, which are falling back tier upon tier in the distance to the west; from my windows, are ever-changing visions of beauty, and fall upon real trees, in their shadows, — something that you have few of in California, except in spots, where you have the greatest in the world, — and our occasional rough and cold day serves to make even more delightful our usual bright and lovely days, of the temperature of the northern May.

Without prolonging what we shall not allow to degenerate into an argument which would convince neither of us, allow me merely to comment upon your new remarks. I have a feeling that you constantly miss something vital, in your line of thought and your conclusions; that may be characteristic of the Pantheist! You say, apparently in contradiction of my insistence that civilization is based upon Christianity, that Washington, Jefferson, and others

did not accept Christianity; and you go on to quote Washington as to the government of the United States. Without going into any dispute as to all this, are we to assume that you consider civilization to have begun with the establishment of the United States? I would say rather that these gentlemen of history, without doubt virtuous and great, made the same error that John Burroughs — also without doubt virtuous and great — is making: that they wholly failed in realizing the debt they were under to that slowly developing, but none the less potent and true thing — Christianity! How many practise Christianity in their daily lives is beside the mark. Would you condemn a great physician because (as is usually the case) he fails to practise what he preaches? That is, would you damn his science? You say that civilization is founded upon 'reason and science.' Well, does that damn Christianity? You say that our ethical system is the growth of the ages. What of it? Do Christians claim that we would have no ethical system without Christ and the Christian principles? By no means. But we would have Athens and the Roman Empire over again — and the Hun.

In a nutshell, my dear Mr. Bur-

roughs, — to put it in that perfectly frank manner at which neither of us has taken offense, — your writings upon religion have pleased you, and, as with anything you write, they have been received with respect; but they have shown us a God, near in the sense of his being in a spadeful of dirt, but billions of miles away and terribly nebulous, when it comes to having a Father to whom to pray. You may like that, but it is bad for the rest of us; you have, therefore, done much harm and disturbed much fairly earned peace of mind — innocent though you undoubtedly have been of any such intention. You have missed the bull's-eye. This is: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, and with all thy heart, and with all thy soul; and love thy neighbor as thyself.' I do not mean to imply that you have not personally, in your life, done all of that; I mean that the teaching of Pantheism puts God, as I have stated, billions of miles away, — a nebulous thing, — regardless of the theory of his being in all Nature; a theory which Christianity embraces, for that matter. We cannot love, in that manner so completely pictured in the above quotation, a Pantheistic God — which is why I hold that you miss the bull's-eye.

REBECCA

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

I

'WHY should n't I, if I want to?'

The reins fell on Billy's rough back with an emphatic slap, but met with no response. The shaggy hoofs continued to pound the frozen road with the stolid indifference to stimuli born of the conviction that in the long run a steady gait was the part of wisdom.

The road covered two miles for the arrow's one, with that contempt for grade and distance which characterized the early settler, who first chose his dwelling-place and compelled the road to follow. Between the low stone walls, whose boulders were continually evincing a desire to return to their earlier resting-places, down the rocky pitch to the creaking bridge in the meadow, and up again through the moaning forest, it wound its way, mysterious, unending.

Another slap.

'I *can* — if I want to.'

Approving this sentiment, Billy, halfway up the hill, stopped and, pulling the reins through the saddle rings, reached for a tuft of withered grass, which all summer long had escaped hoof and wheel, to perish in the winter.

'I might — if I was n't fifty.'

At fifty, when it was too late, past prudence seemed a mockery — a gate to happiness locked by prudery. Rebecca sighed. If she could stand at that gate again!

'Indeed I would!'

The reins tightened with a jerk, haunches flattened instantly, and legs strained to the load.

But *was* it happiness? Of course it was. Everything beyond the gate *must* be.

Nearing the top of the hill, the white finger of the spire rose slowly above the sky-line, then the roof, other roofs, straggling fences, the schoolhouse — duty! On the whitewashed wall behind the teacher's desk, Rebecca saw the motto, — her own handiwork, —

Be Good and You will be Happy.

Had n't she been good? When would she be happy?

In village parlance Rebecca 'ran' the farm — one of those hilly rock-strewn farms demanding constant prodding to prevent it from 'running out.' Down by the brook in the birch woods were pleasant places — pools of dark silent water, where the brook brooded before deciding to take the leap to the next one, to pause again, out of breath; shallows where it sang to Rebecca, who never sang except at seven-day intervals in the church choir. The brook was always singing, even in winter, cheerily, to the shivering birches.

But pleasant places *produced* nothing. Pleasant places never did. Alluring, they bred idleness, all that brood of prohibited pleasures generically grouped by the minister under the word 'sin.' The bare upland pasture where the cows grazed, the shed where they were milked, the barn-cellar where the pigs wallowed, the chicken-yard bereft of grass, the vegetable patch, with its tat-

tered scarecrow rocking in the wind — *these* counted. No food or raiment came from that wanton, running without thought of the future, purpose, or conscience, through meadow and wood to the sea.

Sometimes — not now, in winter, but when the crocuses came — Rebecca wrestled spiritually with the brook — a thing without roots or attachments, a mere gadabout, scornful of duty, of everything behind it, in its eagerness to get on. Life was real, life was earnest. As for the goal beyond the grave, she wished that it might come occasionally at the end of the day, instead of at the end of living, like Billy's grain and blanket. Even at fifty the grave was a long way off.

Strictly speaking, Rebecca was forty-eight, a fact she strictly adhered to in public. In the privacy of her own thoughts, when grim and vindictive, she was fifty; down among the birches, forty; and, in crocus-time, even thirty. 'Steady, capable woman — no nonsense about Rebecca!' was the village verdict, knowing little of what it could not see or touch.

Billy's wants attended to, Rebecca went into the house. Her mother, sitting by the window, had been watching for her return.

'You've been gone a long time.'

For an ailing old woman, watching day after day at the window of a hilltop farm, every hour was 'a long time.' But the querulous voice passed over Rebecca's soul without leaving a trace. After forty years of duty, its surface, like Billy's hide, had ceased to be super-sensitive. Rebecca possessed what the minister called 'a healthy spirit.'

'Yes, mother,' she said, warming her hands at the range; 'Billy is n't as spry as he used to be.'

'Did you see the Squire?'

'Yes, mother.'

'Is it true?'

'Yes, mother, it's true.'

And the truth shall make you free! The sentence from the minister's sermon came from nowhere, like a bird alighting on a twig — ridiculously inapposite. That impertinent busybody, the irresponsible mind, was one of Rebecca's trials.

Then, for a long time, there was silence, their thoughts going their separate ways. Much hard and solitary thinking preceded 'getting together' for these two.

Rebecca hung her squirrel coat in the closet and turned to the door.

'Where are you going now, Rebecca?'

'To the office, mother.'

The 'office' was a low one-story building, with a single door and room, where her father used to consult his clients — even hilltop villages requiring lawyers as well as ministers and doctors.

That, however, was long ago, and the office had descended to Rebecca, with its legend in gilt letters still on the panel of its door. Here she kept the farm-accounts, her books, and her dreams. Whenever she spoke of 'going home,' it was the office she had in mind.

It boasted a desk, above which Washington was perpetually delivering his farewell address; a horsehair sofa, whose billowy surface was reminiscent of former clients; a bookcase with diamond panes, — the law books had been relegated to the upper shelves, — and a redeeming fireplace, open, hospitable, framed in a white mantelpiece, with Ionic columns and garlands of roses in plaster, on which, under the clock, stood a group of two grotesque porcelain figures in bright colors: a woman, holding high a tambourine, and a man with a guitar. The child Rebecca had given these gay figures ecstatic adoration, as representing a wonderful world inhabited by fairies, gypsies, and other mythical persons — to which

they evidently belonged. That also was long ago. If Rebecca's glance rested on them now, it was only the glance of mingled scorn and pity appropriate to misguided creatures doomed, like the butterflies fluttering in autumn sunshine, to an untimely end. Yet there they remained enthroned, with the sofa and the sign on the door and the clock which never ran down — relics of the past, which would not let go.

It was four o'clock, growing dark already. Rebecca wound the clock, — it was Saturday night, — threw a fresh log on the smouldering coals, and sat down in the rocker before the hearth, watching the little flames, hissing, and beginning to curl up over their prey. Shadows danced on the walls and ceiling, and red lights on the polished balls of the andirons.

It had all been like a dream, only, unlike a dream, it had not vanished. It was *true* — and Christopher was coming Monday morning.

The beat of Rebecca's heart quickened. It had been as steady in the Squire's office as the Squire's clock, even when he said, 'You're a rich woman, Rebecca.' 'Am I?' Rebecca had said to herself. 'What's more,' the Squire went on, 'and what ain't common, your Uncle Caleb's set it down fair and square in the will,' — the Squire's spectacles dropped from his forehead to his nose, — "To my niece, Rebecca, in recognition of her sterling qualities."

Rebecca's lip softened, then straightened. Uncle Caleb had bided his time.

'I've a telegram here somewhere from Christopher.' — It was then Rebecca's heart gave its first jump. — 'He's coming up from York.' The Squire's fingers fumbled among his papers. 'He's executor. He says, "Tell Rebecca I'll see her Monday."'

Recalling this announcement, Rebecca's heart jumped again. She had

slid from the rocker to the rug; but at the crunch of heavy boots on the snow, sprang to her desk. It would never do to have Hansen find her dreaming like a silly girl on the rug before the fire.

Hansen was the overseer. He came in, his red beard dripping with moisture, and they went over the milk receipts together. It was disconcertingly evident that Hansen had something on his mind.

'Is that all, Hansen?'

'Of course, Miss Rebecca,' — Hansen began every sentence with 'of course,' — 'if what's being said in the village is true, you'll be wanting to get that wire up from the mill. We could save —'

'Yes, Hansen.' Hansen was always trying to squeeze something more out of the land by putting something more in. 'We will go into that Monday.'

Faithful man was Hansen, — looking after the farm as if it were his own, — her right hand.

When he had gone, Rebecca went back to the rug. On the wall over the mantel the clock ticked on, solemnly, intent on duty, indifferent to the time it recorded.

II

Christopher and Rebecca had played together once in the pleasant places by the brook. Christopher was a wonderful playmate. He knew every bird by its note, where it hid its nest, — in tree, in hedge, or meadow, — how many eggs the nest should hold, and of what color. He knew the bait each fish loved best, and could catch the wariest with a bent pin. No colt ever foaled on the hill had unseated him, though he had to cling desperately, bare-back, to the mane. Even the brown Durham bull looked askance at Christopher. As for the dogs, they ran to meet him at the mere sight of the stocky little figure, bare-headed, hands in ragged trousers, sure of adventure.

Where Christopher got his chief possession — imagination — is a secret untold. It did not grow on hilltop farms, and he was never seen with a book out of school. What tales he could tell! The little flaxen-haired girl listened to them for hours, open-mouthed, eyes bulging with wonder. He confided to her what he was going to do when he was a man. Among other things he was going to find the North Pole. He spoke of the North Pole as if it were a marble in his pocket. Wonderful hours those were, among the buttercups by the brook and, on rainy days, in the hay-mow! No real person walking the village street was half as real as the phantoms that trod Christopher's stage. Wonderful hours! spiced with the sense of stolen joys — for motherless Christopher was the son of the village ne'er-do-weel, without favor outside of the animal kingdom.

And then, gradually, almost insensibly, Christopher drew away, like a young sapling from its fellows of slower growth, and Rebecca was left behind, alone, clinging to childish toys, dream-land, and all the creations of Christopher's riotous imagination, outgrown and spurned now for the solid things beckoning to manlier ambition. And then, suddenly, leaping out of the dark, came one by one those events over which there is no control — Christopher's disappearance, her father's death, her mother's failing health, closing in on her like the walls of a narrowing room, walking roughshod over the dreams, hardening her hands, putting that fixed, determined look in her eyes; till one by one the actors on Christopher's stage died, its lights went out, and of those splendid hours nothing was left but a few rebellious tears shed in the 'office,' when accounts were done and the fire was very low.

After all, Christopher had run true to life. It was in the natural order of

things that he should disappear, as natural and inevitable as that the sheep should get the foot disease — predestined and foreordained, like blight and frost and potato bugs.

It was quite otherwise with Uncle Caleb. *He* was a surprise.

Uncle Caleb owned the mills, only four miles away, though it might as well have been a hundred. Once in a while, to be sure, he drove out to the hilltop, and Rebecca was conscious of approving glances in his shrewd gray eyes. They talked a little of the crops. Then he went away. And now he had brought Christopher back — Christopher and money at forty-eight! All the fat worms wiggling to the surface when the ground thawed out for a day could not bring the birds back in winter. Uncle Caleb was only a winter sun, waking to momentary life what would better be left to sleep.

The clock struck five. It was getting near supper-time. She covered the fire, put her desk to rights, and went out, locking the door. The key she kept in her pocket, as if there were secrets in the office to guard.

Her mother looked up as she came in.

'Rebecca, I've been thinking —'

'We can talk of that to-morrow, mother. I am tired to-night.'

'But, Rebecca, to-morrow's the Sabbath.'

'I know it,' said Rebecca grimly.

But just before going to bed, as if the word 'Christopher' was not a bombshell loaded with potentialities, in her most casual manner she let drop the sentence: 'Christopher's coming Monday, Mother.'

'Dear me! how time flies.'

A gleam of humor twinkled in Rebecca's eyes.

'I wonder if he found the North Pole.'

'The what?'

'Nothing. Good-night, mother.'

III

Rebecca had conquered the major devils on the ride home from the Squire's. They had all slunk away, cowed by that ominous word 'fifty' — except one. This latter she slew before going down to breakfast Monday morning. Heroines in the books on the lower shelves behind the diamond panes invariably glanced in their mirrors before facing important interviews. Like Israel of old, Rebecca hardened her heart. Nothing on her bureau-cover would make the slightest difference, had she desired any. There would be only what she had seen hundreds of times — a woman almost forty-eight, not quite; slim; an oval face, tanned by wind and sun; grayish eyes quick to show certain indescribable danger-signals; the flaxen hair deepened to brown; a mouth, firm, but ready to soften; and a nose — nothing the matter with it, only she did not like it. She had no interest in these things. So she went downstairs, ignoring the mirror, thereby missing what had not been seen in it since —

But her mother saw, when Rebecca brought the breakfast-tray — and wondered.

Then, without warning, while pouring the coffee, a horse neighed in the yard, and there, at the hitching-post, was Christopher, the Christopher of the brook, only bigger, with the same quick confident gesture, the same compelling voice calling to her in the doorway: —

'Hullo, little girl!'

Formality dropped from her like a cloak.

'Hullo, Christopher! Come in.'

Christopher had falsified hill prophecy. Persistent rumor had forced the admission that, instead of going to the bad, he had, as Uncle Caleb predicted, made good. Uncle Caleb was a shrewd old fellow, saying little beyond an oc-

casional 'I told you so.' Moreover, success had not spoiled Christopher. It was impossible to spoil him. 'Sound as a winter apple,' Uncle Caleb had said to the Squire, when making his will. And here he was, sitting opposite Rebecca, clean-shaven, talking about Ceylon and India and London and Cairo, as familiarly as he used to talk about fairies and giants and the North Pole.

Rebecca listened as the little flaxen-haired girl had listened, her eyes growing brighter, her mouth softer, her heart lighter — till suddenly, lighting a cigar and looking straight in her eyes, he said: —

'Look here, Rebecca, we have business to talk over. Where shall we go?'

Except for the maid clearing the table, there was no particular reason for going anywhere; but just here the little fox, which had slipped his leash and laid the fire in the office early in the morning before anyone was up, spoke.

'We might go to the office. It's nearer than the brook — and warmer.'

'Just the place!' said Christopher. 'So the brook's still there.'

'Yes, it's still running away, Christopher.'

Not a word had he said about what she had refused to see in the mirror; but now, sitting in the rocker, the pine cones blazing and stars coming and going in the soot of the chimney-brick, —

'You're looking fine, Rebecca.'

'Am I? I've got the farm in fine shape.' She parried the amused smile in his blue eyes with 'Tell me about yourself, Christopher.'

He began without a moment's hesitation, just as he did in the hay-mow when she said, 'I'm ready — now begin.' Perhaps, in the hay-mow, neither of them wholly believed the things he said; but they both believed in Christopher. That was his glory and charm, his intrepid, nonchalant self-confidence, his faith in himself, serene, without a

trace of vanity. 'Why, it's easy as water running down hill,' he used to say. Listening again, Rebecca could think of nothing but the juggler she had once seen with Uncle Caleb, tossing the balls in dazzling arcs till her eyes blinked. Only *now* the juggler's balls were realities. Christopher had really killed a real tiger in a real jungle. The gold at the foot of the rainbow was in his pocket. He had actually made the journeys they had taken together on the magical carpet. And, little by little, her spirit kindling at the touch of his, getting the farm in fine shape dwindled to utter insignificance, the cares that worried her and the triumphs that elated her appeared miserable, petty trifles.

'I suppose I could, if I wanted to,' she murmured.

'Rebecca, you *must*.'

'Must what?' said Rebecca.

'*Live!* It's easy as rolling off a log. You're a rich woman, Rebecca — *rich*.' She liked the sound of her name amazingly. 'Sell the farm, rent it, give it away. Do you want to spend the rest of your life —'

'No, I don't,' she interjected, seeing visions; 'but there's mother.'

'That's easy. Put the breath of life in her too. Take her with you.'

'Where?' said Rebecca, breathless herself.

Christopher smiled his radiant smile.

'Practical little woman! Don't I remember how you used to save the crumbs for the chickens! You have n't got to bother with crumbs now. Leave it to me. I'll manage the whole thing for you — mother and all.'

It was dazzling, the old spell was sweeping her along with him. But on the horizon hung one black cloud, in the back of her mind one awful question. She summoned all her courage, desperately.

'I suppose you are married, Christopher?'

'Bless you, no!' laughed Christopher. She hurried over the thin ice, wildly, strangely happy.

'Nor found the North Pole, I reckon.'

He laughed again.

'The North Pole's all right for a may-pole, Rebecca, but you and I are getting along to — well, say August. Nothing grows there, no more than in your cow-pasture — though you *have* got a lot of stones out of it.'

'Yes, I have,' said Rebecca dreamily.

'Don't talk it over with your mother. Just do it. That's my motto. Do it and it's done. I have my eye on a house for you in 73d Street already.'

The color print of Washington, the clock, the bookcase, and the horsehair sofa were all fading away; the farm itself, substantial, century-old, rooted in the granite hills, dissolving in a rosy mist. She was treading air, drinking at fountains sealed for years. How could she ever have been contented to —

'Where do *you* live, Christopher?'

He was standing now beside her, his hand patting her shoulder.

'You don't have to think of me, little woman. I'm looking after *you*. Say, Rebecca, could you put me up for the night? I'd really like to go over the old place.'

Rebecca had never in her life been looked after.

'Of course, Christopher.'

IV

Christopher came back for supper just as hungry as the ragged boy for whom Rebecca saved her 'piece of pie,' remarking cheerfully that he had had the worth of his dinner. She knew now what he had meant: exactly what he said — 'To go over the old place.' He had done it thoroughly. It was natural enough, not having gone to the bad, that he should pay off old scores by calling on the minister, returning good for

evil with a check toward lifting the mortgage. Natural, too, was the consultation at the quarry for a monument to mark the resting-place of the ne'er-do-weel—a pyramid overtopping humbler headstones. There was a certain propriety in these retributive proceedings which appealed to Rebecca's sense of justice—and humor. Above all, his invasion of the schoolhouse, scandalizing demure Miss Robbins and delighting the children by a vivid recital of former misdemeanors.

All this was exactly like Christopher; but when, after supper, her mother having gone to bed, he proposed a second adjournment to the office, she said: 'There's no fire there, Christopher.'

'Well, who always built the fires in the birches, I'd like to know!'

What was the use! There was no withstanding Christopher.

So Christopher built the fire and sat in the rocker, and Rebecca sat at her desk, and the clock stared solemnly at the vacant sofa.

'It may be a wrench at first, Rebecca; the week after I went away, I was miserable for the smell of the fern, and the wild strawberries—you remember, don't you? in the wood-lot. But it will be different with you. You'll get over that in no time.'

Oh, yes! Rebecca remembered. But somehow, rolling off a log did not seem quite so easy as it did to Christopher.

'Why not run down with me to-morrow?'

It was like a pistol-shot, and instantly she told the first lie of her life.

'I can't. The inspector's coming to-morrow, to look over the herd.'

'Put him off. Leave it to Hansen.'

Nothing ever daunted Christopher.

'I can't,' she repeated helplessly.

She was looking Truth in the face, bravely, ready for any number of lies if necessary. What would happen to her immortal soul was of no consequence.

Christopher took out his notebook and plunged into figures. Rebecca was familiar with figures. They had plagued her all her life. He drew his chair beside hers and reached for her pencil, checking off the items of Uncle Caleb's inventory with comments—'solid—good as gold—nothing better'—while Rebecca's world, as the solid total mounted, melted steadily, ruthlessly away.

'You see, Rebecca,' said Christopher when she gave him his candle at the foot of the stairs, 'you have n't got to worry about the farm. It cuts no ice anyway. Think it over.'

'I have.'

'That's right. And say, Rebecca, don't bother about me. I'm going to catch the early train.' His blue eyes twinkled. 'Just leave a piece of pie on the table. I have n't forgotten. Good-night, little woman. You'll see straight by morning. There's nothing like a good night's sleep to clear away the fog.'

'No,' said Rebecca. 'Good-bye, Christopher.'

Alone in her room, Rebecca went to the mirror. She was not afraid of it now. The little foxes were as dead as the major devils.

She sat down by her window. A white mist hung over the brook. The tops of the birches were still, like floating islands. But there was no fog in her heart. It was clear as daylight. It *was* daylight, and sleighbells were jingling in the yard.

In the office Hansen was fumbling his cap. 'I thought, Miss Rebecca, seeing as how Mr. Christopher talked about selling—well—maybe I might like to buy it myself.'

Rebecca did not move a muscle.

'I have n't the least idea of selling. You can see those people to-day about running the wire up from the mill.'

IS THERE ANYTHING IN PRAYER?

BY J. EDGAR PARK

ONE of the earliest discoveries made by the adventurer who dares to penetrate into the land of Common Sense is that in that land mere wishing does not accomplish very much. Sundered lovers wished their hearts away for centuries, longing for the sound of the other's voice through the intervening miles of space. But all was of no avail until to that wishing was added the minute knowledge of electro-magnetism, which resulted in the invention of the telephone.

The longest road in the world is the road that lies between feeling and fact. The road can be made passable only by knowledge. Wishing is just the initial motive force designed to drive one to seek the knowledge of the way. Processions of longing, beseeching human beings through plague-stricken cities, imploring the removal of the curse, effected nothing until their desires were converted into patient investigation of the causes and cure of plague. The processions were valuable in so far as they incited and stung the lethargic scientific mind into investigation and discovery. Wishing, looked upon as an end in itself, is barren, but it is the initial stage of all progress.

Desire, when it can be transmuted into action, is the joy of life. Desire, when it cannot immediately be transmuted into action, is the basic problem of literature, art, philosophy, and religion. What is to be done with it?

Prayer is the organization of unsatisfied desire. Unless it is organized in some way it leads to ruinous conse-

quences. Worry, nervous disorders, depression, temptation, morbid mental conditions — these are the names of some of the results of unorganized, unsatisfied desires. A mother returns home on a sudden call, to find her child sick unto death. She immediately gets the best doctors and the best nurses, and does all she can for his cure. At last she has done all she is able to do. Can she then put the matter from her mind and go to the movies? No, there remains, after she has done everything possible for her child, a mass of desire for that child's recovery which she has not been able to work off into action. What is she to do with it? She may either go into another room and worry herself to death over the child, and thus make herself a prophet of death to the child and the whole household, or she may pray. Prayer is the control of the overflow of desire above that which can be immediately transmuted into action.

What then is her mental attitude in prayer? It has been largely represented as that of a slave asking for a favor before the throne of an oriental potentate. 'I have done many favors for Thee in the past. I have contributed to thy church, and attended thy services, and kept thy laws. Now I humbly ask, as a return for these offerings, the life of this child!'

Or it has been supposed that here is the one exception to the otherwise inexorable principle that mere wishing does not accomplish anything. She is simply to wish and ask, as a child would wish and ask a parent for, something desired.

Prayer in both these cases is looked upon as a triangle. The mother and the child are at the base angles; God is at the apex. The mother sends up a prayer to God, which God considers, and, if it seems good to Him, sends down the answer to the child. The conditions of effective prayer under these conditions are, as set forth in a recent hand-book on prayer, faith, humility, and submission.

There has been, however, a growing school of religious thinkers who have felt that the use of terms and figures like these must not blind us to the fact that the realm of prayer is no exception to the general rule; that it is necessary, not only to wish, but to know how to wish; that there are laws governing the organization of unsatisfied desires, which must be observed. Prayer for them is not so much a triangle as a straight line. Prayer is the organization of one's unsatisfied desires so that God may work through them for the end desired. The mother's unsatisfied desire for the life of the child may be so organized as to be the channel through which the healing power of God may reach the child. Prayer is not, then, that passive acquiescence of the Irishman, who hung the Lord's Prayer over his bed and, every night, before he jumped in, jerked his thumb in the direction of the petitions and ejaculated, 'Them's my sentiments!' Prayer is an activity of will and mind and feeling, which makes us the natural channel through which good effects flow to those for whom we pray. Psychology studies the conditions of that activity. Religion asserts that these good effects are the result, not merely of a personal, but also of a cosmic wish.

What is the condition of mind of such a mother, which most conduces to the cure of the child? If it is true, as we have surmised, that prayer is not simply wishing, but organized and directed

wishing, then it is evident that, as in any other art, power in prayer will come with practice. It is necessary, as in any other art, to begin with little things and gain skill and power from the small to the great. Prayer is the personal influence, which we recognize so well in social intercourse, at its highest point of efficiency. We all recognize that personal influence is a hard attainment; power in prayer is equally open to all, but requires great effort to attain. Much as we may dislike the word, there is a technique of prayer which can be mastered. The mother must have learned to pray, in order to be of much help to her child at such a crisis. To be a healing personality is a high achievement. But let us suppose that she has been practising prayer for years. She has gained her power in the attainment of lesser ends than this very life of her child. It is, in general, almost impossible to generate in the face of a sudden emergency a hitherto unused power. Prayer ought to start with trifles — the sublimation of petty personal desires, the gaining of a rational spiritual attitude toward minor social problems in the home and school. Prayer does not generally emerge into the consciousness as a desire for the evangelization of the world in this generation; it rather begins with a desire for a new doll or the winning of a game.

Some years previously, this mother has found that her child was not getting on well at school. He began to bring home bad report-cards, he did not like the teachers, he hated the studies. The mother finds herself beginning to anticipate more trouble. She expects another bad report, more tales of being disliked by the teachers, more inability to do the work prescribed. Her very face as she meets the child at the door tells what she anticipates. Suddenly she realizes that the whole atmosphere of the home is melancholy with the

sense of impending failure. Her personal influence, through the black background of her consciousness, is, in spite of anything she may say, foreboding. Then she endeavors to 'get hold of herself'; to prevent this thwarted desire for her child's happiness and success from turning sour and becoming a fixed, if almost unconscious, conviction that the child will not get on well at school.

She begins to pray. She invokes another conviction, that the good Spirit of the universe has no such intention for her child. She recalls some of the great passages of religious inspiration, the words of the saints who have been sure of a power outside ourselves, as well as in ourselves, making for righteousness. Thus gaining the prayer-mood, she then reminds herself that she must be the channel for bringing this good-will into the life of her child. She replaces the picture of failure, which threatens to become fixed in her mind, with a more vivid and living picture of success. With all the love and sympathy and imaginative fire she possesses, she pictures to herself her petition being granted — the new attitude on the part of her child, his awakened interest in his studies, his liking for his teachers, his expectation of success. She prays intensely, with all her desire, through and in this mental picture.

This act is exceedingly difficult; but, if done, it changes the whole atmosphere of the home. The very face of the mother as she meets the child is magnetic of success for the child instead of being prophetic of failure. In the thousand ways, known and unknown, in which the mother's mind touches the mind of the child, encouragement, expectation of achievement, faith in his powers now flow in upon the will of the child. In petitions of this nature, the whole personality is stirred; desire, intellect, and imagination are at their highest point of efficiency, that she may be-

come a conductor of God's good-will. She concludes her prayer with thanksgiving to God that the prayer has been granted, a supreme act of faith.

There is all the difference in the world between the man who says, 'I am going to give up my bad habit,' and the man who says, 'I have given up my bad habit.' So there is between feeling that God may answer the prayer and that God *has* answered it. The latter is the act of faith that the answer will be hindered only by the defect of the channel. The answer *is* granted; the flood of happiness and success is forcing its way through the narrow and obstructed channel of the mother's personal influence upon the child. Prayer has substituted such an influence for the previous, almost unconscious, suggestions of failure. There is no dogmatism in such prayer as to the method of the answer — that is left to the infinite possibilities of actual experience. The claim is simply made on the universe for the happiness of the child, and in the making of the claim the psychological machinery is set in motion for its being honored by the universe. And this effort to organize unsatisfied desire not only has its influence upon those for whom we pray, but tends to purify and enlighten the desire itself, so that, when the petition is granted, it may be on a much higher plane than when it was first offered. Yet it is the same prayer. The desire is always satisfied. But it often is sublimated in the process of satisfaction.

In the face of the impending death of her child, a mother who has so practised prayer on lesser matters has great powers. Her very face in the sick-room, as the child dimly sees it, is on the side of health and life. And who can tell in what numberless ways the minds of those who love touch one another, all unseen even by the argus eyes of science? Miracles occur, and the tide of life returns into sluggish veins, when the de-

sire of life is kindled through the touch of kindred minds.

Many objections will occur to one who reads for the first time this theory of prayer. Does not this explanation of prayer, it will be asked, run counter to the practice of One who said in his prayer, 'Not My will but Thine be done'? This phrase has been greatly misused. It has been misused so as almost to justify the Irishman's type of prayer, before mentioned. Rousseau best expressed a prevailing interpretation of it thus: 'I bless God, but I pray not. Why should I ask of Him that He would change for me the course of things, do miracles in my favor? I, who ought to love, above all, the order established by his wisdom and maintained by his providence—shall I wish that order to be dissolved on my account? As little do I ask of Him the power to do well. Why ask what He has already given?'

But God's highest will is carried out only through human wills working at white heat. Prayer is not asking God to change the course of things, but asking Him to help me to be a part of that course of things. I become so, not in spite of my will, but through my will. The Master used this phrase, not before He had exerted his own will, but after the great drops of the sweat of desire were falling from his brow to the ground. The phrase is no idle excuse for listless praying; in it we see the sublimation of desire taking place. Idle prayers, which place this phrase, misused, in the forefront, will ever excuse injustice and sickness and unhappiness as the will of God. Justice, happiness, health, surely these are the will of God for all; as to the detailed method of their coming, our desires in prayer are

ever being enlarged and enlightened by the inflow upon us of the cosmic desires of God.

Again, it will be asked if this theory will not lend itself to the idea that, if you want a purse of money, you must imagine it very vividly lying on the pavement outside your house, and then go out and find it. A father heard his little girl praying for the red doll in the window of the corner store, and told her she ought not to pray for things like that; she ought to pray to be a good girl, or for the heathen. The fact was that she did not want specially to be a good girl in the father's meaning of that phrase, and she did not care about the heathen, but she did want the red doll. Why make a hypocrite of her at the start? So it is with money. If that is what you really want, pray for it. If you pray sincerely, you will receive an answer which will satisfy you. Possibly not the pocket-book, but an ability to get up earlier in the morning, or to keep awake between meals, or to reduce your expenditures. The answer always comes and abundantly satisfies anyone who dares persistently to carry out the art of praying. But prayer always initiates effort.

Prayer is a hard task without the mystic sense of the personality of God. In all the lesser problems of life it is easy enough to look upon it as the simple demonstration of a natural law. But when the storms are out and the floods let loose, when one has done all one can by action and has done all one can by prayer, then life is hard and cruel, indeed, unless one can feel, behind all the laws and beneath all the principles, in higher reaches of spiritual communion, a love that understands and forgives.

ARE WE GIVING JAPAN A SQUARE DEAL?

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

I

THE most important country in the world to Americans to-day is Japan. Before you question this assertion, think it over for a moment. Japan is the only nation whose commercial and territorial ambitions, whose naval and emigration policies are in direct conflict with our own. Japan is our only serious competitor for the trade of China. She is the key that can lock the Open Door. Japan is the only country whose interests in the Pacific clash with ours. She is the only power, save England, which is in a position to challenge our naval supremacy — and the British navy, as we are perfectly aware, can never conceivably be directed against ourselves. With the temporary eclipse of Germany as a world-power, Japan is the only potential enemy on our horizon; she is the only nation that we have reason to fear. The problem that demands the most serious consideration of the American people and the highest quality of American statesmanship is the Japanese Question. On its correct and early solution hangs the peace of the world.

It is to the great mass of reasoning and fair-minded people in both countries, who, I believe, wish to know the unvarnished truth, no matter how unflattering it may be to their national pride, how controversial of their preconceptions, how disillusionizing, that I address myself. In writing this article I have discarded euphemisms. At the risk of being accused of sensationalism,

I propose to rip away the diplomatic subterfuge and political camouflage which have so long concealed or distorted the facts of the situation. But, before I proceed, let me make it amply clear that I am not anti-Japanese. Neither do I hold a brief for Japan. I am an American and, because I wish to see my country morally in the right, I deplore the tactless and blundering manner in which we are handling the Japanese question. I am a friend of Japan and, because I wish her well, I view with grave misgivings the aggressive imperialism which appears to be dominating her foreign policy. I am absolutely convinced that, unless the two peoples can be jolted into a realization of whither they are drifting as a result of their mutual suspicions and the policies of their respective governments, the present irritation, constantly inflamed in both countries by pernicious propaganda, will shortly break into an open sore. Notwithstanding the soft pedal put upon frank discussion of the question by the diplomatists in Tokyo and Washington, despite the shocked and vehement denials of the gentlemen of the Japan Society, nothing is more certain than that the two nations are daily drawing nearer to war.

The cause of the existing bitterness between the two countries is double-barreled. We have halted Japanese immigration into the Far West, and would like to halt Japanese expansion in the Far East. The Japanese, for their

part, consider themselves affronted and humiliated by the discriminatory legislation which has been directed against their nationals in certain of our Western states, and they resent as meddling our objections to the policies which they are pursuing in those Far Eastern regions which they have come to regard as being within their own sphere of influence. We have erected a 'No Trespass' sign on the American continent by our adhesion to the doctrine of James Monroe. To that the Japanese make no objection; they admit that it is our own concern. Over the Eastern part of the Asiatic continent the Japanese have themselves erected a 'Keep Off' sign, basing their policy on a doctrine not dissimilar to our own. We insist on a recognition of our claim of 'America for the Americans,' while at the same time denying Japan's claim of 'Asia for the Asiatics.' There you have the two basic causes — immigration and imperialism — of the friction between Japan and the United States. Everything else — Shantung, Siberia, Korea, Yap — is subsidiary.

The near-hostility that characterizes the relations of the two great nations that face each other across the Pacific is due, I am convinced, not to any inherent ill-will on the part of either people for the other, but to a mutual lack of knowledge and sympathetic understanding. In other words, both Americans and Japanese have shown themselves unable, or unwilling, to think the other's mind. It is not enough for groups of representative Americans and Japanese to gather about banquet tables and indulge in sonorous protestations of mutual friendship and international good-will, or to cable each other greetings couched in terms of fulsome praise. What is needed at the present juncture is an earnest endeavor on the part of each people to gain a better understanding of the tempera-

ment, traditions, ambitions, problems, and limitations of the other, and to make corresponding allowances for them — in short, to cultivate a charitable attitude of mind. The possibilities of cordial relationship and of harmonious coöperation between the two nations are so tremendous, the interests at stake are so vast and far-reaching, the consequences of an armed conflict would be so catastrophic and overwhelming, that it is unthinkable that the two peoples should be permitted to drift into war through a lack of knowledge and appreciation of each other.

The Japanese Question is an extremely complicated one. Its ramifications extend into politics, industry, commerce, and finance. It stretches across one hundred and fifty degrees of longitude. It affects the lives and destinies of six hundred millions of people. Its roots are to be found as far apart as a Japanese military outpost in Siberia and the headquarters of a labor-union in Sacramento; as the office of a banking firm in Wall Street and the palace of the President of China in the Forbidden City.

To understand algebra, you must have a knowledge of arithmetic. To understand the Japanese Question, you must have at least a rudimentary knowledge of the various factors that have combined to produce it. It has grown to its present menacing dimensions so silently, so stealthily, that the average well-informed American has only a vague and usually inaccurate idea of what it is all about. He has read in the newspapers of the anti-Japanese agitation in California, of the Gentlemen's Agreement, of 'picture brides,' of mysterious Japanese troop-movements in Siberia, of Japanese oppression in Korea, of the Open Door, of the quarrel over Shantung, of the dispute over Yap; but to him these isolated episodes have about as much significance as so many

fragments of a complicated jig-saw puzzle. So, at the risk of repeating facts with some of which you are doubtless already familiar, I shall endeavor to piece the puzzle together, so that you may see the picture in its entirety and judge of its merits and faults for yourself.

II

Some truths, more half-truths, many untruths have been said and written in each country about the other. The clear waters of our old-time friendship have been roiled by prejudice and propaganda. Much of our appalling ignorance of Japanese character, aims, and ideals is traceable to our national propensity for generalization — always an inexact and dangerous method of estimating another people, and doubly dangerous in the case of a people as complex as the Japanese. Let us not forget that we were accustomed to think of the French as a volatile, excitable, easy-going, pleasure-obsessed, decadent people until the Marne and Verdun taught us the truth. Such a misconception was deplorable in the case of a people from whom we had nothing to fear; it is inexcusable, and might well prove disastrous, in the case of the Japanese. I have heard Americans who pride themselves on being well-informed, men whose opinions are listened to with respect, betray an ignorance of Japan and the Japanese which would be ludicrous under other conditions.

And the ignorance of many intelligent Japanese in regard to ourselves is no less disheartening. Their way of thinking is not our way of thinking; many of their institutions and ideas and ideals are diametrically different from ours. Believe it or not, as you choose — the great majority of intelligent Japanese are utterly unable to understand our thinly veiled distrust

and dislike of them. That many of our people distrust and dislike the Japanese, there can be no gainsaying. Yet the average American usually finds some difficulty in giving a definite and cogent reason for his attitude toward the Japanese.

Underlying all the misunderstandings between the two nations is race-prejudice. Our racial antipathy for the Japanese is instinctive. It has its source in the white race's attitude of arrogant superiority toward all non-white peoples. We inherited it, along with our Caucasian blood, from our Aryan ancestors. It is as old as the breed. The Japanese do not realize that they are meeting in this an old problem; that the American attitude is not an attempt to place a stigma of inferiority on them, but merely the application to them of the Caucasian's historic attitude toward all peoples with tinted skins. If the Japanese question this, let them observe the attitude of the English toward the brown-skinned peoples of Egypt and India. But this racial prejudice is by no means one-sided. The Japanese consider themselves as superior to us as we consider ourselves superior to them. Make no mistake about that. The Japanese are by no means free from that racial dislike for Occidentals which lies near to the hearts of all Orientals; but they have the good sense, good manners, and tact to repress it. That is where they differ from Americans.

Another reason for American dislike of the Japanese is the latter's assertion of equality. We don't call it that, of course. We call it conceit — cockiness. The reason that we get along with another yellow race, the Chinese, is because they, by their abject abasement and submissiveness, flatter our sense of racial superiority. Our pride thus catered to, we give them a condescending pat of approval, just as we would give a negro who always 'knows his place,'

and holds his hat in his hand when he addresses a white person, and says 'sir' and 'ma'am,' and does not resent ill-treatment or injustice. The Japanese, on the contrary, stands up for his rights; he is not at all humble or submissive or in the least awed by threats; and if an irate American attempts to 'put him in his place,' as he is accustomed to do with a Chinese or a Filipino or a negro, he is more likely than not to find himself on the way to jail in the grasp of a small but extremely efficient and unsympathetic policeman.

I asked an American whom I met in Yokohama if he had enjoyed his stay in Japan.

'Not particularly,' he answered. 'I don't care for the Japs; give me the Chinese every time.'

'Why?' I queried.

He pondered my question for a moment.

'I'll sum it up for you like this,' he replied. 'The Chinese treat you as a superior; the Japanese treat you as an equal.'

Until Commodore Perry opened Japan to Western civilization and commerce, we held all Mongolians in contempt, being pleased to consider them as inferior peoples. But in the case of the Japanese this contempt changed in a few years to a patronizing condescension, such as a grown person might have for a precocious and amusing child. We congratulated ourselves on having discovered in the Japanese a sort of infant prodigy; we took in them a proprietary interest. We watched their rapid rise in the world with an almost paternal gratification. And the Japanese flattered our self-esteem by their open admiration and imitation of our methods.

I think that our national antipathy for the Japanese had its beginnings in their victory over the Russians. Up to that time we had looked on the Japanese as a brilliant and ambitious little

people, whom we had brought to the notice of the world, and for whose amazing progress we were largely responsible. But when Japan administered a trouncing to the Russians, who are, after all, fellow Caucasians, American sentiment performed a *volte-face* almost overnight. We were as pro-Russian at Portsmouth as we had been pro-Japanese at Chemulpo. This sudden change in our attitude toward them has always mystified the Japanese. Yet there is really nothing mystifying about it. We were merely answering the call of the blood. As long as we believed Japan to be the under dog, we were for her; but when she became the upper dog, the old racial prejudice manifested itself. A yellow people had humbled and humiliated a Caucasian people, and we, as Caucasians, resented it. It was a blow to our pride of race. (A somewhat similar manifestation of racial prejudice was observable when the negro pugilist, Jack Johnson, defeated Jim Jeffries.) That a yellow race had proved its ability to defeat a white race shocked and alarmed us. We abruptly ceased to think of the Japanese as an obscure nation of polite and harmless little yellow men. They became the Yellow Peril.

Though the Japanese are of Asia, they cannot be treated as we are accustomed to treat other Asiatics. To attempt to belittle or patronize a nation that can put five million men in the field and send to sea a battle-fleet scarcely inferior to our own would be as ridiculous as it would be shortsighted. Japan is a striking example to other colored races of the value of the Big Stick. She has never been subjugated by the foreigner. In spite of, rather than with the assistance of, the white man, she has become one of the Great Powers, and at Versailles helped to shape the destinies of the world. Yet when she claims racial equality we

deny and resent it. Our refusal to treat the Japanese as equals, while at the same time showing a wholesome respect for their power, reminds me of an American reserve lieutenant, a Southerner, on duty at a cantonment where there was a division of colored troops, who refused to salute a negro captain. He was called before the commanding officer, who gave him his choice between saluting the negro or being tried by court-martial.

'I suppose I'll have to salute the uniform,' he muttered rebelliously; 'but I'll be damned if I'll salute the nigger inside it.'

III

I have already said that racial prejudice is at the bottom of our misunderstandings with the Japanese. Immediately overlying it is our fear of Japanese industrial competition, a fear which is whetted by our disapproval of Japanese commercial methods. If you will look into it, you will find that there has hardly ever been a conflict between nations into which some economic question has not entered as the final and essential factor. This fear of Japanese competition is not confined to residents of the Pacific Coast. It animates every American manufacturer and merchant who does business in the Orient. This competition would be serious enough if the Japanese played the game as we play it; but, unfortunately, they all too frequently disregard the rules of the game. To put it bluntly, we do not approve of Japanese business ethics; we have found to our cost that their standards of business honor are all too often not the same as ours. As one American importer put it:—

'The Japanese business man has two great faults — conceit and deceit. He is overbearing and undeveloped. He seems incapable of ordinary commercial foresight. In order to make an im-

mediate profit, he will lose a lifelong and profitable customer. He will accept an order for anything, whether he can deliver it or not. He would accept an order for the Brooklyn Bridge, f.o.b. next Thursday, Kyoto — hoping that something might turn up in the meantime that would enable him to get it.'

Though it frequently happens that a Japanese merchant does not understand what the American buyer is talking about, his vanity will not permit him to admit his ignorance; instead, he will accept the order and then fill it unsatisfactorily. An American importer, who has made semi-annual visits to Japan for a quarter of a century, and who frankly likes the Japanese, told me regretfully that, of all the firms with whom he did business, those whom he could rely upon to send him goods of the same quality as their samples could be numbered on the fingers of a single hand. As another foreigner — an Englishman — doing business in Japan expressed it: 'The Japanese business man has his nerve only on a rising market. As soon as the market shows signs of falling, he hesitates at nothing to get from under. When the silk market rose, hundreds of Japanese firms defaulted on orders which they had already accepted from foreign importers, as they would have lost money at the old prices. When, on the other hand, there was a slump in the money market in the spring of 1920, the customs warehouses at Yokohama and Kobe were piled high with goods ordered from abroad which the consignees refused to accept.'

A trademark, copyright, or patent does not, as a rule, prevent the Japanese manufacturer from appropriating any idea of which he can make use; though I am glad to say that recent legislation has done much to protect the foreigner from such abuses. For example, Bentley's Code, which sells in the United States for thirty dollars,

and which is fully protected by copyright, has been copied by a Japanese publishing house, which sells it for ten dollars. A famous brand of safety razor, which sells in the United States for five dollars, is copied by the Japanese in everything save quality, and is marketed by them, under the originator's name and in a facsimile of the original package, for a fifth of the price charged for the genuine article. The same is true of widely advertised brands of soap, tooth-paste, talcum powder, perfume, and other toilet preparations. An imitation of Pond's Extract, for instance, is sold in a bottle exactly like that of the American-made article except that a faint line, scarcely discernible, turns the P into an R. This infringement was fought in the courts, however, the American manufacturer winning his case. A particularly unpleasant specimen of Japanese commercial methods came to light last spring at Tien-Tsin, when the American Consul-General entered an official protest against the action of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce of that city, which had distributed thousands of hand-bills, wrapped in daily newspapers, intimating that a certain American trading company was on the verge of insolvency—a statement which was without foundation in fact. The Japanese Chamber of Commerce refused to retract its allegations, and the American house, which had been a powerful competitor of the local Japanese firms, was nearly ruined.

These are only a few examples of Japanese business methods. I heard similar stories from every American business man whom I met in Japan. Indeed, I cannot recall having talked with a single foreigner doing business with the Japanese who did not complain of their practice of imitating patented or copyrighted articles, of substituting inferior goods, and of not

keeping their contracts when it suits them to break them.

The amazing commercial success of the Japanese has not been achieved by these methods, but in spite of them. It has been brought about largely as the result of artificial and temporary conditions. At a period when the rest of the world was engaged in a life-and-death struggle, Japan, far from the battlefields, was free to engage in commerce, and she possessed, moreover, certain articles which other nations must have and for which they had to pay any price she demanded. Nor could the Japanese merchant, any more than the American, realize that this was a purely temporary condition and could not continue indefinitely.

The commercial unscrupulousness of the Japanese has worked great injury to the friendly relations of Japan and the United States. The distrust and dislike which such methods have engendered in American business men was strikingly illustrated one evening in the smoking-room of a transpacific liner. In chatting with a group of returning American business men I casually mentioned the case of a fellow countryman who had recently brought American commercial methods into disrepute in Japan by giving 'exclusive' agencies for certain widely advertised articles to several firms in the same city. Instead of deploring such trickery, my auditors applauded it to a man. 'Fine!' they exclaimed. 'Good work! Glad to hear of a Yankee who can beat the Japs at their own game!' They were as jubilant over that dishonest American's success in turning the tables on the Japanese as was the American public when it learned that we had perfected a poison-gas more horrible in its effects than that introduced by the Germans.

Now, mind you, I do not wish to be understood as suggesting that com-

mercial trickery is characteristic of all Japanese business men. There are business houses in Japan — many of them — that meet their obligations as punctiliously, that maintain as high a standard of commercial honor, as the most reputable firms in the United States. But, unfortunately, these form only a small minority. It seems a thousand pities that the honest and far-sighted business men of Japan, and the Japanese chambers of commerce and similar business organizations do not take energetic steps to discourage dishonesty in dealings with foreigners, if for no other reason than the effect that it would have on American public opinion. The series of conferences held last year in Tokyo, between a self-constituted delegation of American bankers and business men and a number of representative Japanese, offered a splendid opportunity for a candid discussion of this delicate and irritating question. If the Americans, instead of confining themselves to patriotic platitudes and hands-across-the-sea sentiments, had had the courage to tell the high-minded Japanese who were their hosts how objectionable such methods are to Americans, and what incalculable harm they are causing to Japanese-American relations, it would have worked wonders in promoting a better mutual understanding.

Now, in spite of what I have said about the methods of a large section of the Japanese commercial class, I am convinced that the Japanese are, as a race, honest. Though pocket-picking is said to be on the increase in Japan, burglary and highway robbery are extremely rare, while the murders, shooting affrays, daylight robberies, and hold-ups which have become commonplace in American cities are virtually unknown. I should feel as safe at midnight in the meanest street of a Japanese city as I should on Common-

wealth Avenue in Boston — considerably safer, indeed, than I should on certain New York thoroughfares after nightfall. I asked an American woman who has lived for many years in Japan if she considered the Japanese dishonest. 'In Yokohama,' she replied, 'I never think of locking the doors or windows of my house, yet I have never had anything stolen. But when I was staying last winter at a fashionable hotel in New York, I was robbed of money, jewels, and clothing the night of my arrival.'

Nor could I discover any substantiation of the oft-repeated assertion that positions of trust in Japanese banks are held by Chinese. Certainly this is not true of Japanese-controlled institutions, such as the Yokohama Specie Bank, the Bank of Japan, and the Dai Ichi Ginko, as I can attest from personal observation. It is true that Chinese are employed in considerable numbers in fiduciary positions in the Japanese branches of foreign banks, such as the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation and the Bank of India, Australia & New Zealand; but these have generally come over from China with the banks' European officials, their employment denoting no lack of faith in Japanese integrity. Yet such stories, spread broadcast by superficial and usually prejudiced observers, have helped to give Americans a totally erroneous impression of the Japanese.

My personal opinion is that commercial dishonesty in Japan is directly traceable to the contempt in which merchants were long held in that country. Until quite recent years the position of the merchant in Japan was analogous to that of the Jew in the Europe of the Middle Ages. He was at the bottom of the social scale. At the top was the noble; then came the *samurai*, or professional fighting man; followed in turn the farmer and the

artisan; and last of all came the merchant. The farmer and the artisan have always held a higher place than the merchant because they are producers, whereas the merchant has been looked upon as a huckster, a haggler, a bargainer, who made his living by his wits. The Japanese merchant, moreover, has had barely half a century in which to learn the game of business as it is played in the West. Coming from a despised and down-trodden class, is it any wonder that in that brief span he has not wholly eradicated his ancient methods, that he has not yet acquired all our Western virtues and ideals? Let us be fair in judging him. The Jew has been under the influence of the West for two thousand years, yet his business ethics are not always beyond reproach.

There is yet another reason for the doubtful business methods practised by many Japanese merchants. And that reason, curiously enough, was provided by ourselves. It was Kei Hara, Prime Minister of Japan, — himself a business man and the first commoner to hold the position of premier, — who brought this to my attention.

'You should not forget that my people learned what they know of modern business methods from you Americans,' he reminded me. 'It was your Commodore Perry who, in the face of Japanese opposition, opened Japan to American commerce. It was from the American traders who followed him that the Japanese received their first lessons in the business ethics of the West. The early American traders, in the methods they practised, provided the Japanese with anything but a laudable example. If they could cheat a Japanese, they considered it highly creditable; they took advantage of his ignorance by giving him inferior goods and by driving sharp bargains; they constantly bamboozled him. Is it any wonder, then, that the Japanese

merchant, patterning his methods on those pursued by the Americans, adopted American commercial trickery along with other things? But, mind you,' he added, 'I am not condoning commercial trickery among my people. I am only explaining it.'

IV

We now come to a consideration of the political factor in Japanese-American relations. In order to estimate this factor at its true importance, it is necessary to envisage the trying political situation in which Japan finds herself. Since their victory over the Russians in 1904 the Japanese have seen themselves gradually encircled by a ring of unsympathetic and suspicious, if not openly hostile peoples. Overshadowing the Island Empire on the north is the great bulk of Bolshevik Russia, still smarting from the memories of the Yalu River and Port Arthur, and bitterly resentful of Japan's military occupation of Eastern Siberia and Northern Sakhalin. Every patriotic Russian feels that Japan, in occupying these territories, has taken unfair advantage of Russia's temporary helplessness; he listens cynically to the protestations of the Japanese Government that it has occupied them merely in order to keep at arm's length the menace of Bolshevism, and that it will withdraw its troops as soon as a stable and friendly government is established in Russia.

To the west, the Koreans, though now officially Japanese subjects, are in a state of incipient revolt, to which they have been driven by the excesses of the Japanese military and the harshness of Japanese rule. To the south-east, China, huge and inert, loathes and fears her island neighbor, their common hatred of Japan being the one tie which binds the diverse elements of the Republic together. As a protest against

Japanese aggression in Manchuria and Shantung, the Chinese have instituted a boycott of Japanese goods, which is gravely affecting Japanese commerce throughout the Farther East. In regions as remote from the seat of the controversy as the Celebes and Borneo and Java and Siam, I found Japanese merchants being forced out of business because the Chinese refused to trade with them or to have business relations with anyone else who traded with them. In Formosa, taken from China as spoils of war in 1895, the head-hunting savages who inhabit the mountains of the interior remain unsubjugated, only the Guard Line, a series of armed block-houses connected by electrically charged entanglements, standing between the Japanese settlers and massacre.

In the Philippines, there is always present the bogey of Japanese imperialism, both the Filipinos and the American residents being convinced that Japan is looking forward to the day when she can add these rich and tempting islands to her possessions. In far-distant Australia and New Zealand the Japanese are distrusted and disliked, stringent legislative measures having recently been adopted to prevent further Japanese immigration into those commonwealths. On the Pacific coast of the United States and Canada a violent anti-Japanese agitation is in full swing, new and severer legislation being constantly directed against them. In Hawaii the Japanese already outnumber all the other elements of the population put together.

Influenced by the attitude of her great overseas dominions, and fearful of its effect on her relations with the United States, England is gravely considering the advisability of renewing her alliance with Japan when it terminates next year. Holland, having ever in the front of her mind her great,

rich colonies in the East Indies, looks with a suspicious eye on Japan's steady territorial expansion and on the significant increase in the strength of her military and naval establishments. France, ever seeking new markets, views with alarm Japan's attempt to dominate China commercially. And Germany is not likely either to forget or to forgive the taking of Tsing-Tau and her former insular possessions in the Pacific. To-day Japan is as completely isolated, as universally distrusted, as was Germany at the beginning of 1914. Not only has she aroused the suspicions of the peoples of the West, but she has alienated her neighbors in the East.

The Japanese have been hurt and bewildered by this almost universal distrust of them. Yet, instead of attempting to win back the good-will of the West, which was theirs until little more than a dozen years ago, by giving convincing proofs of their peaceable intentions; instead of making an effort to regain the confidence of half a billion Chinese and Russians by a prompt withdrawal from their soil, the Japanese have made the psychological mistake of adopting an attitude of stubbornness and defiance. They have replied to criticisms by embarking on a military programme which will make them the greatest military power on earth; their naval programme calls for a neck-and-neck shipbuilding race with the United States; in Siberia they have strengthened their occupational forces instead of showing a disposition to withdraw them. They seem utterly incapable of realizing that the world has the very best of reasons for being suspicious of imperialistic nations; that it is in no mood to tolerate anything savoring of militarism. The peoples of the earth had hoped that those policies had passed with the Hohenzollerns.

(To be continued)

NOTES ON ECONOMY AND DISARMAMENT

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

THERE is probably nothing related to government that is advocated more and practised less than economy. It is a theme that lends itself easily to discourse which rarely, if ever, materializes in action. The party that is out is always bemoaning the extravagance and criminal wastefulness of the party that is in. And when the people show themselves credulous enough to entrust the critics with power, the only difference likely to be seen is in an increased extravagance and waste. The fervor of the promise is usually found to be in inverse ratio to the amount of performance that is vouchsafed.

There has never at any period been a greater demand, or a more alluring opportunity, for economy in government than in that period which began when the World War came to an end, November 11, 1918. Expenditure had never attained a higher peak. Our great wealth and the tremendous stake involved, which was nothing less than the freedom of nations and the continuance of civilization, had justified an expenditure colossal beyond all precedent.

It was not merely that all money that might be needed should be expended, but all money that might seem to be needed, even if in the end it should appear that it was wasted. A prudent government could take no chances of losing the war by spending too little, if any of the money that was saved might do good. Subject to the imperative demand for honesty, the resources of the country were all to be employed,

if only they might be of use, even if, like so many shells that were fairly fired at the enemy and did not reach him, much of what was expended did not appear to have any influence upon the result.

The need of such vast expenditure came abruptly to an end on the day of the Armistice. It became then at once necessary that all the energy previously employed in spending should be devoted to saving. And when Congress was in session the following spring, and our soldiers had returned to this country and been disbanded; when our munition factories had ceased their operation, and employment was dwindling, and the mass of our people was beginning to feel the first keen pinches of excessive taxation, it became the paramount duty of Congress ruthlessly to cut expenditure to the bone. But to pass over the debatable transition period when deficiencies were to be met, and to make no exalted demand upon the first Congress after the war, surely 'normalcy' in expenditure must be indeed a coy creature if she cannot be prevailed upon to show herself by the Congress that emerged from the throes of the last presidential campaign, and convened nearly two years and a half after fighting had ceased. The expenditure of the present fiscal year should be little greater than the normal expenditure of the government, with the exceptions to which I shall hereafter refer. Not to show results at this time would be wholly without justification, and those results should not be

expressed in a few coppers saved here and there, — a paltry reward for so much eloquence about extravagance, — but should reach into billions.

At the end of the Civil War the South was impoverished and was an unfruitful field for the tax-gatherer. A fifth of the present population of the country was at the moment staggering under a burden of expenditure as great, when the difference in wealth is considered, as that which rested upon us after the World War. And yet the statesmen of that period resolutely cut down expenditure and taxation, attacked our enormous debt, and put it in process of extinction. We should do well now to imitate the spirit they then displayed.

At the beginning of the World War the operation of all the machinery of our government cost, in a round sum, a billion dollars. That this amount was not generally regarded as representing an economical basis may be inferred from what the leaders of each party said about the other when each party had in turn expended substantially a like sum. But as against this billion, we are told that, for the fiscal year which runs through the winter and well into the summer of the fourth year after the Armistice, four and a half billions are needed. There would appear to be little need of our having more government now than before the war; but granting that fifty per cent more government is necessary, an additional five hundred million dollars would be required, which is more than the total annual cost of the government under Cleveland. We should add to that the billion dollars necessary to pay the interest upon the war-debt; and then, to be generous, if not, indeed, extravagant, five hundred millions more may be added, to cover contingencies. We should then have a cool three billions, or three times the amount required just

before we entered the war. What need — or, indeed, excuse — is there for spending more than three billion dollars during the present fiscal year? But when four and a half billions are demanded, one may fairly ask whether the resources of statesmanship have been seriously employed, much less, exhausted.

Useless expenditure will attempt to fasten itself upon the treasury, and the life of the emergencies which make it necessary will be protracted by every art. But if it is attacked with resolution, it will yield.

An instance of this is shown in the reduction of our army. It was proposed to cut the army to 150,000 men, and a variety of objections was urged against the proposal. The one seeming to have the most merit was that contracts of enlistment had already been made, and the government would need to repudiate many of its contracts with its soldiers in order to make the reduction. But Congress, to its credit, insisted upon cutting down the army; and, almost before the bill had passed, the reduction was effected. The men were very willing to be released from their contracts.

To cut off a billion and a half of expenditure more than is now proposed would go far toward emancipating the productive energies of the country, and toward that revival of industry which is so necessary to the restoration of prosperity, and especially to the reëmployment of labor.

There is an intimate relation between the expenditure of government and what is called disarmament, in which Mr. Borah has so nobly led. A great saving of public money would undoubtedly result from putting in force an international agreement making a radical reduction in armaments; and no harm could come to any nation if the reduction were made proportional and world-wide. Very great items in mili-

tary expenditure, grouped under the title of the 'cost of past wars,' would of course be untouched. The interest upon war-debts, and the pension rolls would still remain.

Disarmament also would have a distinct bearing upon the future peace of the world. Sometimes the possession of powerful armaments might tempt nations to use them. It would be a very great thing to do away wholly, by general agreement, with many of those terrible engines which have been devised simply for the destruction of man. If in mythical times, as I have at another time said, a single one of our modern dreadnaughts or submarines had been seen upon the ocean, whoever should have destroyed such an enemy of mankind would have received the general applause of the world, as did the hero who slew the fabled Hydra. How immeasurably greater then would be the fame of him who should to-day make free our oceans, swarming with these monsters, and send them all to the bottom.

But there is extremely little likelihood of such a result. The portents of modern war have ceased to spread terror among a race which sets no limit upon its daring. If the old Hydra should come back in our time, and should appear to be more horrible than the other engines of destruction, it is likely that our munition-makers would at once take it up and attempt to reproduce great numbers of the monster, and our appropriation bills would doubtless supply suitable sums for their purchase. To carry out a sweeping disarmament would imply a radical change of view with regard to war, which would be very wholesome.

But we must guard against any illusions regarding the effect of a reduction of armament, extreme or otherwise, upon the likelihood of war. Such a policy would not go to the root

of the peace-problem. Neither reduction of armaments nor complete disarmament would furnish a sufficient solution.

Our country declared war in 1812, when it had practically no army at all. Cleveland sent his warlike Venezuelan message to Congress in 1894, when we were defenseless against England. France declared war against Germany in 1870, with hardly half the military strength that her adversary possessed. Time and again nations with relatively weak armaments have embarked upon war. For very many years the laws of England recognized only the militia, whose training was limited to fourteen days a year; and Macaulay, in his lively fashion, wrote of the concern of patriots at staking the independence of their country upon the result of a contest between ploughmen officered by justices of the peace and veteran warriors led by marshals of France. And yet England and her kings more than once took the chances and went to war. Nations will still have their differences, and under the present system they are likely to go to war to settle them, or to attain their ambitions, even if they all have weak armies and navies, or none at all.

War has become a matter largely of chemistry, and a nation might rely upon its superior laboratories in order quickly to blow up or poison its adversary. It might rely upon its superior proficiency in the art of flying, and its flocks of commercial air-planes would be at once available for warlike use. It requires no argument to prove that the military microbe, which has infected the blood of man for uncounted centuries, still persists. Unless nations shall provide some way to settle their controversies peaceably, they can be relied upon now and then to settle them by force. Thus, while a material reduction of armaments will

bring about a welcome saving, it will leave the general question of peace far from a final settlement.

It is indispensable that there should be an arrangement among nations to resort to some peaceful method of settling differences before taking up arms, and scarcely less necessary if they have no armaments at all than if they possess them.

The plan with which Mr. Wilson associated his name may have been far from perfect in all its details, but it was the noblest attempt at practical idealism that has ever been made by any statesman. It was evident that there must be some general and central agreement to outlaw war, and that the nations must band themselves together for that purpose, or that wars would happen in the future just as they had happened in the past. It was just as evident, also, that another general war, with the methods of warfare that have come in, as barbarous as they are destructive, might mean the obliteration of civilization, if not the extinction of the race.

It is objected that such an arrangement would infringe upon the sovereignty of nations. Precisely the same objection might be made against an agreement for the reduction of armaments. What more sovereign power is there in a nation, and what one is more necessary to its preservation than the power to arm? If by agreement it consents to put a limitation upon this power, it could as well be argued that it was limiting its sovereignty. But the right of a nation to shoot up the world and to endanger civilization should be limited, just as the right of an individual to shoot up the community in which he lives is limited.

Any treaty obligation is, in the sense in which the argument has been advanced, a limitation upon sovereignty, that is, a limitation upon the power of

a nation to do anything it may choose. In order to meet the requirement of such a claim, we should have international anarchy, when each nation would be subject to no law of nations, but only to its own will and to such self-imposed notions of righteousness as it might see fit to recognize and put in force. So long as the area of law is circumscribed within the boundaries of states, and separate aggregations of men do not come within its sway, we shall have a lawless universe. The right of collective bodies of men to murder, pillage, and commit piracy against their neighbors is no greater than that of the individual, and the assertion of such a right involves a brutal and barbarous conception of a nation, which should at once be brought to an end.

But we are told that the thing has all been settled by the last election; and Mr. Harvey, having referred to the little glory, at his own appraisal, with which we emerged from the war, declares that we are to have no part in the League. That, he tells us, was decreed by America by 7,000,000 majority. It must be conceded that, if we are to accept any part of the League, we are proceeding in that direction with impressive deliberation. Perhaps we are to come to it by way of the Pacific. But as to the significance of the sweeping majority, a distinguished and influential group of Republicans, headed by Mr. Taft, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Root, told us before the election that the only way to enter the League was to have a Republican victory. Then, too, we must not overlook the fact that great race-groups were functioning and voting with reference to their fatherlands. No one can tell just what was decreed by the voters — whether the amended League of Messrs. Hughes and Root, or the no league of Messrs. Johnson and Harvey.

After one of the tremendous tides sometimes following a heavy storm at sea, the waters reach heights before almost unknown, and it seems doubtful whether the old landmarks will ever again appear. But on the next day, perhaps, when the sun shines and the waters have gone back to the old level, the only result one can see of the far-thundering upheaval is that there are scattered upon the sand some strange little creatures such as were never seen before, which have been thrown up from the nether realms and will disappear with the next tide. Even the familiar bones of some old wreck are still there, and, as if more widely to proclaim their uselessness, are even pushed up higher upon the sands.

In the same way, great results in politics are not apt to come to pass from what are called 'tidal waves.' Grandiloquent majorities sometimes indicate that the political atmosphere is seeking its equilibrium by a tempest, and that the settled current of popular opinion may ultimately blow in the opposite direction. The sweeping victory of Pierce, in 1852, for example, settled nothing, and a reaction set in which nullified his victory. Only the most commonplace results followed upon the triumphant election of the first Harrison. But Lincoln, chosen by a mere plurality, with the majority of all votes cast for other candidates, and Wilson, another plurality president, creeping in between Taft and Roosevelt, were linked with things that shaped destiny and shook the world. To borrow an instance from across the sea — the Kaiser has not yet been hanged, notwithstanding the astonishing victory of Mr. Lloyd George, with that among his assortment of issues, three years ago. Generally, anything has been settled by tidal waves except the thing about which the politicians have most fiercely declaimed.

If nothing is to be done by our country upon the peace-problem except a cutting down of armaments, the work of garnering the supreme result of the war will remain undone. When the fighting was ended, the almost universal opinion of the country would have found expression in the phrase so pathetically reiterated by President Harding on the return to the country of thousands of our fallen heroes: 'It must not be again.'

If, upon the day of the Armistice, President Wilson had declared that, in the treaty which he was to negotiate, he would not consent to our entering into any combination of nations to outlaw war, it is impossible to believe that, in that moment of victory, his declaration would not have been received with general execration. Of one thing we may be sure — as a result of such a reversal, peace would have had champions new and strange, and there would have been a radically different cast appearing afterward in the rôles of the morning stars singing together for joy. But the issue was adjourned, and the pressing duty of the hour was put off. It seemed to become stale. Eternal debate took the place of action. Our memories became blunted, as year after year the grass sprang up anew on the French battlefields.

But the course to be taken is as clear before us to-day as it was two years or more ago. There is already formed a union of nations, of which, with scarcely an exception, all the nations of the Western Hemisphere are members except our own. Germany, it is understood, is willing to join when the right to do so shall be given her. Russia is at this time too dismembered and chaotic to speak with the voice of national authority upon any subject. In effect, America is the only part of the organized world that stands aloof. Let us make clear the conditions upon which we will

join hands with the civilized nations. The choice is clearly before us. We can show ourselves willing that the world should go on, as it has gone, exposed to the danger that some maniac may throw the brand that will wrap the universe in flames, and then we may marshal and consume our wealth, and drag our boys from their mothers, and with pæans of

patriotism send them to destruction; or we may play the part of reasonable creatures and unite with the rest of the world to make the thing measurably impossible by extending the reign of law over nations. Not to choose the latter course would be basely to array ourselves with the forces at war with civilization.

WORLD-EQUILIBRIUM

BY S. C. VESTAL

I

THE world has long been seeking to solve the great problem of the maintenance of peace. War is as old as man; and he who wishes to limit its ravages may learn its most useful lessons from some rather old books — Thucydides, Demosthenes, Grotius, and our own *Federalist*. To the neglect of these lessons we may lay the carnage of the last seven years and the futile efforts to form a league of nations. If we would put aside our prepossessions, and study a few books that may be found in any good library, we might easily learn what may and may not be done to eliminate war. In the matter of preventing war, nothing is so absurd that it has not been advanced by some writer. What is most needed is a statement of the problem. We may safely assume, for the purpose of this study, that human nature is unchanging, — though it varies greatly in different races, — and that morality is stationary.

A sharp distinction must be carefully kept in mind between domestic and

international peace, and between civil and international wars. Much of the confusion and incoherence of thought about peace and war is due to our failure to make this distinction.

International war and civil or domestic war are separate and distinct phenomena. An international war is a contest between nations or states; a civil or domestic war is a contest between parts of the same nation or state. The character of the military operations is very much alike in both cases; but the political problems involved are as far apart as the poles. Nevertheless, we continually meet people in search of a formula that would have prevented the American Revolution and the Boer War, which were civil wars within the British Empire, and the great international war of 1914. No one with sufficient logic to distinguish these cases expects to find a specific for civil wars. There is none, except good government; but it is not infallible. We shall first consider civil wars.

It is a fundamental doctrine of free government, as stated by Mr. Lincoln, that any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, has the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits it better. This right is not confined to cases where the whole people may choose to exercise it, but extends to a majority of any portion of a people. Such a majority is justified, and never hesitates, in putting down a minority intermingled with it, as were the Tories in our own Revolution and the loyal Union men in the Southern Confederacy during the Civil War.

On the other hand, if parts of a state were permitted to secede without let or hindrance, it would soon be dismembered; and, if the rule prevailed generally, the world would be delivered to private war and chaos, as was Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries of the Christian era. The shades of night would descend upon the world. It is necessary to the existence of civilization that every state resist rebels with all its might rather than let itself be dissolved into innumerable small communities. War against rebels is justified by the great law of self-preservation. No one can gainsay the right of sovereignty to deny the right to revolt. 'We do not want to dissolve the Union,' said Mr. Lincoln on the eve of a great crisis in our national history; 'you shall not.'

In every epoch of human existence, civil wars have caused far greater loss of life than international wars. More lives were sacrificed in the Taiping rebellion in China, than in all the international wars in the period between Napoleon's victory at Marengo, June 14, 1800, and the Armistice of November 11, 1918. The greater number of the states of the world are prompted by domestic considerations in determining the strength of their armed forces,

although this fact, in regard to any particular state, is rarely recognized by statesmen in their public utterances. For obvious reasons the danger of foreign invasion is always alleged as the reason for appropriations for armed forces. Internal conditions in every European state make necessary a formidable army to preserve domestic tranquillity; and the armaments in North and South America are, with a few exceptions, determined by similar needs. In 1914 the armaments of about fifteen states exceeded domestic requirements by reason of armament competition.

Prior to the World War the strength of our army was fixed almost wholly by the requirements of domestic peace, and our military expenditures were largely caused by civil strife. The American Union was not saved by oratory. It was saved by the blood which dyed the slopes of Gettysburg; it was saved by the determination of the bravest of its people. The first generations of Americans after the Revolution pushed the right of revolution to the utmost limits; the generation after the Civil War appreciated the right of governments to exert their full strength to put down rebellion.

A majority of existing governments would be overthrown immediately by rebels if their armed forces were disbanded or seriously reduced, and all the newly established governments would face the same predicament. It is worthy of note that the strength of the British army has been determined in time of peace mainly by the necessity of keeping order in the dominions under the British flag; and that no government of France would face the possibility of a second Commune or a new French Revolution without the ready and loyal support of at least three hundred thousand men.

It is the duty of a state to maintain

peace within its borders, and every state must, for purely domestic reasons, have power to raise and support armies and maintain a navy. This power must exist without limitation, because it is impossible to foresee or to define the extent and variety of the national emergencies. No shackles, therefore, can wisely be placed upon the authorities to whom the maintenance of domestic peace is committed. Competitions in armaments do not arise from the presence in the world of the armed forces necessary to maintain domestic peace.

The test of a country's fitness for self-government is its ability to maintain domestic peace. The power that protects a country from outside interference is bound, by the law of nations and its duty to foreign nations, to preserve order within the protected area. To expect England, for instance, to withdraw from India, renouncing all responsibility for the domestic peace of the land, but continuing to protect it from invasion, as so many demand, is an absurdity in thought, which recalls the petition of the Filipino municipality for Philippine independence and an increase in the local garrison of United States soldiers. Self-government is of the nature of a faculty; it should be the privilege of those who are able to develop the faculty.

Any scheme of disarmament which reduces the armed forces of a state below the requirements for domestic tranquillity must provide for intervention of armed forces from abroad — an intolerable contingency for any people possessing the faculty of self-government. The problem of maintaining domestic peace confronts every government on the planet, and it would confront, in an aggravated form, any world-state that might be erected to eliminate international war — a subject which now claims our attention.

II

Periodically some bandit nation runs wild and strikes a league with the Turks, the professional revolutionists, the discontented, and the ignorant of all nations, and seeks to impose its rule upon the world in the name of liberty and the freedom of the seas. We cannot get rid of these peoples and we cannot get rid of their will to rule us and reform us by violent means; nor can we induce them to subside into inactivity, without the use of force of some kind.

In coming to the rescue of the Allies who were resisting the efforts of Germany, the latest of these bandits, to impose her despotic rule upon the world, the United States was obeying the Law of Mutual Aid,¹ which has impelled threatened nations, throughout recorded history, to aid one another against aggressive powers that menaced their liberties. It is the law that impelled the nations to unite against Cyrus, Darius, Philip of Macedon, Alexander, Republican Rome, England under the Plantagenets, Charles V, Philip II, Ferdinand II, Louis XIV, the French Republic, Napoleon, and, finally, Imperial Germany. It is a law of nature, which persists unaffected by the wrecks of republics and empires and the change of creeds, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It is beyond the power of fate, and no intellectual revolution can suppress or alter it.

¹ I have taken this term from a suggestion in Vattel, in order to avoid the expression 'Balance of Power,' which signifies the same thing, but is misunderstood and misapplied by nearly all recent popular writers. In common parlance the Balance of Power means the balancing of one power or state against another, or of coalitions of powers against each other. Article X of the League of Nations is an excellent definition of the Balance of Power, or Law of Mutual Aid; but its advocates exclaim loudly against the Balance of Power, and say there must be no more of it. Does this come from ignorance or a willful abuse of language? — THE AUTHOR.

France, in accordance with the principle, recently came to the rescue of Poland when she was apparently in her last agonies. This universal law has been scoffed at by the demagogues of all nations, living and extinct, who have appealed to the opposite principle of neutrality; but when the occasion has come, they have followed the law without knowing it. This law is embodied in our Constitution in the clause which requires that the 'United States . . . shall protect each of them [the states] against invasion,' not only from abroad but from each other, as the seceding Confederate States learned at Antietam and Gettysburg; it is embodied in its most gracious and pleasing form in the Monroe Doctrine, whereby the United States virtually guarantees every American nation, regardless of its form of government, against invasion by any non-American state.

Germany began the war in 1914, in the belief that the Law of Mutual Aid did not exist, or, as the German Chancellor expressed it in his speech of December 2, 1914, that the 'balance of power . . . had become out of date and was no longer practicable.' She believed that the passionate attachment of the nations to the doctrine of neutrality would enable her to isolate and attack her immediate neighbors without the danger of intervention of other countries. She found to her sorrow that the law did exist, and that nation after nation joined the forces arrayed against her, until she became an outlaw among nations. If the Germans had realized the inevitable fate that awaited them, when they began their war of aggression in 1914; if Prince Bismarck, who thoroughly understood the law and carefully kept Germany from becoming its victim, had been at the helm, they would not have begun it; nor would they have piled up great armaments in preparation for a great war of aggression.

But how, we may ask, are the statesmen to be enlightened, who are usually at the head of the two or three aggressive nations of the world? The answer to this question will solve the armament competition question therapeutically, armaments being merely a symptom of a disease.

The answer is as old as Demosthenes, and may be found in nearly every one of his orations. Mr. Wilson recognized the malady, diagnosed it correctly, and sought to treat it therapeutically. A correct diagnosis is not always followed by correct treatment, and those who agree least with Mr. Wilson's remedy would do well to examine his diagnosis with care. It was a bold and remarkable confession of error, that the man who appealed to Americans at the beginning of the World War to be neutral in thought and action, publicly stated, when his eyes were opened, that neutrality in such a war is intolerable, and finally signed a treaty designed to abolish neutrality in war, and even sought to deprive his successors in office of the discretionary power which he himself had exercised in the tragic months of July and August, 1914.

The civilized world is a community of free commonwealths. The forcible absorption of any one of these by another is contrary to the interests of the rest, as the state thus aggrandized becomes a menace to its neighbors. The Law of Mutual Aid, founded purely upon self-interest, prompts nations to come to the aid of states threatened with absorption, in whole or in part, by powerful neighbors; the doctrine of neutrality, one of the fundamental bases of modern international law, which is largely designed to favor conquest, bids nations, so long as they are not actually attacked, to sit idly by, neutral in thought and deed, while neighboring states are being crushed by superior might.

Mr. Wilson put his finger upon the disease; neutrality is not the way to peace between free commonwealths; it is the way to the peace which exists under despotism. The world will adopt peaceful habits only when the ambitious aggressor among nations is as certain to encounter overwhelming force as would be the aggressor among the states of the American Union.

How may this certainty be secured? It is not enough that a state should merely avoid aggression. To preserve peace and independence, something further is needed. While it is impossible to rely upon the self-restraint of nations, it is possible to limit their aggressions. A country that aspires to conquest is the most vicious of wild beasts. We cannot exempt ourselves from its attacks by resolving to avoid them. The negative policy of curbing one's own ambition must therefore be supplemented by a positive programme.

Does the Law of Mutual Aid lead to a new Holy Alliance? No, since the Holy Alliance aimed only at preventing revolutions arising within national boundaries, and had nothing in common with the measures designed to prevent one state from attacking another. It is well, of course, to remember that radical revolutionary governments tear up previous treaties. No treaty with the Tsar's government binds the Bolsheviks. Revolutionary governments are invariably aggressive toward other nations. The French Republic, in a single campaign, gained greater successes than all previous monarchs of France. Toward revolutionary governments it is wise to pursue a policy of non-intervention, but nations must be prepared to meet their aggressions.

III

Before we consider what may be done to facilitate the natural operation of the

Law of Mutual Aid, it is well to point out the ways that must be avoided.

A super-state, a government over governments, such as the League of Nations, is, from its nature, doomed to failure. It is a confederation, as opposed to a federation, which is a government over individual human beings. The United States is a federation, and, as a government, is efficient, because it legislates for individuals, has power to tax them and to command their services, and can compel obedience by the process of a court.

A confederation legislates for governments, lives by doles from governments which collect from individuals, and can compel the obedience of the subordinate states only by acts of war. In a confederation every breach of law involves a state of war. When a confederation is under the control of a strong coercing state, as were the Roman Republic and the Assyrian Empire, its history is marked by civil wars. It was such a form of government that Germany intended to give to the world. A confederation which is not under such control — such as the United States under the Articles of Confederation and the League of Nations — is a mere semblance of government, the shadow without the substance, built of wrong materials, and resting upon no foundations whatsoever.

It is futile to think of forming a super-state by conferring upon it the power to make peace and war, without giving it the power of unlimited taxation directly upon the men and women of the world. Whoever controls the purse controls the sword. This fact is recognized in the rule of unanimity required for important acts in every confederation of the soft-core type. Such a rule is a sure indication of a government based upon unsound principles.

A belief in the efficacy of arbitration as a bloodless substitute for interna-

tional war has become a part of the habitual thought of the world; but sensible men must be on their guard against this cup of enchantments. Nations do not go to war over things that can be arbitrated, and arbitration treaties serve only as caustic irritants of the relations between states. The fallacy in arbitration lies in the fact that the causes of war, being political in their nature, can be settled only by political agencies, never by courts of justice. The pretexts upon which nations declare war are a mere covering brought forward to conceal the real political cause, which is invariably the desire for conquest. To arbitrate the pretext is like treating the symptoms in medical practice. International arbitration, as a means of applying the principles of justice to the causes which lead to war, is a farce.

In no known instance could arbitration treaties have averted war. In every case the aggressor began hostilities for the purpose of making conquest. He had made up his mind to break treaties, and an arbitration treaty is as easily broken as any other. Moreover, nations are unwilling to impawn their future being and action by binding themselves to abide by the irrevocable decisions of judges who base their opinions upon what they decide is the law; nor are they willing to confer legislative power upon judges by authorizing them to say what shall be the law.

Nations cannot afford to enter into an agreement that will permit other nations to hale them into court, to answer for political acts which may or may not lead to war. To do so is to resign their governments into the hands of the court. Those who advocate such action take no heed of the fixed unwillingness of men to settle political matters, either domestic or international, by judicial means.

In regard to proposals to postpone

actual hostilities until there can be an investigation as to the merits of a controversy, it may be said at once that there are never any merits in the 'controversy.' The quarrels of nations that are not bent upon conquest begin and end in words, and no elaborate machinery for making investigations is necessary in such cases. The aggressions of the international bandit aiming at the conquest of weaker nations can be stayed only by the known readiness of nations to aid each other in case of attack. Nations that seek protection in treaties of investigation and arbitration are foolish.

IV

We shall now consider the positive measures that may be taken to avert international war.

The nations have been able to preserve their independence against bandit states only by long and bloody wars. How may they preserve their liberty without the necessity of waging these wars? Surely in no other way than by making it unmistakably evident that inevitable defeat awaits the ambitious aggressor. Positive measures for the maintenance of international peace must be based upon the Law of Mutual Aid, and must recognize the fact that the control of the sword cannot be taken from the hands of the great legislative assemblies which now control, and which seem destined to control for all time, the nations' purse-strings.

Two methods, both of which are tried and approved deterrents of war, meet these requirements.

1. The first method is by defensive alliance treaties, of which the treaty long subsisting between England and Portugal is a good example. The objection to such treaties is that one or more of the parties may begin a war of aggression and claim assistance, as when the aggressive French Republic claimed

the assistance of the United States during Washington's administration, and Germany and Austria claimed the assistance of Italy in their war of aggression in 1914. It should be observed that the state whose assistance is claimed under such a treaty is judge of the occasion — a right which the United States and Italy asserted and made good. A general defensive alliance treaty, in which, to copy the language of our Constitution, the United States 'shall protect each of them against invasion,' has much to recommend it. After the treaty of alliance with France lapsed and was declared at an end, the United States did not renew it, and she has carefully avoided such treaties. She has refused upon more than one occasion to embody the principles of the Monroe Doctrine into a defensive alliance treaty with the nations of the American continent. It is therefore idle for us to discuss this phase of the subject.

2. The second method is by legislative declarations of policy, such as that contained in the preamble of the Annual Mutiny Act prior to 1867, which stated that one of the purposes of the British army was 'the preservation of the balance of power in Europe'; or by executive declarations of policy similar to that enunciated by Mr. Monroe, in which the nation, through its executive, announces that the invasion of one state by another will be regarded as an unfriendly act by the state making the declaration. The Monroe Doctrine is, in effect, a spontaneous offer of assistance, on the part of a nation which refuses to enter into defensive alliances, to all the states of the New World against any non-American state that may attack any of them. It leaves the nation free to adopt such measures as it may see fit to pursue, and makes it judge of the time and the occasion. It is stronger

than any treaty, and has been a most potent deterrent of war and conquest. However unfriendly an American republic might be, our aid would come to it as promptly as to any other. The Monroe Doctrine is not based upon sentimentality, but upon the more stable and respectable basis of self-interest, which demands that we avoid the close neighborhood of strong aggressive powers. It is maintained by the United States for purely defensive purposes; but it has been of infinite advantage to the Latin-American states.

The great merit of the Monroe Doctrine is that it has caused the nation to think along correct lines and see its duty clearly; it has given guiding principles that have removed all doubt and hesitation in troublous times; and it has served as a warning to possible trespassers. The maintenance of peace is a problem of education. The Monroe Doctrine has preserved peace by educating our people, our statesmen, and our potential adversaries.

What oceans of blood would have been saved if the nations and their rulers had been educated in their duties in the strenuous days that preceded the German attack on Liège in 1914! Want of education, want of a correct policy, have cost the United States \$26,000,000,000, and the nations a world war. Our defect, so far as want of declaration of policy is concerned, has been remedied by Mr. Harding in his Inaugural Address, by the following words, which, let us hope, will be quoted in after times, as are the words of Mr. Monroe: —

Our eyes never will be blind to a developing menace, our ears never deaf to the call of civilization. . . . In expressing aspirations, in seeking practical plans, in translating humanity's new concept of righteousness, justice, and its hatred of war into recommended action, we are ready most heartily to unite; but every commitment

must be made in the exercise of our national sovereignty. . . . We have come to a new realization of our place in the world and a new appraisal of our nation by the world. The unselfishness of these United States is a thing proved, our devotion to peace for ourselves and for the world is well established, our concern for preserved civilization has had its impassioned and heroic expression. There was no American failure to resist the attempted reversion of civilization; there will be no failure to-day or to-morrow.

Paraphrasing the language of Mr. Lincoln, I should say: Let this duty of the nation be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles in her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, in spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

The writer believes that the Harding Doctrine will do for the world at large what the Monroe Doctrine has done for the American continents. It will not prevent civil wars or small international wars; but it is an announcement to the world that we stand ready to join in crushing any bandit nation that attempts world-conquest. If taken by us at its full import, it will prevent a repetition of the World War, and it will lead to a large measure of disarmament. It will be what we make of it.

The nations need no additional machinery of government to preserve international peace. The world had sufficient organization to have averted war in 1914. What it needed then, and what it needs now, is enlightened policy, based upon a careful and searching

study of war and politics. Organization without spirit is an empty shell. When the spirit is right, organization adjusts itself to the needs of the hour.

V

There are certain axiomatic principles in 'world-politics' that are of fundamental importance in the practical application of the Law of Mutual Aid. Several of these principles will now be considered.

Competition in land armaments between adjacent continental nations is not a mutual affair, as it is assumed to be in all discussions on disarmament: it is a one-sided phenomenon. A powerful nation, like Germany, arms to conquer a weaker neighbor, which, in turn, arms for defense. There is a vast difference between arming for offense and arming for defense, as every thoughtful reader of the daily press must have realized in the month of August, 1914. The defensive armaments of the weaker nation are not a menace to the stronger nation, which needs no great preponderance to assure itself against the attack of its weaker neighbor. War comes, not from armies and navies, but from the belligerent intentions of nations. The aggressors, the beginners of wars, the leaders in the so-called armament competitions, are the strong nations, not the weak. Excessive armaments in time of peace are a phenomenon of quite recent times, due to the ambition of Germany and one or two other states that have followed her example. Convince these states that the Law of Mutual Aid will be applied against them, that the fate of Germany awaits them if they attack their neighbors, and land armaments will automatically decline to the scale required in each state to maintain domestic peace, beyond which it is not desirable that they be reduced.

Competition in naval armaments is

one of the effects of excessive land armaments. There is never any naval competition between countries that maintain small armies, however great their naval forces may be. This is a fact of supreme importance at the present time. Nations like Great Britain and the United States, which maintain strong navies, but comparatively weak skeleton armies raised by voluntary enlistment in time of peace, measure their naval strength, not by each other's naval strength, but by that of countries which have powerful conscript armies backed by trained reserves ready for instant mobilization.

Recent propaganda does not disprove the foregoing statement. For more than four centuries England has gauged her building programme by that of the most powerful navy of those European powers which maintained large armies. She will, beyond all doubt, continue the same policy for a period of time that can be measured only in centuries. If we are wise, we shall follow a somewhat similar policy, taking into account Asiatic as well as European neighbors, which maintain powerful conscript armies.

England has never considered the strength of the American navy in determining her two-power standard, not because blood is thicker than water, as some would have us believe, but because she has known full well that she has nothing to fear from the aggression of a country whose army does not greatly exceed the needs of domestic peace. And we have been indifferent about her navy for the same reason. Nations that depend upon naval power for defense never enter upon a war that can in any way be avoided. The English, like the Romans, have generally had wars thrust upon them, and, like the Romans, have generally begun their wars with disasters. As England and America have each a tremendous interest in the

peace of the civilized world, which can be threatened only by countries having large armies, each is vitally interested that the other shall not neglect its naval forces. Their navies are the mainstay of the peace forces of the world.

A strong naval power, which maintains a comparatively small army, is not a menace to any strong military power, unless the military power, by its aggressions, unites the world in a coalition against itself; in other words, England, which relied upon her navy as her first line of defense, would never have begun a war of aggression against Germany; and the United States, with its small army, will never begin a war of aggression against Japan, which keeps up a large and efficient army.

No nation ever attempts to gain a preponderance of armaments upon both land and sea unless it is actuated by aggressive purposes. The nation which, like Germany, attempts to gain such preponderance, brands itself as an international bandit.

The liberties of the nations will be at an end whenever any country which has the best army in the world gains command of the sea; or, *vice versa*, whenever any country which has the best navy in the world builds up the most formidable army. The hegemony of the ancient world soon passed to Rome, when that Republic, already possessed of an invincible army, wrested the command of the sea from Carthage. The defeat of the British fleet at Jutland would have placed the modern world in a similar position in regard to Germany, unless, indeed, the American fleet could have restored the command of the sea to the Allies.

The modern world is distinguished from the ancient chiefly by the fact that it has not been brought under the domination of a single nation. It has been saved from this fate by the fortunate fact that the strongest military

state has never been the strongest naval power, thanks to the insular situation of England, to her ability to command the sea, and to her inability to become the strongest military power. Herein lies the secret of the existence of the free commonwealths of the modern world. One of the ugliest aspects of our civilization was presented by the campaign in the press, prior to the World War, against the policy of England to maintain a two-power standard against the German navy.

The key to the international situation lies in the European-Asiatic continent, because Europe and Asia, if united under one strong, efficient, coercing state, would have ample land and naval forces to compel the rest of the world to accept the policy of the coercing state; and free government would be at an end. No such danger can come from any of the other continents, on account of their smaller size.

The establishment of republican government does not solve the problem of international peace. Hereditary autocracy has more often imperiled the world's liberties; but the dangers coming from republics and democracies have been more serious. Rome conquered as a republic, and, as an empire, combatted only for a choice of masters. At the beginning of the last century, republics seemed dangerous to Europe because Republican France threatened its liberties, which were defended by several hereditary autocrats. In 1914, autocratic Germany threatened world-stability, and the danger was ascribed to the form of government. Such theories are wrong. It is not the form of government but the act of aggression that is dangerous. Many good souls were troubled because autocratic Russia and Samurai-ridden Japan and feudal Serbia and Montenegro gave support to the Allied cause. But all great coalitions have contained auto-

cratic governments. The Allies have fought against domination by a single state, not against any particular form of government. There is no instance in history of the defeat of a republican state by an autocratic state, both states being otherwise fairly matched; but history is replete with the defeat and overthrow of monarchies by republics in fair and open fight.

Absolute suppression of all trade with the bandit nation should be enforced in future wars, if, unfortunately, the history of the world continues to repeat itself. In the last war the Allies did not declare a blockade, in order, apparently, to avoid irritating neutrals, whose battles they were fighting. They preferred to follow an illegal practice, as measured by international-law standards, which attained the same ends and permitted the compensation of owners of ships and cargoes. The Second Peace Conference of 1907 stipulated that commercial and industrial relations between belligerents and neutrals should be especially protected and encouraged. This is the freedom of the seas which Germany desired—freedom from blockade, which was necessary to bring her to her knees and stop her aggressions. The international law of Grotius justifies the measures which the Allies enforced, or should have enforced, against Germany; indeed, if they had proclaimed the principles of the Father of International Law at the beginning of the war, they would have had a moral and intelligible code to follow. Truth is so delicate that, if we deviate ever so slightly from it, we fall into error. Grotius was a citizen of one of a number of small nations which were threatened by the German empire of the day, and he wrote as the citizen of an 'allied' country. Looking out upon a world much like our own, his thoughts are as fully applicable to our larger world as if they were written yesterday.

The greatest crime that a state can commit is to kindle a war, either by its own aggressions or by creating the belief that it will play an unworthy part. War is not the supreme evil. The supreme evil is the habit of regarding war as the supreme evil. No nation has more serious difficulties to encounter than one whose courage and firmness are doubted. What a bandit nation believes to be true is, so far as its action is concerned, the same as the truth.

A primary power with a fearless and efficient government rarely gets into war. Such a government does not attack its neighbors, and does not provoke war by its reputation for inefficiency and want of spirit. The administrations of James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Grover Cleveland, and Theodore Roosevelt were eras of peace.

It is the duty of every nation to maintain such armed forces as are necessary to preserve domestic peace. Where free government prevails, the control

of these forces is in the hands of the representatives of a majority of the people, who have no interest in resorting to factious methods and no desire to support needless armaments.

The path to international peace lies, not in neutrality, or in World Confederation, or in arbitration, or in any particular form of government, but in the unfailing application of the Law of Mutual Aid. International peace is a problem of education. World wars will be averted and excessive armaments will vanish only when that law is so well understood and so sure in its application that ambitious nations will renounce the hope of conquering neighbors as little disposed to endure as to offer an injury.

Although the United States will not enter into formal guaranties, the events of the World War and the declarations of her political departments give assurance that she will join the world against any power that threatens disaster to free nations.

AN EX-ENEMY IN BERLIN TO-DAY

BY MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

I

It is unfortunate that the opinion of the world at large on the conditions obtaining to-day in Berlin should so often be derived from persons falling into one of two classes.

The one class consists of those persons who put up at the most expensive hotels; eat at the most expensive restaurants; look in at the most expensive

places of entertainment; and then, having naturally enjoyed, at comparatively low cost (for the mark stands at only about one twelfth of its pre-war value), much obsequious and by no means disinterested attention, rush away with the impression that the Germans are gay, charming, forgiving creatures, who are perhaps drinking too much (German)

champagne for a supposedly bankrupt nation, but are simply delighted to welcome all their ex-enemies back in their midst.

The second class is made up of those over-earnest travelers who, coming out to the country with their minds already made up, fall a facile prey to the propaganda of those Germans whose mission it is to convince the world of the utter ruin, material and intellectual, of the Fatherland.

From neither of these classes is it possible to get that true picture of an ex-enemy's life in Berlin to-day which can be given only after a long stay here, and after one has mingled with all classes of society. Even so, it is extremely hard for any one individual to paint a satisfactory picture, because the attitude of the German is not the same toward the American that it is toward the Englishman or the Frenchman; and this attitude again is apt to vary according as you are being dealt with in a private, a business, or an official capacity.

Of course, if one is asked simply, as I sometimes am on my rare visits back in England, whether things are made deliberately unpleasant for the ex-enemy private individual now resident in Germany, or whether it is safe to speak French or English in a restaurant, the reply is astonishingly simple. I say advisedly 'astonishingly simple,' because, as one who had spent some time in Germany before the war, I was fully prepared to meet with a considerable amount of passive ill-will, if not of active hostility, even in everyday life. Many of my German friends of those days had adopted toward me much the same attitude that the Walrus and the Carpenter adopted toward the oysters; and, upon the actual outbreak of war, this latent hostility, as we all know, was developed into a rabid yet calculated animosity, to which there was, at

any rate at the outset, no true parallel on the side of the Entente.

In spite, however, of the result and length of the war, exhibitions of private ill-will are not very much more marked than they were before 1914. Very possibly, indeed, the result and length of the struggle have had their effect. A defeated Germany does not feel very safe in giving way to a too-unbridled exhibition of her true sentiments.

It may be, too, that the very length of the war has had its effect, quite apart from the result. Even if a short war, such as that upon which Germany had reckoned, would have been over before the ingrained hatred marking the middle stages of the struggle had taken root in all our minds, the long-drawn-out hardships of four and one-half years of unintermittent fighting reacted upon the feelings of all but the most ferocious fire-eaters. Anyway, whatever the reasons may be, it is only the bare truth to say that, so long as the private individual of an ex-enemy nation behaves himself with ordinary restraint, he is very unlikely to have cause to complain of his treatment in the everyday affairs of existence, and may even be agreeably surprised.

I will give two personal experiences in support of this statement. The Armistice was not very many weeks old when I happened to be traveling in Germany on a very crowded train, the bulk of the passengers being soldiers from the notorious Ehrhardt brigade. Every seat in the train had long before been occupied, and I was compelled to clamber, with my valises and wraps, on to the couplings between two carriages, and to travel in this manner in the midst of a bunch of similarly adhesive soldiers. After we had gone a short distance, one of the soldiers who had been eyeing me curiously, inquired if I was a foreigner. I answered with a simple affirmative. He then inquired

my nationality. I replied that I was an Englishman. For a moment there was a profound silence all round, and I was beginning to think that I should be accidentally shoved off the moving train, when a voice asked, 'Have you got any English cigarettes?' As it happened I had a couple of packets of a brand that I very much disliked, and I distributed the contents of one all round. This sop to Cerberus had the happiest results. When at the next junction I had to change trains, two or three of the soldiers climbed down with me and insisted upon carrying my very portable luggage for me to the farther platform.

The second experience occurred not many months ago, when I was coming up on a journey from Vienna to Berlin. When we got into the German train at Tetschen, there was a young Englishman standing in the corridor who looked rather wistfully at my golf-clubs. The train was full, as usual, and he had failed to find a seat. After we had gone a short way, he opened the door of our compartment and asked if there was a vacant seat. On being told that there was, he sat down, explaining to me that he had only a second-class ticket but would gladly pay the difference on to Berlin.

Presently came along the ticket-collector, to whom the Englishman handed his ticket, saying in very broken German that he wanted to pay the additional fare. The collector grunted, and went off and fetched an inspector, to whom, after the Englishman had vainly tried to explain the situation in German, he addressed himself in English. In the meantime I had explained matters to him in German; but, paying no attention to me, the inspector turned to the Englishman and said, 'We don't speak English here. You're in Germany now, and if you have anything to say, you must say it in German.' Then,

looking round for applause, he continued in German: 'Who gave you permission to travel in a first-class compartment? You have broken the regulations and must pay twice the first-class fare for the whole distance.'

This rudeness and official punctilio, however, brought forth a storm of protest from my fellow voyagers. They all declared that they themselves were quite ignorant of the regulations in question; and how then should an Englishman, or any other foreigner, be expected to know them. The place was vacant, the Englishman had volunteered to pay the difference, and that was surely sufficient.

The official declined to listen to any expostulations. The Englishman thereupon said that he would willingly leave the compartment and asked for the return of his ticket, which, it turned out, was a through ticket to Hamburg. The inspector, however, declined to give it up until the sum claimed had been paid; and the more his own compatriots abused him for his scurvy behavior, the more violently and obstinately he stuck to the letter of the law. The matter was not settled until we got actually to Berlin, and, forming a small deputation, laid the full facts before a yet higher functionary, who, thank goodness, had some notions of elementary justice and reason.

Much capital was made last year, in the Franco-British press, out of an assault delivered by Prince Joachim of Prussia upon a party of French officers who were dining with their wives in the Hotel Adlon, Berlin. The episode was certainly disgraceful; but it must be admitted that Prince Joachim has long been notorious as a blustering bully, and that upon this occasion he had been gazing upon the champagne when it bubbled. In the ordinary course, a conversation in French provokes little or no comment; and, so far from the

speaking of English being objected to, people are, on the contrary, only too eager to refurbish their acquaintance with that tongue, and to give you full particulars of where they have worked in England or America, where they were interned, and what they hope to do as soon as passports again become available to German citizens.

The last two incidents are, however, instructive, for they illustrate the intransigence of the old German Junker and official classes of all grades, and they show the difficulties to be contended against by such Germans as have taken the lessons of the war to heart, and are struggling to make the disappearance of militarism coincide also with the spread of a more urbane and democratic spirit. The dice are, however, weighted against them, so long as the present generation of Junkers and officials survives.

II

When, however, it comes to business or official relations, one very soon realizes that the German is unable to resist the temptation to score off his late enemies as much as he can. One of the commonest illustrations of this propensity is the twenty-five-per-cent surtax which Germans try to impose upon foreigners. You can go into a shop, for example, and order a number of articles. As soon as the assistant finds out from your name or address (if you have not long before been betrayed by your accent) that you are a foreigner, down goes the twenty-five-per-cent *Zuschlag* on the bill. But for the wise, the remedy is simple. You begin by pointing out that, under the terms of the peace treaty, Germans are forbidden to differentiate against foreigners; and, if that produces no effect, you walk out with the intimation that to-morrow you will get the goods ordered, through a

German friend — and at another shop.

Nothing, again, could be more courteous than the way in which my colleague and myself have been, in appearance, treated by the authorities, but we are fully aware that, as representatives of the bitterly hated 'Northcliffe Press,' whose alleged calumnies against Germany are almost a daily theme with the majority of newspapers, we are, nevertheless, quite cordially disliked, and that we are never likely to get any real favor shown to us. Quite the contrary. Coincidence is notoriously long in the arm, but was it altogether a coincidence, I wonder, that when, not long ago, we wanted to get a certain report over to London before it had appeared in the German press, our telephone, which had previously worked quite admirably, suddenly became *gestört*, and remained in that useless condition for an unaccountably long period?

That amusing Dickens creation, Mr. Joseph Bagstock, used, if I remember right, to be fond of referring to himself in the following terms: 'Tough, sir, tough is Joey B. Tough and de-vilishly.' Well, Joey B. was as tender as spring lamb and as angelically simple as Amelia Sedley, in comparison with many Germans whom I could name. One cannot, perhaps, blame them too severely. The under dog is never enamored of his situation, and when that under dog has been accustomed for half a century to be the top dog and to have his enemy by the throat, he is doubly infuriated when the positions suddenly become reversed. If, then, the Germans can put spokes in some of our wheels, they naturally do so, and it is 'up to us' to see that we give them back as good as they give.

Besides, it is not only we civilians who suffer from these more or less impotent struggles. Germany has never ceased to regard and proclaim the Treaty of Versailles as an outrageous

swindle, into which she was lured by the hypocritical protestations and fourteen points of President Wilson; by reliance upon the published war-aims of the Allies; by anything, in short, rather than by military defeat in the field; and between the ratification of the Peace and the advent of the insecure Wirth Cabinet, she has striven unceasingly to carry out as few of the conditions as she possibly can. She has wriggled (and Bavaria is still wriggling) over the disarmament question; she has called to Heaven in evidence of her inability to pay the compensations and reparations demanded of her; she has reduced the trials of the 'war criminals' to a farce. Her much-boasted revolution of 1918 swept away, indeed, the Hohenzollerns, but left behind the bureaucrats, who were indispensable because they knew where to find the blotting-paper and sealing-wax, and who have not yet learned that the old verbose and truculent notes, which may have suited the temper of a people bristling with bayonets, do not come well from a people which, after plunging more than half the civilized world into misery and shying at nothing, however barbarous, in its struggle for supremacy, has now had its fangs drawn.

III

So much may be said to be more or less the common experience of all Germany's former enemies. But this superficial equality of treatment does not mean that Germany, in her heart of hearts, makes no distinction between her foes. If President Wilson shares with the late King Edward and M. Clemenceau the distinction of being bitterly hated, the American people as a whole is more popular here than any of the others. This is only natural for the following reasons.

There are, in the first place, so many

Germans and friendly neutrals in the United States, that a German can hardly work up a permanent hatred of the American people as a whole. In the second place, he realizes that the interests of the United States and of Germany were never in serious conflict before the war; and thinks that, if his leaders had not bungled their diplomacy and their moral conduct of the war so idiotically, there would have been a sporting chance that the United States would never have taken up arms at all. Thirdly, the comparatively late arrival of the American troops on the scene of action naturally meant that there was relatively little fighting between the two nations — though the gallant action of the Americans round Château-Thierry in the summer of 1918 probably discouraged any German desire for a full-dress campaign on a large scale. Fourthly, America alone among the greater belligerents has sought no territorial or monetary advantage at Germany's expense. And, fifthly, the charitable endeavors of Mr. Hoover's mission and other relief organizations (duly advertised in the press) have produced a sentiment of sincere gratitude, which has further reinforced the pleasure felt at reported American impatience with what, apparently, is sometimes regarded by you 'over there' as our meticulous determination to enforce the Treaty of Versailles. This attitude, of course, delighted the Germans, and encouraged them to hope that, when once the Harding administration was firmly in the saddle, Germany might look to the United States as to the first great nation which would break down the tabu by which she is now surrounded; which would lend her money; and which would enable her to recover from her present prostration.

Recent events have greatly dashed these hopes. The unwavering loyalty of America to her associates over rep-

arations, and the clearly inspired telegrams of the Washington correspondent of the *Times*, indicating that Mr. Harding would welcome an agreement between the English-speaking peoples, have been gall and wormwood to a Germany determined to play off the members of the Entente against one another. The press has not ventured to give a free rein to its indignation; but the feeling is there, and is embittered by a dawning perception that Mr. Lloyd George's outburst on Upper Silesia is not likely to end in anything substantial. The methodical German, then, while pushing back his nascent exuberance for the United States, is concentrating simply upon the material and practical aspects of future relations. Realizing that, for the moment, the situation is not ripe, Germany is devoting her attention more immediately to Russia and nearer markets; but she never lets the United States out of her sight; and speeches made at meetings of the Hamburg-Amerika line and similar large concerns show, not only that the restoration of pre-war relations with the United States remains the cardinal object of German policy, but that, judged by the statistics of shipping, it is beginning to be realized. With this success Germany is momentarily content, and that is why American business men, journalists, and others find doors open to them which are closed to men of French or British nationality.

Not, I think, that the individual Englishman is personally disliked. It is generally admitted that the British occupation of the Cologne area has been marked by tact and forbearance, and the British missions in Berlin have frequently been praised to me for the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which they go about their business. The innate reluctance of the Englishman to make himself conspicuous has stood

him here in good stead. Except on special occasions, the British officers are almost always in mufti. When one recollects the outburst against Great Britain with which the war opened, and the immense popularity of Herr Lis-sauer's 'Hymn of Hate,' it is really astonishing to find so little overt trace of anti-British feeling. There are, of course, the recognized Anglophobes, headed by Herr G. Bernhardt of the *Vossische Zeitung*; but it is certainly curious how little the average German reflects that it was, after all, to the British that the German navy had ultimately to surrender in such dramatic fashion; that it was the British Empire which took over the bulk of Germany's colonial possessions; and that it is to the British Empire that Germany must look again for many of her indispensable raw materials and for customers for her finished products. As a matter of fact, Great Britain stands more than ever before in the sunshine of the German Michael. But the average German does not apparently look so deeply as this, and merely notices that Great Britain is showing a readiness to resume trade-relations with him, and to this end is prepared — within the limits of the Treaty of Versailles — to give him an opportunity to avoid national bankruptcy.

This is not, of course, to say that the British — or even the Americans — are positively popular or fêted here. Whatever may be the faults of the Germans, they have, at least, a spirit of national pride, which is sometimes lamentably lacking among the Austrians and Hungarians. During the many months which I spent in Austria and Hungary during 1919 and 1920, I heard many of the Allies declare that they found the friendliness and hospitality of the inhabitants almost too embarrassing. This criticism is not without justification. But neither Aus-

tria nor Hungary ever seriously regarded herself as at war with Great Britain, France, or the United States. The troops of these nations practically never came into conflict with one another, and the pre-war personal relations between the wealthier and better-class families in Great Britain, for example, and Austria-Hungary had been in many cases very cordial and intimate. It was, then, often very awkward for an Englishman, Frenchman, or American to find himself being invited to luncheons and dinners and dances with unfeigned friendliness, during a time when the Allied representatives in Paris were preparing — in the treaties of Saint-Germain and Trianon — settlements infinitely more disastrous to Austria and to Hungary than was the Treaty of Versailles to Germany. Sometimes, in fact, the situation became intolerable, and some virulent outburst against our newest European allies compelled one to remind one's very hosts that, after all, they had begun the war by their ultimatum to Serbia.

There is no fear of any of the Allies being similarly embarrassed in Germany. Not long ago some of the Berlin correspondents gave prominence to a 'house law' of the von der Goltz family, the members of which bound themselves to enter into no friendly relations with their ex-enemies, but to confine their dealings with them to strictly official matters. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing remarkable about this. A German baron to whom I mentioned this 'house law,' and with whom, as another old Cambridge man, I had fancied myself on tolerably good terms, bluntly told me that there was nothing extraordinary in this family pact, which was being observed in many houses. His avowal confirmed my own observations and experience. Exceptions may be made, for reasons of policy, in the

case of recognized Germanophiles of influence; but the ordinary ex-enemy will have no opportunity, even if he has the desire, to mingle in the intimate home life of any German family of good extraction. This may be bad Christianity, but it is understandable *amour propre*, and human nature.

IV

But if, in the case of the other Allies, there has been a certain German external correctness, there has been, and is to-day, one great exception. If Great Britain was the most hated enemy during the war, France is now loathed with a deadly hatred of which no secret is made. Before the war Germany certainly did not hate France so much as France hated Germany; and even during the war the German press often expressed its admiration for the bravery of the French *poilus*. All such admiration has long vanished. Not long ago an American to whom I was speaking of this bitter hatred had a simple yet striking example of the truth of these words. He was inclined to be skeptical, so I rang the bell for the waiter and asked him what he thought of the French. The man's eyes literally blazed, as he declared that he would willingly march against the French again to-morrow because, he said, 'they wish to make a nation of slaves of us.' When he had gone out of the room, I rang for the chambermaid, and she was equally outspoken in her detestation of the French.

People in railway-carriages speak quite openly about this hatred, and canvass the time — it may be twenty-five years, it may be longer — when the final reckoning with France is to come. 'We want,' the Germans say, 'no allies. We ask only to be left alone with the French, and we are sure that the next time France will not have Eng-

land and America on her side.' Such remarks I have heard literally scores of times, and they undoubtedly represent the average German's views and wishes. Time will, of course, do something toward softening down these feelings; but it is an undeniable fact that many Germans of my personal acquaintance are systematically training up their children to hate France, and, above all, are teaching them that they must avenge the alleged wrongs done to German women by the French black troops in the occupied area.

Meanwhile, such is the actual hatred for France that, no matter how distinctly the Allied press proclaims that this or that decision was a joint decision of the Allies, the whole blame is invariably put upon France. Every rebuff administered to Germany is due to French cruelty and revenge. The inculcation of this spirit of hatred against France is, of course, the more easy since France is the country in whose name the Allied Missions here act, and thus the French have the perhaps not always congenial task of pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for their partners.

At the same time, the French appear hardly to have grown accustomed to their victory, and scarcely to realize that after forty-four years of shivering under the German menace, they have won for themselves a freedom which, if rightly used, will enable them to pursue, as long as one can reasonably foresee, a policy of national dignity commensurate with the position to which France is entitled by the valor, charm, industry, and intelligence of her population.

The temptation to repay all at once the many indignities from which they suffered after 1871 has been too strong for many Frenchmen. Not only

are the professional journalists too often unbridled in their remarks, but men such as M. Poincaré are losing no opportunity of keeping French feeling against Germany at white heat.

The still dangerous question of Upper Silesia is exceptionally deplorable. The French representatives on the Inter-Allied Mission have made virtually no pretense of impartiality, and their attitude is resented the more in that Silesia is so closely bound up with the traditions of Frederick the Great; while the Poles are not only despised by the Germans for their lack of business capacity, but are hated by them with the hatred that the oppressor always feels for his victim. Not even the loss of Alsace-Lorraine could move Germany to such fierce hatred for France as the surrender of Upper Silesia to the Poles, after what would be eternally proclaimed as tampering with the results of a gerrymandered plebiscite.

The next few years are going to be critical for the future of Europe. France above all is walking to-day

per ignes

Suppositos cineri doloso,

and, no less than Germany, has temporarily forgotten the wise old dictum of Bismarck, that in politics there is no room for either hatred or love. Mankind, it is to be hoped, will eventually achieve a higher level than these words connote. But to-day we are not even on that humble plane, and the superficial observer, who eats his dinner in Berlin to the strains of the latest English or American musical comedy, is making a great mistake if he thinks that the German will-to-power has been finally crushed, and that there is no longer a steady, relentless national purpose behind the cheap veneer of the neo-Teutonic republicanism.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SIMPLE SPELLERS

AN anæmic youth in horn goggles has called on me in the interests of the Simple Spellers. He shamelessly appropriated to himself and his cause two good hours of my time, seeking by processes which, for want of a better name, must pass for argumentation, to enlist me in his army. I suppose someone pays him for his time. I wish someone would pay me for mine; it was the best I had, and it is gone where I cannot recover it. And the gist of his shameless argument was that simplified spelling saves time!

He seemed to be obsessed with the naïve theory that we save time if we don't spend it; whereas everyone who uses time knows that to spend it before it spends itself is the only way to save it. Accordingly I could get no real information from him as to whose time the simplification of spelling would save, or how. The idea seems to be that every time you write *thru* instead of *through* you save a second; and if you write it often enough, you might in the course of some years accumulate time enough for a vacation in Italy or an appendicitis operation. It appears to be based on the fatuous notion that time is money, and can be kept in the savings bank at compound interest till you need it. Suppose you write ten thousand simply spelled words a day, saving a second on each, or two hours and forty-two minutes on the day's work. Then you write for two hours and forty-two minutes and save three quarters of an hour more—and so on to infinity. It is subject to diminishing returns, but it goes on forever, and when you get down

to split seconds you can take a fresh start. It is a beautiful theory, but it does n't apply to me. I could never save time by writing *thru*; I should spend infinitely more time trying to remember to write it, and in hating it after I had written it, than I could save were it briefer than the very soul of wit.

I suppose I am an exception in that I am still old-fashioned enough to do my own writing; I am not yet incorporated and speeded up by means of multiple dictaphones and typists. If I were, I suppose I should get five cents a word no matter how they were spelled, and should be glad of simple spelling as a saving in 'overhead.' I should gloat over the thought that my stenographer, by using simple spelling (if she succeeded in learning it), would increase my profit by a hundred dollars a day. She might save time; a few of her would. But if I know anything about her, she would add it to her recreation periods, and devote it to gazing out of the window. So she will do, anyway. She will have her simple pleasures, nor need I purchase them for her at the cost of seeing my perfectly good English translated into the syncopations of Josh Billings or Ring Lardner.

But how about the children? Must their little minds be burdened with superfluous letters? or shall they be freed by an Emancipation Proclamation of the Simple Spellers? 'If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well it were done quickly.' But I do not recall any burden of superfluous letters that weighed heavily on my infant mind. My observation tells me that there are two kinds of people, those who learn to spell, and those who do not;

and neither kind worries about 'meaningless combinations of letters' — no one does that but the Simple Spellers. Indeed, I question whether learning to spell is a question of memorizing sequences of letters, any more than drawing is a matter of memorizing sequences of lines, curves, and angles. I do not believe that *through* is seven letters; it is a fact, like a maple leaf that I know when I see it, and with slight training I can draw it with my pencil. With pen or typewriter I make the symbol for the word by a series of reflex motions; I do not count the letters. If you ask me how I know *through* from *though*, I should probably mention the difference of the *r*, but the fact is I know them as I know Uncle Jim from Uncle Peter without consciousness of the distinguishing features. I know that is Uncle Jim because he *looks* like Uncle Jim; you need n't simplify him on my account; I never burdened my mind with details in learning him.

Spelling is not a craft by itself: it is a part of writing and reading, training of eye and hand. When a boy writes *starboard martyr* for *Stabat Mater*, or *forehead* for *forward*, he writes what he hears; the fault is not with his ear, but with his visual image of the words. It means that he is not a reader, and is not accustomed to the appearance of the words. To try to teach him the distinctions by lists of letters alone would be about as useless as to try to teach him to distinguish people he never saw by means of verbal descriptions. I doubt if the one system is really easier to learn than the other. I am still to be convinced that the burden of our present system would be sufficiently lightened by the change to compensate anyone for the burden it would certainly be on a generation or two of children to have to learn both systems; and I see no security that the change could be made with less effort.

The Simple Speller has his answer ready. The gain would be in logic, and to become more logical in any department of life is, he is assured, worth any sacrifice. I have no such assurance. To make spelling logical would be only the first step toward making language logical. Now logic is a good tool where it fits, but it does not fit every contingency of life. It is a good thing in language up to a certain point — which nobody has discovered. If it had been the ruling principle of language from the start, and if our splay-footed ancestors who first began to grunt with meaning could have looked down through the centuries and seen what they were letting us in for, language might have been logical, and we too. In that case we should probably have but one language in the world to-day, one of downright Prussian efficiency, fitted accurately to every service of life except that of imagination. Is that our ideal? If so we must change ourselves first; for if by a gesture of magic we could make our language overnight as logical as mathematics, how long would it stay so with our minds working as they do? The language of a people is like the skin of a man; as a rule, it fits snugly, and it is not often that we can better its fit by taking thought, except as by taking thought we better ourselves.

Indeed, the Simple Spellers are ill-advised to seek more logic till they learn to use better what they have. The only arguments they have offered me are drawn from antecedent probability, which, if I remember my logic, is the weakest argument known, since it is built of inference before experience and buttressed with parabolic evidence. What we want to know about simplified spelling is whether it will simplify life for us and our children; what effect it would have on us as a nation; whether it is anything that would compensate us for the agony of the change. Why

not look to those who have tried it? The Germans have simplified their spelling as far as a people could, and still use the old symbols. At this time it might be impossible to get a fair answer to the question what the effect of the system has been on the nation, how much time the people have saved by it, and how they have spent it. The French understand themselves pretty well; they have a fairly sure instinct for what they can and cannot make themselves do. In the Year One of the Age of Reason, which was 1792 by dead reckoning, they rationalized by fiat everything in France except human nature and spelling. Human nature then took its course, and before long everything was back where it was before, except for a few matters chiefly political.

Even so do spelling reforms come and go, leaving few traces. You can make a formal garden by rule and compass, but eternal vigilance and labor are the price of it; if you allow yourself the least interval of relaxation, the irregularities of nature will reassert themselves. Simple spelling cannot establish itself by decree, for it has no authority. It must win its place by consent of the governed, and it has not a winning personality. So far it has not learned to smile. And if it has a scintilla of imagination, its sponsors would do well to let it show. I do not find simplified spelling useful; I know it isn't beautiful; it isn't even funny. Therefore, my word for it is that of the king to the harper: —

Either ye serve me foot and hand,
Or lift my heart with glee;
Else ye have neither roof nor land,
Nor guerdon get from me.

CONVERSATIONS

When still I prefaced my name with 'Miss,' none but my intimates ever thought of engaging me in conversa-

tion about the qualifications of my laundress and the amount of her weekly charge; acquaintances did not ask me if I found it well-nigh impossible to secure satisfying food at a reasonable price, and anyone would have blushed to inquire whether or not I made my own clothes. But once I had changed Miss for Mrs., the veriest strangers began to take a surprising interest in the domestic machinery of my life; commonplaces assumed astounding conversational importance. And it is not that I resent kindly inquiries about the brand of macaroni we prefer, or whether we burn soft coal or briquets, but that I deplore the passing of a time when people talked to me about interesting, impersonal things and I did not have to intrigue them into such conversation.

As I study what seems to be the circumscribed conversational opportunities of married women, I wonder: Does some mischievous fairy go to marriage feasts, and cast a spell upon the bride that robs her of all interest in, or ability for, *real* conversation? Or does the world only think so? Whatever the answer, there are hundreds of us who have escaped the wicked fairy's curse, escaped to protest and to plead.

I am quite sure that in both material and practice I am much better fitted for participation in worthy conversation than I was two years ago. But, unfortunately, I seem not only to have exchanged my name for that of my husband, but to have given my right to any ideas on any worth-while subjects 'to boot.' Do we have a chance caller, she settles herself with, 'Dear me, how you've changed this house! Did n't you have a great deal of trouble getting help?' Then follow the usual questions about the butcher, the grocer, the laundress, the coal.

If John passes through the hall, and I ask him to come in and greet our neighbor, her face brightens and she

cries, with genuine enthusiasm, 'Oh, Mr. B——, I've been wanting to meet you! Please tell me what to give my little ten-year-old girl to read'; and, 'Do you approve of profusely illustrated books for children?' This happens to be a subject which has claimed my profound interest, and about which I have well-defined opinions; but it never occurred to the mother of the ten-year-old to ask my advice. John carefully tells her what he knows to be my conclusions in the matter; she thanks him volubly and at length leaves, hoping that I will not lose my laundress, because 'they are so hard to get in this town.'

We have a guest to tea. She compliments me on the quality of the strawberry-jam, asks if I made it myself, and if it was n't hard to get sugar, and then turns to John with, 'Mr. B——, what do you think of this new play? Is it possible, do you think, that the leading lady merits all the favorable comment she is receiving?' By chance, this gifted leading lady has been my friend for years — we have enjoyed many a pleasant dinner together; but I refrain from mentioning the fact and give my attention to John's criticisms of the play and the further questions of our guest, who presently rewards my attention by asking me if I have seen any pictures of the star and if I don't think her pretty.

When John and I first began to meet this boycott of wives in the field of conversation, we attempted to combat it. When conversation was directed to him which he felt that my experience fitted me to discuss better, he said so and passed the leadership to me. We soon discovered that the unusualness of this manoeuvre so pained and surprised our guests that it made constructive conversation momentarily impossible for them. It was apparent that we must abandon our course, if we were not to suffer the charge of being

boorish hosts and uncomfortable guests. We still protest occasionally, but, as a rule, we exchange an understanding glance, and then John talks, and I assume what seems to be the inevitable rôle of a married female person — that of serene onlooker at all conversations that have not to do with household matters that any Swedish maid-of-all-work is better equipped to discuss than am I.

Unmarried women, who are themselves engaged in interesting public work, are the leaders in this unconscious shut-out of their married sisters. I know a very intelligent and talented woman whose husband is an architect. He has a studio in his home, where his wife works with him. There is not a plan he makes which has not incorporated in it some idea that was hers. Yet I have more than once seen bachelor-girl guests in their home all but exclude Mrs. M—— from a spirited conversation on building art, and conclude the talk with that exasperating air which says plainly, 'If only these clever men married women who could appreciate them!'

Last summer, at my express request, John and I devoted the leisure we could find in two months to the fascinating subject of French verse. Our guest, an unmarried girl of enviable attainments, came in from the verandah one evening, where she had been in conversation with John, and said, 'It's wonderful what John has got out of his study of French poetry.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'we have enjoyed it, and I am convinced that the French idea of rhythm —'

I got no further. 'Oh,' said my guest in surprise, 'I knew that John had been studying the subject, *but I did n't know that he had made you do it.*'

I am still wondering if I was rude to her. I never can remember what I said, only what I felt. I know that we did

not talk of poetry: we talked of the relative merits of cooked and uncooked breakfast-foods, and I was advised about what to give John for a summer breakfast.

What, I ask myself over and over, what do these clever girls imagine becomes of women like themselves? Many of them marry. Do they think that marriage miraculously invests all women with an abnormal interest in potatoes and pans, and inhibits their having ideas on the very subjects of which they were masters before marriage? Do they imagine that, with their names, they will gladly relinquish all right to an interest in the activities for which they were trained by college and work, and that they will be content ever after to lift their voices only in discussions of scalloped oysters, sheeting, and adenoids?

As I go about pondering these things, I keep my left glove on as much as possible, and often, on the car and in the station, I enjoy delightful conversations about opera, drama, Mr. Chesterton — yea, thigmotaxis, if I like! If my charming seat-mate knew what was under my glove, she would, — eight chances out of ten, — with perfunctory suiting of her mind to my pace, ask me if I had any children; and being answered in the negative, she would regard me reproachfully and then speak of the weather.

Yes, yes, surely, children and the high cost of living and jam and laundry and all these domestic subjects

should be interesting to a married woman. *I am* interested in them. I love children, I like to make jam, my laundress is a wonderful person, and I appreciate her. *But* I do not want my mind condemned to an exclusive diet of domestic subjects. Only ignorant men are excused if they talk of their business to the exclusion of all other topics.

True, a woman can lead conversation into avenues that interest her, if she tries. I affirm it: she can, she *does*. But why, always, if she be a married woman, must she try? Why is she always compelled to prove that she can perform a housemaid's duties without having a housemaid's mind? Many of us are women who did vital public work before our marriage — we are the same women still. Why does no one ever pay us the compliment of taking our intelligence for granted?

JOY

When I am glad
There seems to be
A toy balloon
Inside of me.

It swells and swells
Up in my chest,
And yet I do
Not feel distressed.

And when I go
Along the street,
It almost lifts
Me off my feet.

A NOTE FOR MORALISTS

In the 'Atlantic's Bookshelf' last month, Joseph C. Lincoln's new book received a warm encomium in which quite incidental reference was made to less creditable 'best sellers,' 'such undesirable characters,' so the reviewer called them, 'as Harold Bell Wright.' It did not seem to us within the bounds of possibility that the term, used in this connection, could be endowed with moral significance; but since it has, in one quarter at least, been open to suspicion, we beg the reader to discard any such imputation. We have not the honor of Mr. Wright's acquaintance, but that his 'character,' in the moral sense, is good, we take, on competent authority, absolutely for granted.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Arthur Pound, an alumnus of the University of Michigan, lives at Flint, a manufacturing centre for automobiles, where he follows many pursuits, among them the publication of a lively weekly and the conduct of a job-printing plant. His knowledge of the human problems of factory management is the result of years of intelligent and imaginative study. **Elizabeth Taylor**, once a lecturer on the folk customs, the Arctic farming, and the curious traditions of the people of Iceland, wrote these letters at intervals during the five years' siege of the Faroes by German submarines. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** lives in Princeton, New Jersey. **Emma Lawrence** (Mrs. John S. Lawrence), the author of 'At Thirty,' which we printed last month, lives in Boston.

* * *

Hans Coudenhove, whose first paper on this subject we printed in the August number, may be fairly described as a detached critic. We quote from a recent interesting letter of his.

The people who are responsible for my coming to Africa, and spending my life in the wilds, have all died long ago. Their names are Fenimore Cooper, Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, and R. L. Stevenson, R.I.P.! I had no intention, when I first came out, to stay more than a few years. *But tropical Africa grows upon you.* Before 1905 I occasionally visited, besides Portuguese East Africa, Madagascar and the Mascarenhas, — comparatively civilized countries, like the different South African colonies, — but since 1905 I have not left the Tropics. I have been hunting, chiefly for the pot, and prospecting; but the most passionate pursuit of my life, and the chief interest of my existence, is the study of the animal kingdom, not from a biological, but from a psychological point of view. I avoid all European settlements and feel happy only when I live in my tent — a happiness which increases at the ratio of the number of miles which separate me from civilization. I am afraid that my long and intimate intercourse with Nature has given me a grievance against the being about whom H. Fairfield Osborn has written: 'Man who, through the invention of tools in middle Pleistocene time, about 125,000 years ago, became the destroyer of creation.' I have never seen an aeroplane. . . . I have been in a theatre last seventeen

years ago in Johannesburg, once only in twenty-six years; only twice in my whole life have I been within visiting distance of a cinema show.

* * *

Vernon Kellogg, whose earliest reputation was won in the field of biology, served during the war as a first lieutenant to Mr. Hoover, and is now revisiting the scenes of his extraordinary success. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie**, who tells us, after her missionary wanderings over the earth, that 'the praise of steamers is the worship of the exile,' sends us these poems from her present home in Riverdale on the Hudson. **Edward Yeomans** is a Chicago manufacturer who has recently published through the Atlantic Monthly Press a singularly fresh and invigorating volume on Education — *Shackled Youth*.

* * *

Charles Bernard Nordhoff, whose element, air, earth, water, is the one he happens to be in, writes from Tahiti. **Annie W. Noel**, the most understanding of suburbanites, sends us her first contribution from her home in Upper Montclair, New Jersey. **Joseph Fort Newton** is minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City. **Joseph Auslander** is an American poet who has been teaching at Harvard.

* * *

The correspondence between **John Burroughs** and **Herbert D. Miles** began with a challenge from Mr. Miles regarding Mr. Burroughs's book, *Accepting the Universe*. The challenge was accepted, and many letters made their way between Asheville, North Carolina, and the famous Slabsides. **Arthur Sherburne Hardy**, diplomatist, editor, and novelist, has contributed to the *Atlantic* for a full generation. **J. Edgar Park** is the minister of the Second (Congregational) Church of Newton, West Newton, Massachusetts.

* * *

E. Alexander Powell is a wide-ranging war correspondent, with many years of

remarkable experience behind him. In the list of his important services was the correspondence covering the Turkish and Persian revolutions, the Balkan wars, and the French campaign in Morocco. He was the only correspondent officially attached to the Belgian forces in the campaign of 1914, and was decorated Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. Later he accompanied the Germans during the advance on Paris. He was in Antwerp during the siege, and was the only correspondent to witness the entry of the Germans. Mr. Powell has been connected with the Plattsburg camp and with the movement for military education of young Americans. Samuel W. McCall, long a member of Congress for Massachusetts, and for three years (1916-18) Governor of the State, is well known as a statesman and publicist of notable independence of thought and expression. Colonel S. C. Vestal, of the Coast Artillery Corps, sends, at the editor's request, this paper outlining the theories discussed in his interesting and highly important volume, *The Maintenance of Peace*. Maxwell H. H. Macartney has been for many years a correspondent of the *London Times*.

* * *

The future that the Orient holds out to Christianity has been the subject of an *Atlantic* debate of no small interest.

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY,
SHANGHAI, CHINA,
June 15, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the June number of the *Atlantic* there is an article by Mr. Chang Hsin-hai entitled 'The Religious Outlook in China: a Reply,' which contains some statements requiring, it seems to me, some modification or correction.

Mr. Chang, we learn, is now studying at Harvard University. Perhaps he is not aware that Harvard was established by the Christian people of Massachusetts 'for the education of English and Indian youth in knowledge and godliness'; in other words, that it was a missionary college receiving in early years generous aid from England for the special object of educating the natives, a college like those in China whose activity and influence he is deprecating.

It is untrue to say that 'missionaries have arranged that students may know as little as possible of the grandeur and dignity of their own national genius, the force and beauty of their own civilization, and the splendid character and discipline of their own great men.' As a matter of fact, all educational institutions in China provide courses of study in Chinese literature, Chinese

history, and Chinese philosophy, as well as Chinese essay-writing, and in most institutions such courses are not optional, but required. Confucius's birthday is quite generally celebrated in mission schools.

Instead of its being the case that 'missionary educational institutions have always been looked on with suspicion,' intelligent and progressive Chinese have generally looked on them with favor, have contributed generously to their expansion and maintenance, and have sent their own boys and girls to be educated in them. The Minister of Education in Peking, Mr. Fan Yuan-lien, sent a representative to the meeting of the East China Christian Educational Association, held in Shanghai in February of this year, who 'addressed the convention, expressing the appreciation of the Ministry of the work done in Mission schools and the desire to coöperate and keep in touch with Mission educational work.'

Fortunately Mr. Chang does not mention medical mission work; the benevolence of the doctors, Chinese and foreign, in the Christian hospitals throughout China is so conspicuous, that one would stultify one's self by any unfriendly criticism.

There is no danger of a dull uniformity of ideas when China becomes christianized: on the contrary, Christianity is usually charged with too great a diversity. To begin with, there are the differences between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. Among the former, the various orders which are carrying on the propagation of their faith differ strikingly, and among the latter variety is even more marked. But that China is actually being evangelized, there can scarcely be a doubt. Mr. Chang's article is a symptom of the alarm felt in certain anti-Christian circles at the rapid advance made by the religion of the Cross. China is indeed 'now willing to reckon with the more powerful civilization of the West and to follow it in certain important aspects,' and the most important of these aspects is the spiritual, for 'It is the spirit that giveth life.'

Yours faithfully,

MONTGOMERY H. THROOP.

* * *

This lady from Philadelphia knows her Aristotle to some purpose.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Gerould, in her brilliant article on 'Movies' in the July number, says that the motto of the screen-play should be 'Good-bye, Aristotle'; but Aristotle taught that several things besides the 'Three Unities' went to the making of a good play. He lays tremendous stress on action, 'For,' says he, 'Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of actions — for happiness consists in action, and the supreme good itself, the very end of life is action of a certain kind — not quality.' The things that he thought essential to a play, in the order of their importance, were Plot, Action, Characterization, Sentiments.

Not a bad formula for a scenario!

Sincerely yours,

MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS.

Mr. Christopher Morley includes the following lines in his *Bowling Green*, taking for his text a remark of the Shop-Talk editor, and developing the theme with his usual felicity.

PLEASURES OF NUNC-PRO-TUNCING

'It is one of the compensations of a publisher's existence that he is compelled to live a definite part of his life in the future — to proceed, as the lawyers say, *nunc pro tunc*.'

— *The Atlantic Monthly*.

The publisher: consider him,
Who never lives *ad interim*.
He is compelled to haw and hem.
He cannot live, like us, *pro tem*.
For future days he packs his trunk,
Exclaiming sadly, *Nunc pro tunc!*

Upon reading the lines, our merry printer's devil sat down at the linotype, and hastily dashed off the following untutored trifle.

This poem of Morley's was not slow
To reach us in our *status quo*.
It hit the very *hominem*
Who was its terminus *ad quem*.
Eheu! The poem made quite a stir,
And we'd reply to Christopher,
But we are out of rhymes just *nunc*,
And he will have to wait till *tunc*.

* * *

It is always valuable to hear many sides of a many-sided question.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You have given considerable space of late to discussion of the growth of anti-Semitic sentiment in this country, and justly, for the question is a burning one. The chief indictment against the Jews seems to be that they refuse to be assimilated, to intermarry, even to mingle — that they stand aloof, as a race apart.

I hold a brief for the Jew who wishes to be assimilated. Have you any idea of the difficulties under which he labors? He may live in a Christian community, and have a dozen Christian intimates; he may even join the Church. He is, nevertheless, unable to become a member of the local club, to which all his friends belong. He has not the family backing, the ramifying connections that make for social standing in the community. If he has married a Christian, her friends feel that she has condescended a bit, even though he is an exceptionally fine fellow; and his friends think it's a pity that he should have cut adrift like that, when there are so many attractive Jewish girls to be had. There is always a certain constraint in their presence if the question of religion is touched upon, be it ever so remotely.

They decide to send their children to the neighboring private school attended by their friends' children. Before this can be done, wires sufficient to delight the heart of Tony Sarg must be pulled. The father is then summoned to the

principal's sanctum, and given, gently, tactfully, but unmistakably, to understand, that this is a Christian school and that his children are being admitted by special dispensation.

The question of finding accommodations at good hotels has been discussed *ad infinitum*, and I will not bore you with the numberless instances of Jews who have been turned away, to their great embarrassment, simply because they are Jews, though they have culture, breeding, and Christian connections. And with the refusal goes a sneer at the Jew for trying to force himself where he does not belong. How about assimilation here?

Finally, is it not unjust to the Jew who is adaptable, who wishes to be a one-hundred-percent American, to find himself constantly classed with the objectionable, noisy aliens who are flooding this country?

Perhaps these few arguments may set some of your readers to thinking, and to putting at least part of the blame for non-assimilation where it really belongs.

Sincerely yours,

H. L. K.

* * *

The *Chicago Tribune* hoists us a friendly signal now and then, this time a warning from a contributor.

A CALL FOR THE WATCH ON THE RHYME

SIR, —

In its August number, the *Atlantic Monthly* has a sonnet in which *us*, *glamorous*, *radius* and *continuous*, and *diameters* and *carpenters* are used as rhymes. And this from Boston! Please pass the beans!

OLE OLESON.

Even the editor was aware that the *Atlantic's* poet neither meditated nor employed the usual sequent rhymes, preferring the more complex assonance that has after all a charm of its own. But any critic from Chicago deserves a Boston audience.

* * *

Yeats's *Lake Isle of Innesfræe* comes to mind as one reads this account, not of a dream, but of a dream come true.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am living a unique life. Do you want me to write about it? I am living on an ancestral farm with my son (you have an article from him now, on stock exchange and speculation), and we are almost independent as far as living costs go. About all we buy is soda, sugar, coffee, cheese, and an occasional piece of meat (when our canned meat, which we kill and put up on the place, gives out).

We raise and grind our own wheat for breakfast-food; have our own milk and cream (buy butter); grind our own corn-meal, and get our wheat ground for flour; have all the fruit and vegetables we want; and our living costs us about a dollar or so a week, apiece. For this we live on

the top, everything being fresh and appetizing. Our inner life is delightful. We have all sorts of good books, papers and magazines, music, and perfect quiet, with only the birds singing about us. I throw down a blanket and sleep under the trees, and the birds and I begin the day together.

I have lovely flowers, to the raising of which I attend, often before the sun is up.

We have a car, and the roads are fine, so we can exchange our idyllic existence for the advantages (?) of city life whenever we so desire.

Our habit of life being so simple is, I think, largely responsible for our quiet, happy, and useful existence.

Neither my son nor I (we are alone here) eat breakfast; and when we eat at noon, it is that cracked wheat, hot or cold — generally out of the fireless cooker. No cooking for me until evening, when I throw a few of our new potatoes into the pot, and cook some eggs, and provide fresh applesauce and sweet corn, five minutes from the field before cooking.

It seems to me that from this quiet harbor, where life sings on so quietly and happily, there might come a message of simplicity and happiness to a bedeviled city population which could produce something of the effect on country-lovers that Thoreau's *Walden* did on me when I read it in Chicago, and yearned with all my heart to go and do likewise.

This life seems heavenly to me; and not one person who has been here but feels the charm and wants to return.

Yours truly,
ELLEN DE GRAFF.

* * *

Apparently the amenities of stamp-collecting may be appreciated by the stamp-collector's family, or then, again, they may not.

'Dear, your balance is running low.'
'Bought some more stamps.'

And again I had to listen to the Evils of Throwing Away Money. Would it not be well to stop squandering my hard-earned cash on mere scraps of paper, etc., etc.

Scraps of paper, indeed! Was not this stamp one of the great rarities? And here was a gem procured in Alaska. Not an ordinary one-cent stamp as the family would have it, but one which had been sent all the way from Washington by rail, steamer, and pack, to the gold-fields, there to lie until I should stumble across it. Useless to explain that it was a variety unknown until I found this specimen.

And this little engraving, worth many times its weight in gold, was found in a country post-office, where the postmaster refused to show me his stock one Saturday afternoon because he kept his stock upstairs in the safe, 'and,' he explained, 'some of the women are up there taking a bath.' No romance in stamps? Why, here was romance to saturation!

Useless to try to explain why sane men with national-bank letter-heads and big-corporation stationery forgot their stenographers and scrawled me letters telling me of their finds. No, it was a childish pastime. Foolish, frivolous, and fruitless.

One fine day, a strange chap walked into my office and asked whether I would sell my collection. I would. I would convince that family of mine there was something in that album.

Things moved rapidly. I took the stranger home, showed him the treasures, took his check, and sent him down the road with my Alaska find, my bathroom stamps — my hobby. (There is no climax to this tale — the check was O.K. Philatelists habitually trust one another.)

Now, I would show in one-syllable words what I had parted with. With the proceeds I bought a car, and every time the family admired the flitting scenery I reminded them that they rode on postage-stamps.

But my victory fell flat. I had lost my hobby. No longer could I turn to my album for solace after an off day at the office. No pages to turn long winter evenings into hours of pleasure. I felt lost.

Once a collector, always a collector. I became interested in old maps. The romance of old charts with their sea serpents, mermaids, and *Terra Incognita* fascinated me. I began gathering old books of travel, with their quaint cartographical insets; old folio atlases, with their hand-painted pages. The void would be filled! I would make a collection that would be a pleasure and a joy forever.

'Dear, your balance is running low.'

Our correspondent is conservative. Another stamp-collector of our acquaintance sometimes receives from his banker a letter that reads, in substance, 'Dear, your balance is overdrawn.'

* * *

In these days of General-Information tests, it is refreshing to know that at least one young candidate for future honors is beginning early to store up geographical lore against the day of the Edison examinations.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

That the *Monthly* has a certain fixed place in the scheme of things is well known to all readers. Extra proof 'out of the mouth of babes' may be of interest.

Small boy of four who has his 'toy world' (globe), and interests beyond his own fireside: —

'I know the names of the oceans.'

'Well, and what are they?'

'One is Atlantic and — I think the other is

Monthly.'

Yours sincerely,

D. A. STEWART.